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Present Boundary of France Blue Line
Longitude from Greenwich
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ENGLISH CHANNEL
Strait of Dover
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FRANCE
LONDON
Thames River
Canterbury
Dover
Lincoln
Norwich
Cambridge
Ipswich
Colchester
Clarendon
Southampton
Chichester
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Exeter
Dorchester
Plymouth
Isle of Wight
Alderney
Guernsey
Jersey
Cape la Hogue
Cherbourg
Harfleur
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Caen
Bayeux
Coutances
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Evreux
Mantes
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Rennes
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Mayenne
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Melun
Meaux
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Arcis-sur-Aube
Brienne
Vitry
Chalons-sur-Marne
Chateau-Thierry
Soissons
Compiegne
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Agincourt
Arras
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Tournay
Courtray
Ghent
Bruges
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Calais
Boulogne
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Hesdin
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Rouen
Harfleur
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Evreux
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Le Mans
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Grenoble
Geneva
Dijon
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Verdun
Toul
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Luxemburg
Sedan
Montmedy
Rheims
Arras
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Valenciennes
Mons
Namur
Liege
Louvain
Brussels
Antwerp
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Breda
Rotterdam
Brill
Utrecht
Amsterdam
Haarlem
Leyden
Arnheim
Hardewick
Zutphen
Deventer
Zwolle
Groningen
Leeuwarden
Dokkum
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Texel
Vlieland
Terschelling
Ameland
Schiermonnik
Bremen
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Osnabruck
Munster
Cologne
Bonn
Coblenz
Aix la Chapelle
Cleves
Dusseldorf
Maestricht
Juliers
Frankfort
Darmstadt
Mayence
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Spire
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COUNTY OF PONTHIEU
COUNTY OF BOULOGNE
COUNTY OF PICARDY
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COUNTY OF CHAMPAGNE
COUNTY OF BRIE
COUNTY OF BURGUNDY
COUNTY OF NEVERS
COUNTY OF BAR
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DUKEDOM OF NAMOURS
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VISCOUNTY OF LEON
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COUNTY OF EVREUX
COUNTY OF DREUX
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COUNTY OF VENDOME
COUNTY OF MONTPENSIER
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COUNTY OF ARMAGNAC
COUNTY OF FOIX
COUNTY OF BEARN
COUNTY OF ROUSSILLON
COUNTY OF PROVENCE
COUNTY OF SAVOY
Zuyder Zee
Formed by an inundation in 1228
Rhine
Meuse
Moselle
Saone
Rhone
Loire
Seine
Somme
Oise
Aisne
Marne
Yonne
Garonne
Dordogne
Lot
Tarn
Adour
Gave
Pau
Aude
Herault
Var
Isere
Durance
Rhone
Saone
Doubs
Meuse
Moselle
Rhine
Loire
Seine
Somme
Oise
Aisne
Marne
Yonne
Garonne
Dordogne
Lot
Tarn
Adour
Gave
Pau
Aude
Herault
Var
Isere
Durance
Rhone
Saone
Doubs
Meuse
Moselle
Rhine

BAY OF BISCAY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
KINGDOM OF ARAGON
CATALONIA
KINGDOM OF NAVARRE
KINGDOM OF CASTILE AND LEON
KINGDOM OF TOLOSA
DUKEDOM OF GASCONY
DUKEDOM OF BRITTANY
DUKEDOM OF ANJOU
DUKEDOM OF BERRI
DUKEDOM OF BOURBONNAIS
DUKEDOM OF AUVERGNE
DUKEDOM OF ORLEANS
DUKEDOM OF BURGUNDY
COUNTY OF POITOU
COUNTY OF LA MARCHE
COUNTY OF TOURAINE
COUNTY OF MAINE
COUNTY OF ANGOUMOIS
COUNTY OF PERIGORD
COUNTY OF LIMOUSIN
COUNTY OF ROUERGUE
COUNTY OF TOULOUSE
COUNTY OF FOIX
COUNTY OF ROUSILLON
COUNTY OF PROVENCE
COUNTY OF VENAISSIN
COUNTY OF NIVERNAIS
COUNTY OF BEAUJOLAIS
COUNTY OF LYONNAIS
COUNTY OF BRESSE
COUNTY OF BOURGOGNE
DAUPHINE
SAVOY
SWITZERLAND
L'Orient
Hennebon
Quiberon
Vannes
Belle Isle
Bernard
Nantes
Loire
Le Mans
Vendome
Blois
Orleans
Auxerre
Avallon
Joigny
Belfort
Basle
Zurich
Angers
Saumur
Tours
Chinon
Colombiers
Sancerre
Gien
Vezelay
Vesoul
Besancon
Neufchatel
Berne
Morat
Granson
Lausanne
Geneva
Lake Geneva
Chatillon
Mirabeau
Chateauneuf
Bourges
Nevers
Dijon
Chalons-sur-Saone
Macon
Poitiers
Lusignan
Bourbon
Moulins
Montpensier
Rochelle
St. Jean
Rochefort
Oleron
Talliebourg
Saintes
Limoges
Chalus
Angoulesme
Clermont
Montbrison
Vienne
Lyons
Aosta
Mt. Blanc
Vercelli
Turin
Fremble
Perigueux
Dordogne River
Bordeaux
Gironde River
Garonne River
Villeneuve
Cahors
Agen
Rhodes
Valence
Mt. Cenis
Orange
Arigues
Nimes
Beaucaire
Arles
Aix
Marseilles
Frejus
Cannes
Nice
Monaco
Toulon
Montpellier
Beziers
Narbonne
Carcassonne
Toulouse
Lauragais
Bayonne
Orthez
Pau
Tarbes
Auch
Armagnac
Toninsse
Foix
Perpignan
Bilbao
San Sebastian
Santander
Medina-del Pomar
Viltoria
Pampelona
Navarette
Burgos
Ebro River
Pyrenees Mts.
Pass of Roncesvalles
Republic of Andorra
Rhone River
Saone River
Loire River
Dordogne River
Garonne River
Gironde River
Lot River
Tarn River
Aude River
Herault River
Var River
Durance River
Isere River
Drome River
Ain River
Doubs River
Rhine River
Aar River
Reuss River
Lake Neufchatel
Lake Geneva
Mt. Jura
Mt. Cenis
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West
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"The Liner She's a Lady."

The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds—
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas roun',
They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down!

Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, 'angin' round the Yard,
All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'Ard;
Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old—
Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!

The Liner she's a lady by the paint upon 'er face,
An' if she meets an accident they call it sore disgrace:
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e's always 'andy by,
But, oh, the little cargo-boats! they've got to load or die.

The Liner she's a lady, an' if a war should come,
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e'd bid 'er stay at home;
But, oh, the little cargo-boats that fill with every tide!
'E'd 'ave to up an' fight for them, for they are England's pride.

The Liner she's a lady, but if she wasn't made,
There still would be the cargo-boats for 'ome an' foreign trade.
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, but if we wasn't 'ere,
'E wouldn't 'ave to fight at all for 'ome an' friends so dear.

—*Kipling.*

ENGLAND

CHAPTER I.

Physical Geography.

The British Isles were once a part of the continent of Europe. Geological ages ago the land beneath the English Channel and that part of the North Sea which separates England from the mainland, sank, allowing water to divide the island from France and the Low Countries. Similarly, beyond doubt, was Ireland separated from England. These changes took place long before written records began, but they have been proved by remains within the earth, found to be similar throughout the islands and continental coast.

The isolation afforded the islands because of their water barrier has had a tremendous effect upon their history. In antiquity, Britain lay at the extreme northwestern corner of the known world. Phoenician ships occasionally visited it to procure copper and tin from the famous mines of Cornwall; generally speaking, however, the islanders were left to themselves until the Roman conquest. The partial conquests of Saxons, Angles and Jutes were accomplished far more slowly than would have been the case except for the barrier of the sea. Land forces can pour into a defenseless country in overwhelming hordes, but those who can be transported over the sea must of necessity be limited. Thus the Britons were given opportunity to assimilate new comers and to be themselves assimilated in turn. The Norman conquest in 1066 was more rapid than any preceding, yet this was not immediately effected. Since 1066 England has been spared long struggles on her own soil because her water barrier proved too stormy for mariners accustomed to less angry seas.

While, on the other hand, the channel and sea have proved adequate to restrain the invader or retard his work, they have not shut England off from quick communication with the main-

land. All great continental movements have soon been reflected among the English people. This fact has been also significant.

The physical conditions of the islands influenced greatly the life of the inhabitants. Unity between the northern and southern portions of the larger island was hindered and long prevented by mountain ranges. The extreme west with its mountain strongholds offered a refuge to the Britons when German invaders pressed in from Europe. The portion of the land lying nearest the continent first became the home of the English.

Numerous rivers have made easy intercourse possible. Excellent harbors have resulted from the gradual sinking of the land at the river mouths. The industrial life of England has been materially influenced by her water ways and fine shipping ports.

The climate of a country always has an important bearing upon its industries, products and life. The climate of the British Isles is far milder than usually prevails in that particular latitude. England, for example, lies in the same latitude as Labrador, but while the latter country is cold and snowy for a considerable part of each year, the vegetation of England is always green and the air mild. The warm winds produce an ocean current which moderates the temperature and prevents protracted periods of cold.

The natural resources of the islands are great. Coal and iron abound in England and Scotland and have made vast manufacturing interests possible in both countries. Tin, copper, lead and potter's clay are likewise available. Ireland is less fortunate in mineral wealth. All three countries possess good fisheries. In all three, moreover, farming lands are found. Especially are the lands of southeastern England fertile and productive. The soil of Scotland is scanty and crops consequently poor. Ireland contains large peat-beds. These have supplied a fuel which has served in place of coal or wood, though quite inferior to either.

Prehistoric Britain.

It is surmised that the primitive inhabitants of Britain dwelt there before the islands were severed from the mainland. Of them we know only by remains found in the earth—bones on

which objects or animals have been outlined; weapons of flint; ornaments; human bones, etc. These aborigines, in the beginning most abject savages, passed through the stages common to primitive man. In time they were overcome by the Celts—a branch of the great Aryan race to which we ourselves belong. These were tall, fair-haired, valiant men who pressed into the country from Europe. A division of them known as the Gaels came first; from this division descended the Irish and Highland Scots. Later came the Britons proper, ancestors of the Welsh. The Picts and Caledonians belonged to the same race. The Picts were given their name by the Romans who called them *Picti* or painted men, because they continued to tattoo their bodies in striking patterns after their neighbors had lost the habit.

When the Celts invaded Britain they killed many of the natives and subjected the rest. When discovered by the Romans they had reached the Bronze stage of development. They lived in villages, possessed herds of cattle and sheep, wove coarse cloth from wool, often coloring it in plain designs; they mined tin and other ore and made crude pottery of clay. Banded together in tribes, they served chieftains, but possessed small faculty for union in confederacies. Like all primitive peoples, they worshipped many gods and were deeply influenced by the Druids, an order corresponding to the usual order of priesthood. The Druids were men who by various means became initiated into the mysteries of religion; they practised certain charms and incantations and often offered the human sacrifices deemed absolutely essential if the favor and protection of the gods were to be retained. The worship conducted by the Druids took place out of doors, and peculiar stones still remaining in several parts of England are believed to have been used in these religious observances.

The Celts traded with the tribes who lived across the channel, and, to facilitate trade, had money of gold and tin whereon was stamped a device in imitation of foreign coins which were sometimes brought thither by merchantmen.

The Roman Conquest.

In 55 B. C. Julius Cæsar crossed the sea from Gaul where he had made great conquests. He felt sure that kinsmen in

Britain stirred up the Gauls to occasional revolts and believed that he could never hold these in complete subjection until the men across the narrow sea were also conquered. However, the season was late and he returned to the continent, planning another invasion for the following fall. Again in 54 B. C. he landed once more in Britain but it was soon apparent that the sturdy Celts would be conquered with difficulty and Cæsar merely imposed tribute, received hostages, and departed. The tribute was sent irregularly and finally ceased altogether. In 43 A. D. the Emperor Claudius made an expedition thither which amounted to less than his subjects at home were led to suppose. However, Rome gained a firm hold upon southeastern Britain. Treating the natives roughly, the Celtic queen Boadicea raised a revolt of her countrymen in 61 A. D. This was put down and ended any attempt on the part of the southern Celts to drive out the Romans. Agricola marched against the Caledonians later and by 85 A. D. the country had been won for Rome as far north as the Forth and Clyde. Beyond this boundary dwelt the Picts and Caledonians, who proved vigorous enemies.

Under Agricola for the first time attention was given to the welfare of the Britons. He kept the land quiet and free from marauders; the wall of Hadrian was built a little later to stay the ravages of the Caledonians, who swept down upon the helpless Britons whenever the guard was withdrawn. The wall of Antoninius was finally built considerably in advance of Hadrian's 80 mile wall. The northern barrier reached from the Forth to the Clyde, and with the more substantial structure of Hadrian, proved quite effectual.

The Roman hold upon Britain amounted to a military occupation. In the towns the people became quite generally Romanized. The Latin language was spoken; temples and baths were built; many of the luxuries of Italy found their way thither as a result of frequent communication. On the other hand, dwellers in villages and rural districts were but slightly affected by the rule of the foreigners. The Romans introduced better methods of farming which resulted in heavier yields of grain; they promoted mining and built splendid roads—portions of which still remain in certain districts. In 410 when the soldiers were recalled to defend the capital against the barbarians, the Romans withdrew, leaving the country to fall back into many of its earlier customs and conditions.

Saxon Conquests.

Left suddenly unprotected, the Celts found themselves helpless against the raids made by Picts and Scots on the north and German pirates on the east. Appeals to Rome were futile, for Rome was finding it difficult to defend herself from the fierce Teutons now pushing faster and faster into her territories. Weakened by their long subjection to Roman control, the Britons were destined to recede before more valiant invaders.

In his distress, the chief of Kent and southeastern Britain asked for some German chieftain who would aid him against his northern foe. Hengist and Horsa responded to his call and drove out the marauders. However, when the war was concluded they refused to take their share of the spoils and depart. Instead they fortified themselves and a struggle ensued between the Kentish king and these sturdy Jutes, whose home was in the Danish peninsula. Kent was conquered, some of the Britons fled to the western mountains, others were killed and the rest subdued, while Hengist established a long line of kings in Kent.

In 477 a band of Saxons, who dwelt around the mouth of the Rhine, swooped down upon the southern coast of Britain; they staid and settled *Suth Seaxe,* or as it later became, Sussex; Cerdic followed with another company and located farther west, settling Wessex; and finally a third band arrived and settled East Saxony, or Essex. However, the Saxons were not allowed to appropriate more of the island, for in 520 a chief of the Angles—they who lived in what is now Schleswig—made his way to the land of small resistance and with his followers settled North Folk—Norfolk, and South Folk—Suffolk. Uniting under one king, East Anglia was founded. Not long after came other Angles who pressed farther north and settled on the banks of the Humber, the land being called Northumbria. It was the Angles, it should be remembered, who gave the island its present name—Angle-land, land of the Angles; this gradually acquired into its present form of *England.*

Mercia, the march, or border land, was settled by several companies of Angles, and by 570 the Saxons and Angles occupied about one-half of the entire island. Hills and forests shut them out of the west, and those who inhabited there were called

"Welsh," meaning *foreigners*. These were the remnants of the Celtic bands that had taken refuge here for safety. Had they been able to unite for any protracted time, they might have fared much better, but the race seemed incapable of union.

Now began a struggle for supremacy which lasted many years. Chiefs of Northumbria, Mercia and Wessex, the strongest settlements, tried each to subject the other. Now one was successful, now another. At length in 800, Wessex arose supreme and established Egbert on the throne. The later kings of England have all been able to trace blood relationship with Egbert.

The various tribes which came thither from the continent, like the Teutons who overran Rome, worshipped many gods—Woden, the wise father; Thor, the storm-god; Balder, the god of youth, etc. In 597 the monk Augustine landed in the island with a company of missionaries. Angles and Saxons, captured and sold in Rome as slaves, had awakened the compassion of Gregory, then occupying the papal chair, and he had sent out a band of religious workers to carry the Christian religion to the northern tribes. The Teutons do not appear to have clung tenaciously to their gods and it was not uncommon for a superstitious chief to vow upon the eve of battle to serve the God of the Christians if he were victorious. The chief won over, his followers acknowledged his new faith with but little conception of what it meant. The Christianizing of the Teutons was a long process and was often interrupted by many relapses into the earlier faith. Britain proved no exception to the rule.

Years before monks had founded missions in Ireland and the pious monk Columba had extended his influence to the northern coast of England. In time certain differences grew up between the services and customs of those in the north who looked to the monastery of Iona for guidance and those in the south who turned to Rome. A wise king summoned a council to determine which authority should be recognized. Fortunately the decision was in favor of Rome. The Roman church possessed great capacity for organization and this was lacking in the Irish branch of the church as it had so far developed.

In the latter part of the ninth century, Vikings from Scandinavia began to appear in France and England. In England they were known as the Danes. They would sweep down upon

a coast in summer, pillage and destroy, then disappear. In the first instance they cared for nothing but plunder and took pleasure in laying waste the territory they visited. Their condition was quite similar to that of the Saxons and Jutes who had invaded Britain almost three hundred years before. These Danes were the terror of the land. They destroyed trade, burned monasteries, plundered villages and killed the inhabitants. Finally they fortified themselves near by and did not return to the far north in the fall. In vain the Saxon kings tried to control their lawless chiefs; they recognized no authority and showed no pity.

In 871 Alfred succeeded to the throne left vacant by his brother's death. Fortunate was it for the future of England that he was possessed of unusual ability and capacity to organize and control a harassed country. The Danes began a struggle for possession of the island that at first threatened to engulf the inhabitants quite as they themselves had formerly overcome the Celts. However, Alfred was tireless and after repeated defeats rallied the people to a final stand against the invaders. He was victorious and made a treaty with the Danish chieftain—the famous Treaty of Wedmore. It provided that the Danes should not invade the territory of the Anglo-Saxons but should have lands comprising most of the southeastern part of the island for their habitation. While the destruction accompanying the struggle was for the time tremendous, the result was fortunate in that it brought an infusion of new and vigorous blood into the English race.

Alfred was by far the greatest of the Saxon kings. He restored peace and order in his kingdom and when settled life came once more to his stricken country, set to work to improve the condition of his people. Schools were founded, books translated into the language of the Saxons, and education encouraged. The ignorance of England was at this time very dense; even the priests, it is said, were frequently unable to read the church services. Alfred was by nature a student and he found personal pleasure in thus promoting learning in his realm. He began the Saxon chronicle, which was continued for three hundred years after his death.

King Alfred took prudent measures for the future protection of England by building a fleet of ships, made to cope with

those of the Vikings. He helped to revive commerce which had fallen away during years of insecurity. One of his greatest services was the collection and codifying of the laws. These remain to us and from them we are able to understand the stage of development already attained by the Saxons. They had passed through the age of blood retribution and the injured frequently accepted money in compensation for the harm they had suffered. In several respects Alfred's Code can be compared with the Code of Hammurabi, formulated about 2250 B. C. in Babylonia.

In 1016 the Danes were for the first time strong enough to enthrone one of their number, Cnut, who reigned also in Denmark and Scandinavia. After his death the Saxons reinstated their line, Edward the Confessor ascending the throne in 1042. He has been remembered as a very religious ruler. Educated and trained at the court of Normandy, his ways were quite unlike those of the people over whom he came to reign. Possessing qualities for which he has always been revered, Edward was, notwithstanding, a weak king who depended upon a stronger arm to make his rule effective. During the later years, Harold rendered support to his sovereign, and when the king died, Harold was chosen by the Witan to succeed him.

From King Alfred's Code of Laws.

If any one smite his neighbor with a stone or with his fist, and he nevertheless can go out with a staff; let him get a leech, and work his work the while that himself may not.

If an ox gore a man or a woman, so that they die, let it be stoned, and let not its flesh be eaten. The lord shall not be liable, if the ox were wont to push with its horns for two or three days before, and the lord knew it not; but if he knew it, and he would not shut it in, and it then shall have slain a man or a woman, let it be stoned; and let the lord be slain, or the man be paid for, as the Witan decree to be right. If it gore a son or a daughter, let him be subject to the like judgment. But if it gore a "theow" or a "theow-mennen,[1]" let XXX shillings of silver be given to the lord, and let the ox be stoned.

Injure ye not the widows and the step-children, nor hurt them anywhere: for if ye do otherwise, they will cry unto me,

[1] Bondman and Bondwoman.

and I will hear them, and I will then slay you with my sword; and I will so do that your wives shall be widows and your children shall be step-children.

Judge thou very evenly: judge thou not one doom to the rich, another to the poor; nor one to thy friend, another to thy foe, judge thou.

If any one fight in the king's hall, or draw his weapon, and he be taken; be it in the king's doom, either death or life, as he may be willing to grant.

If a man fight before an archbishop or draw his weapon, let him make *bot*[2] with one hundred and fifty shillings. If before another bishop or an ealdorman this happen, let him make bot with one hundred shillings.

If a man, kinless of paternal relatives, fight, and slay a man, and then if he have maternal relatives, let them pay a third of the *wer*[3]; his guild-brethren a third part; for the third let him flee. If he have no maternal relatives, let his guild-brethren pay half, for half let him flee.

If a man strike out another's eye, let him pay LX. shillings, and VI. shillings, and VI. pennies and a third part of a penny, as bot. If it remain in the head, and he cannot see aught therewith, let one-third part of the bot be retained.

If a man strike out another's tooth in the front of his head, let him make bot for it with VIII. shillings; if it be the canine tooth, let IV. shillings be paid as bot. A man's grinder is worth XV. shillings.

If the shooting finger be struck off, the bot is XV. shillings; for its nail it is IV. shillings.

If a man maim another's hand outwardly, let XX. shillings be paid him as bot, if he can be healed; if it half fly off, then shall be XL. shillings as bot.

—*Quoted in Kendall's Source-book of English History.*

[2] Compensation to the injured.
[3] Valuation of a man expressed in money.

NORMAN GATEWAY, WINDSOR CASTLE.

CHAPTER II.

The Norman Conquest.

Edward the Confessor left no heir or near relative to take his place as king of England. William of Normandy is said to have visited his cousin and exacted a promise that he would use his influence to have him named as the next sovereign. Harold, who was chosen to receive the crown, was a powerful earl and known to stand high in Edward's favor. Once while sailing on the Channel his ship had been blown against the French coast in a sudden storm. He was captured and retained. William of Normandy came to his rescue and held him for some time at his court. At length he agreed to give him his liberty if Harold in turn would swear to aid him upon the death of King Edward in securing the English crown. This promise, extracted under such circumstances, the Earl probably had little intention of keeping.

Ascending the throne, Harold well knew he would have to reckon with his Norman rival and he kept a strong guard along the coast. However, an exiled brother who had taken refuge with the king of Norway now incited the Vikings to ravage the English shores. Compelled to meet them, Harold hurried north and offered to pardon his faithless brother but to no avail. A battle was thereupon fought in which the Scandinavians were routed with great slaughter. Rejoicing at his victory in this quarter, Harold received tidings that William the Norman had landed in his kingdom with one hundred thousand men. Lacking a sufficient force, he had proclaimed far and near his intention of invading England, promising gifts of land to all who would join him.

There was little time to gather forces with a large foreign army in the land, and Harold could but hurry to meet it, commanding his nobles to rally men and follow. Several of the nobles were jealous of Harold and delayed bringing him support. A battle was fought on the field of Hastings, the English ranks filled with foot-soldiers, the Norman, with cavalrymen.

For some time the trial hung in the balance but finally the English were forced to give way before the well protected knights. Harold himself was killed.

Moving rapidly on to London, William was crowned king of England. The situation was rather strange: the new king knew little or nothing of the customs of the people over whom he aspired to rule and could not understand their language. Men who had joined him for spoils and land had to be rewarded and in order to satisfy their clamorings, he declared all lands belonging to those who had assisted Harold to be confiscated to the crown. Thus the greater portion of southeastern England fell into his hands and was granted out at once to his retainers. Those Saxons who had taken no part in the struggle might retain their possessions under the following conditions: they must pay a fee to the king, surrender to him their lands and receive them back as a feudal grant from him. So far the north and west remained in the hands of the Saxons, the south and east in the hands of the Normans. However, as soon as William departed for a brief sojourn in Normandy, several of the English lords rose up against the invaders and tried to drive them out. Unfortunately for their attempted revolt there was no concerted action and William returning was able to immediately quell the uprising. At best he was relentless and cruel and many a district was now left bare and desolate, ravaged by his retaliating army. Never again did the English attempt to assert themselves and whatever troubles the Norman kings experienced were due to jealousies on the part of their own people.

Many of the former customs were perpetuated by the new king. He summoned the Witan at regular intervals; he observed and enforced many of the earlier laws. Certain innovations were brought into the kingdom by him. He was passionately fond of hunting and for the purpose of preserving the game, turned wide tracts of land into royal preserves. Sometimes villages happened to be located in the areas coveted by William. In that case the people were driven from home, losing their all, that the king and his nobles might enjoy the excitement of the chase. All others were forbidden to kill the game and were punished by death if they disobeyed. The New Forest laws and regulations caused untold misery to the poor people who hated their oppressors because of them.

Another innovation was the curfew law. The word *curfew* comes directly from the French *couvre feu*, meaning "cover fire." In days when there was no fire protection of any kind this law compelling people to cover their fires at an early hour doubtless prevented many a disaster.

A third change effected by William was the taking of a census and appraisement of property made throughout the realm and recorded in the so-called Domesday Book. Heretofore when it had been necessary to impose a tax, there was no particular basis for levying it. William now attempted to get a complete list of his subjects and their possessions, in order that the tax might be levied more justly. However, the king's motive was entirely misunderstood and the people generally saw in this only the work of a greedy sovereign who wished to search out their every possession that he might make their taxes the heavier. In the old Saxon Chronicle we may read: "So very narrowly did he cause the survey to be made, that there was not a single hide nor a rood of land, nor—it is shameful to relate that which he thought no shame to do—was there an ox, or a cow, or a pig passed by, and that was not set down in the accounts, and then all these writings were brought to him."

Other Norman Kings.

William the Conqueror died in 1087, and his son William II., ascended the throne. Many of the barons favored his elder brother Robert, but William Rufus bought off his brother and put down the uprising of the Normans. He tried to extend Norman rule into Wales and Scotland. A long struggle with Anselm, who represented the Pope in his claim for supreme power, ensued and reached into the reign of Henry I. William Rufus, like his father, was hated for the cruel enforcement of the New Forest laws, and was killed one day by an arrow while riding through the woods.

Henry I., brother of William Rufus, followed in the Norman line. He swore to abide by the laws of Edward the Confessor and to uphold peace and order in the kingdom. Henry married a Saxon wife and throughout his reign did his utmost to encourage the intermingling of Saxon and Norman and the elimination of race differences. He it was who granted to the people their first Charter of rights and privileges. His son

died during his reign and his daughter Matilda was left as her father's sole heir. He forced the barons to promise her their support upon the death of Henry and to recognize her as their queen. Nevertheless when Henry I. died, these promises were quickly forgotten or brushed aside.

In early years, part of a king's duty was to lead the army against an enemy who might assail his kingdom. The nobles saw at once the impracticability of having a woman at the head of the nation. Stephen, nephew of Henry, was brought forward as successor and for years a civil war waged between the two, some of the subjects favoring Matilda, the rest Stephen. In the end Stephen was crowned and reigned until 1154 but he proved a weak and worthless ruler. Unable to restrain the power of the barons, they took advantage of the situation to increase each his own power. Castles arose on every hand. Many of the owners were merely impostors and had no feudal rights whatever. So long as they were not put down they ruled like little kings, often the terror of the vicinity. When Stephen finally died a strong king was sadly needed to save the country from utter ruin.

Results of the Norman Conquest.

For some time after the conquest of England by the Normans, both Saxon and Norman held aloof and hated each other with fervent hatred. Gradually the races began to intermingle and by the end of the so-called Norman dynasty the fusion of the two was well begun. The Normans possessed great capacity for organization and were tireless workers. A dominating spirit, perseverance and restless energy characterized their race and they brought new strength and power to the future English nation. From the mingling of Saxon and Norman speech a vernacular grew up, which in the course of centuries has developed into the English spoken today so widely among civilized nations. Two or three centuries after the conquest a literature began to appear in this vernacular, Chaucer being the first great poet to use it and give it definite form.

Commerce and industry were greatly facilitated by the incoming Normans. Before the invasion England remained isolated, little affected by the outside world. Her trade had been with the north rather than the south. Now she was brought

into close relations with Normandy, across the Channel. From a provincial state, she entered into continental relationships. Industry was expanded by the influx of workmen and artisans who were called thither to build churches, public buildings and feudal castles; weavers, and workers of many crafts. The Normans were town-dwellers to a far greater extent than the Saxons, and as they poured into England in increasing numbers, centers of trade and wealth soon sprang up. In short, in spite of much destruction and waste of war, England gained by the Norman conquest and her future greatness was made possible by changes at this time wrought in the life of the island.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS—BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

CHAPTER III.

Rise of English Nationality.

The Norman kings were succeeded by the so-called Plantagenets, the dynasty receiving this name from the habit followed by one of its earlier members of habitually wearing the broom flower, or *plante-de-genêt.* Henry II. was first of the line, he being the son of Matilda, Henry I.'s daughter. This Plantagenet House, together with its branches, the House of Lancester and the House of York, governed England from 1154-1485.

Throughout this long period there was a struggle for constitutional liberty, progress being more pronounced during the reigns of weak kings than strong ones—as would naturally be expected; throughout the period, too, the struggle between king and Pope for supremacy in matters pertaining to the Church in England continued, intermittently reaching momentous proportions. Again, the earlier kings of this line came from Anjou in France and ruled, generally speaking, large French possessions. A long drawn out war, popularly called the Hundred Years' War, was waged for the retention of French territory and resulted in its loss. Finally, the War of the Roses, a civil war fought to determine which branch of the Plantagenets, York or Lancester, should hold the throne, resulted in the overthrow of the feudal lords and thus made way for a strong centralized government.

The accession of Henry II. brought order once more to England. The castles of illegitimate lords were destroyed and feudal power brought again to its former limitations. This done, Henry instigated several reforms, prominent among them being his reform of the law courts. William the Norman had allowed the Church to establish ecclesiastical courts wherein matters involving churchmen, church property or certain moral crimes could be heard; the feudal lords maintained courts upon their domains in which they tried cases involving their vassals; finally, there were king's courts, held at stated intervals through-

out the realm. Sentences imposed for the same crime by these various courts differed widely in severity and the king now sought to establish some unity in the administration of justice. He found less fault with the feudal courts than with the ecclesiastical courts; it was discovered that because the Church could not impose a sentence of death many scoundrels who were not churchmen at all entered monasteries for a time to commit a crime and escape severe punishment. Henry thereupon issued the Constitutions of Clarendon, wherein was set forth that in the future the king's courts would decide whether or not any given case should be tried by the civil or ecclesiastical courts, and that cases appealed from the highest ecclesiastical courts of England should be submitted to the king before they were referred to the Pope.

Sometime previous, England, for Church purposes, had been divided into eleven bishoprics, with the bishop of Canterbury, bishop of the bishops, or Archbishop; later a second Archbishopric was created for the northern part of the country at York. Nevertheless the Archbishop of Canterbury was pre-eminent.

Shortly before the Constitutions of Clarendon were issued, Henry had appointed Thomas à Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury, because he was a gay young noble whom the king supposed he could bend to his purposes. However, no sooner was Becket appointed to the highest Church office in the land than he changed utterly in disposition and bearing, cherishing a hope of carrying out the papal policy, and as the Pope tried to make himself supreme in the Christian world, so he attempted to be supreme in his Church position in England. A clash came at once between king and archbishop, Becket refusing to accept the Constitutions of Clarendon. For years the trouble continued, Becket leaving England for awhile and abiding in France; when he returned, fresh difficulties broke out, until one day in exasperation Henry cried out that none who feasted at his board or accepted his favors could free him from this annoying priest. Taken at his word, four knights murdered Becket in his own church at Canterbury. Henry was filled with remorse and because popular sympathy was with the murdered archbishop, he repealed certain clauses of the Constitutions of Clarendon, and for the time the papal party

was triumphant. The people generally quite lost sight of the wholesome reform attempted in their admiration for an obstinate churchman. Nevertheless, Henry's work was to bear fruit for the future.

During Henry II.'s reign an exiled Celtic chief of Ireland tried to get help in reinstating himself at home. The king could not aid him at the time—or perhaps cared not to do so—but permitted the Irish king to seek help among his feudal lords. In Wales one was found who came to his support and together the Welsh knight and the Celtic chief were victorious beyond their expectations. At this juncture Henry made a progress into Ireland, having been invoked by the Pope to win the land for the Roman Church; he was generally acknowledged over-lord. Saxons and Danes made settlements, reducing some of the warring Celtic tribes and leaving others undisturbed. This was the beginning of English power in Ireland, and while the island was only partially brought under Henry's control, it was plain that it would no longer be left wholly undisturbed. At the same time the Roman Church was acknowledged to be the head of the Christian Church in Ireland.

Henry II. was succeeded by his son Richard, one of the poorest rulers under whom England ever suffered. Whatever romantic charm of adventure and bravery may have gathered around Richard the Lion-hearted from the standpoint of the Third Crusade, from the standpoint of English history he is far from admirable. Out of the ten years of his reign, he spent seven months in his realm. During those months he was occupied in imposing heavy taxes upon his people and in selling titles, positions and characters to any and all who would buy, in order to raise money for promoting the Crusade. He was heard to have exclaimed in jest that he would sell London itself if he could find a buyer. The towns that were wise enough at this time to purchase certain liberties fared well; otherwise it is difficult to find any evidences that Richard helped at all in building up his nation.

Even worse were the conditions under John, Richard's brother. Lacking his brother's personal bravery and definite purpose, he had the same extravagant tendencies, together with all the other vices of his line. He lost large continental possessions, quarreled with the Pope—although in the end he was

frightened into granting all that the Pope required—and contended with his barons. This last quarrel ended happily from the standpoint of constitutional liberty, for John was forced to sign the Great Charter, thereby setting definite limits to the monarch's power. Two provisions were significant: the king was not to impose taxes upon his people without the consent of the Great Council—a body of men who counselled with the king and who replaced the ancient Witan—neither could he throw men into prison without reason, and such as were arrested were to be granted immediate trial by a jury of their peers. This memorable Charter was wrenched from the unwilling king in 1215, and while he did not always keep it and several of his successors failed to do so, violations of the law did not change or abolish it, and there the Great Charter stood, from generation to generation, one of the bulwarks of Englishmen's rights which each king in turn had to swear to observe.

When only a boy of nine Henry III. ascended the throne made vacant by the death of his father. His long reign was a time of misrule, due in the main to the extravagances of the king, to his timidity in his relations with Rome, and general mismanagement. Finally the barons, led by Simon de Montfort, took matters into their own hands. The most noteworthy event of the reign was the Parliament summoned in 1265. The Great Council gradually came to be called Parliament, from the French verb *parler*—to talk. The Parliament of 1265 did nothing of particular note, but in summoning it, Simon not only included the clergy and nobles, always convened, but the knights of the shire, who had occasionally been called with the others, and more important still, two citizens from each town and borough. This brought the common people for the first time into the lawmaking body of England. From such small beginnings came the present government, which is practically "by the people and for the people" quite as much as though it took the form of a republic.

The nation looked to Edward I. to restore law and order. His life was admirable in many respects. His favorite maxim, "Keep your promise," was welcome after the vacillating policy of father and grandfather, neither of whom were capable of keeping their agreements. During this period, Wales, never yet conquered by Saxon or Norman, was invaded when a feudal

lord of the land refused to acknowledge Edward as his sovereign. Edward's son was born in the hostile land and was given the title "Prince of Wales," borne since by the eldest son of a reigning king. Later there came to the throne a king with Welsh blood in his veins, and since that time the Welsh have proved faithful subjects.

The conquest of Scotland was begun and for a time the country came under the protectorate of England; in the reign of Edward II., an incapable, worthless ruler, the Scots rallied under Bruce, and in the battle of Bannochburn the English met with losses comparable only to those met on the field of Hastings. The independence of Scotland was recognized and continued until James VI. of Scotland was crowned king of England as James I. Thereafter both kingdoms were united under one king and finally in one Parliament.

Edward III. determined to strike a blow to France because of the aid she had given Scotland during the late war; there was commercial rivalry between the two countries, and Edward went so far as to lay claim to the French throne, tracing his right through female descent—a claim invalid in France because of the so-called Salic law, which held that descent through the male line was necessary for aspirants to the throne of France. Nevertheless Edward either felt that he had some just claim to the throne or pretended that he did—the result was the same, for he opened the Hundred Years' War. At first the English were everywhere victorious. The king of France was not very capable as a military leader nor was the country at all united; consequently France suffered greatly. War was declared in 1338 and in 1346 the battle of Crécy was won from French knights by English bowmen; Calais fell the following year and then English victories were delayed only by the terrible scourge, the Black Plague, which swept through Europe at this time. Ten years later fighting was resumed and the French suffered defeat at Poitiers, their king being taken prisoner.

The war dragged on, although for years no troops were in the field. At length Henry V., full of vigor and urged on by others who wished to distract the young king's attention from home affairs, once more led his forces thither. France was suffering under a king who was often seized by fits of madness and the outlook was dark for the French kingdom. After the

battle of Agincourt a treaty was made whereby after the death of Charles VI. of France the French crown would pass to the king of England. The patriotism of the French cried out against the injustice of this treaty and upon Charles' death, roused to the cause of his son, later Charles VII. Now it was that Joan of Arc, a poor peasant girl, led by the voices which spake to her alone, felt herself called to save her country and aid her king. Her case is no more mysterious than that of the little French boy who felt called upon to preach the Children's Crusade; the cases offered certain parallels. The French army, heavy and depressed with repeated defeats, took heart as this young girl rode at the head of the forces. In an age when the supernatural was believed in to some extent by all classes, the thought that Heaven had enacted a miracle for French deliverance was not scoffed at and the victories that soon overtook them seemed to verify the idea. When the king had been crowned and lost courage had returned to all, this mysterious maid was somewhat in the way and it was probably for this reason that she was given over to the English. There were doubts in the minds of some as to whether one who had done so much could return to her simple home contentedly, as she asked permission to do. Since she had already accomplished so much, who knew what other capacities she might later display? Long afterward, when the heroism of Joan of Arc shone forth to those who stood sufficiently removed to view the matter fairly, the perfidy of the ones who failed to come to her rescue was too plain, and France has raised many a monument to the brave peasant girl. Recently the Roman Church canonized her a saint.

In their demands for money to prosecute the long war, the English kings grew more and more dependent upon the people as represented by the House of Commons. Again, during absences of the kings, Parliament tended to increase in power. Fired by a common purpose—that of foreign conquest—the two races, Saxon and Norman, had been fused into one nation.

After the conclusion of this foreign war, for thirty years England was plunged into a civil strife that was even more disastrous since it was fought out at home. Two noble houses struggling for pre-eminence finally divided the whole country. In course of the two wars the feudal lords became wellnigh

extinct. Those who survived were ruined. This extinction of the barons added to the power of the king, and made possible the despotism that later followed.

Industrially, England continued through this long period to be an agricultural country. Sheep-raising was profitable and wool was the great commodity of commerce. So great were the profits in this industry that many of the land-holders turned their entire estates into sheep pastures. This threw the small farmers out of work. When farm laborers were greatly cut off by the Black Death, lack of farm help led other land-holders to follow the popular tendency and enclose their lands. At length it became wellnigh impossible for day laborers to find enough to do and Wat Tyler's revolt was raised among men who had become discontented by the closing in of most lands for sheep herding.

Meanwhile those factories sprang up which, together with the development of mines, were largely to solve the labor problem. Some wool was manufactured in England; in the central part of the island many of the present manufacturing cities grew up, as a result of the iron and coal industries. This was more especially the case in the sixteenth century.

In the latter part of the period English literature had its beginnings. Chaucer stood, like Dante, on the border land between Mediaevalism and modern times. His pictures in the Canterbury Tales bring the Middle Ages before us most graphically. Langland set forth the grievances of the common people and Wycliffe translated the first English Bible, while the introduction of printing into England led to the rapid multiplication of books and the diffusion of learning among all classes.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

CHAPTER IV.

Despotism of the Tudors, 1485-1603.

In 1485 the marriage of Henry Tudor with Elizabeth of York united the two warring families. Henry VII. at once put down all forms of violence that had arisen during periods of unrest. That the ordinary courts might not be overburdened with matters of lesser detail he instituted the so-called Court of Star Chamber—given the name because of the star-sprinkled ceiling in the room where this court was held. During the Tudor reign it never became so dangerous to public safety as under the Stuarts, but from the first it was unconstitutional, providing a court outside the jurisdiction of the laws of the land.

Henry was a thrifty sovereign whose economies soon replenished the empty coffers. During his reign Columbus discovered a new world and set the imaginations of Europe afire with the hopes of great accomplishments, some possible, others impossible. Henry rewarded the Cabots ten pounds for their discovery of "the new island"—Newfoundland. During this age, too, the new learning spread into England; the humanists brought a fresh spirit into the staid methods of universities. Wars were avoided and England's position with other countries strengthened by marriage alliances with Henry's children. His eldest son Arthur was married to Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. He died a few months later, and after Henry VIII.'s accession he married his brother's widow. Mary was pledged to the king of France and Margaret given in marriage to James IV. of Scotland.

Henry VIII. was heartily welcomed by his people. Young, athletic, well educated, handsome, he was fitted to win the hearts of his subjects. For many years he entrusted matters of state largely to wise ministers, several of whom had served his father. Much of Europe just at this time was under the rule of young kings, Francis I. being king of France and Charles V., grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, king of Spain and Austria

and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, including Germany and much of Italy. Both wished to gain the alliance of Henry VIII. To this end Francis I. and Henry VIII. met for a few days' conference and royal entertainment not far from Calais, on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," called so because of the sumptuous hangings of silver and gold cloth over the tents prepared for the two kings. The nobility of both countries feasted and enjoyed magnificent entertainment, but the result was slight for England and the cost immoderate. However, the young English king was far too popular to call forth criticism on this account.

Catherine was several years older than her royal husband and as all their children save Mary died in infancy, Henry grew restless for an heir. The queen already was prematurely old and an invalid; Henry became infatuated with Anne Boleyn, one of the maids of honor attending the queen. Casting about for an excuse for divorcing Catherine, Henry bethought him of an old canon law which forbade a man to marry his brother's widow. Thereupon he instructed Wolsey, his long trusted minister, to obtain a divorce for him from the Pope. This Wolsey was unable to accomplish, the Pope refusing Henry VIII. the privilege of putting away his wife. This commission of Wolsey occupied considerable time and the matter dragged on until the impatient king conceived the idea that Wolsey was responsible for the delay and heartlessly turned against him, arresting him on idle charges, divesting him of all his property and finally causing indirectly the death of the broken-hearted old man.

Now occurred a new chapter in the relation between king and Pope, logical from earlier happenings in this long struggle. The English had never taken kindly to attempts of the papacy to control matters in the island. Particularly at this period when a spirit of nationality was strong was there objection to any foreign interference. Parliament was ready to follow the king's wishes and now declared that the king of England was head of the English Church and that the Pope had no more authority in England than any other foreign bishop. All powers thitherto exercised by the Pope were transferred to the king. This was not done with the mere desire to favor Henry. On the contrary, the Protestant Reformation which had been work-

ing such changes on the continent was even now penetrating to England and already men were thinking about religious matters for themselves. Nevertheless, no radical change was brought about at this time aside from transferring to the king functions previously in the hands of the Pope.

Henry married Anne Boleyn and called a council of Churchmen to pass upon the legality of his first marriage. Dependent upon the king, they naturally gave the answer he desired—that his first marriage had never been legal.

The next step in the Church problem was the confiscation of monastic property by the crown. It is true that the monasteries had done their work and that those now entering them were often inferior, even worthless. Yet the methods employed were needlessly severe and many unaccustomed to contact with the world were thrown out into it to seek a living. Relics and shrines were destroyed and pilgrimages forbidden. The more intelligent had already ceased to believe in them as they had done in the Middle Ages. No change of doctrine was to be allowed and disobedience in this regard was punishable by death. The time was dawning, however, when legislative bodies could no longer control men's minds or beliefs.

More difficult did it prove to get the devout Catholics of Ireland to acknowledge Henry as head of the Church. English influence had not amounted to much in Ireland before the days of Henry VII. Earlier rulers had styled themselves "Lord of Ireland" and let the matter rest there. Henry VII. had a law enacted which provided that no act could be submitted to the Irish Parliament until it had been previously submitted to the king of England and his council. In 1541 Henry VIII. proclaimed himself King of Ireland.

Henry had three children: Mary, daughter of Catherine; Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn; and Edward, son of a third wife, Jane Seymour. By his remaining three wives he had no children. Parliament passed an act allowing him to fix the succession, for which child had first claim was uncertain. He determined that his son Edward should first succeed him, to be followed by heirs should he leave them; then should follow Mary and last, Elizabeth. It so happened that all three ruled in turn and none left heirs.

Edward VI., who followed the now unpopular Henry VIII.,

was always frail in health. He had been educated a Protestant and under his influence the Protestant Reformation made rapid strides. The services were simplified and many forms of the Roman Church abolished. He dying early, Edward's sister Mary became England's first queen.

Daughter of Catherine of Spain, as might be expected, Mary was a devout Romanist, and she at once began to undo all that the Protestants had accomplished. Of course there were many fervent Catholics who welcomed a return to the religious forms that were dear to them; they had believed the break with Rome to be morally wrong. These were Mary's firm supporters. There were others who had become adherents to Protestantism; they were the ones whom Mary persecuted; finally there was a party that favored a return to the conditions under Henry VIII., when the Church was free from Rome, yet otherwise unaltered. Acting from the highest motives, Mary's reign was a time of oppression and terror. In her half-frantic zeal to restore the Pope to his earlier position and to restore the earlier faith, she caused many to be burned or otherwise put to death. She married Philip of Spain against the wishes of her best counsellors, and later pined because he neglected both England and her queen. Calais, so long held by the English, was recovered by the French, and altogether, Mary died lonely, disappointed and unloved. The nation turned with relief to Elizabeth, from whom all factions hoped for much.

Queen Elizabeth was a remarkable woman. She inherited much of her father's capacity to govern and all of his imperious will. Well educated and broad minded for her age, she never stooped to the petty motives that had actuated her sister. She wisely took a middle course in the matter of religion, favoring neither Puritan nor Romanist. She had the good sense to surround herself with the ablest men of her day and left many affairs to their management. She favored a peace policy and took care that foreign powers should be appeased. This was not easy to accomplish and several times war was with difficulty averted.

The inclosure of farm lands into sheep pastures had continued, although Parliament had passed several laws calculated to limit it. In Elizabeth's reign many skilled workmen, fleeing from religious persecutions in Flanders and Holland, as

well as from France, removed to England and brought with them the secrets of making fine woolen cloth. Manufactories sprang up and trade was increased by the new materials to be exported. English merchants sent their goods everywhere and commerce grew apace. Yet with all these new industries the idle poor drifted about through the land. Parliament finally made it an offense for one to wander about without employment and compelled the shires to care for the helpless by a tax levied for that purpose. Thus was the social problem settled for the time being.

During these years the adventurous were making voyages to the new world and some attempts at colonization were undertaken. These were at first unfortunate. English buccaneers were preying upon the Spanish galleons that came loaded with silver from Peru. Hostile feeling was growing between Spain and England. Spain resented the help the English had given Holland when the Netherlands freed themselves from the iron rule and cruel persecution of Spain; both countries were jealous of their trade; Philip was piqued because Elizabeth declined his offer of marriage, and finally he believed it to be his duty to put down a ruler already deposed by a verdict of the Pope.

Before the storm broke, the English pirates performed many depredations upon the seas. At last Spain fitted out a fleet—called an *armada,* and in 1588 this "Invincible Armada" started through the English Channel for Flanders—now Belgium—where it was to take on board a large Spanish army and sail for the English shores. All Englishmen hurried to the defense of their country and their queen, and even the Catholics as a rule aided her. English ships harried the progress of the Spanish fleet, and off Dover a battle was fought. A storm added to the general discomfort of the Spanish, whose ships were scattered and for the most part destroyed.

This triumph over the Spanish navy filled England with pride and great rejoicing. In all lines of activity and thought a new impetus was felt. No longer was there fear of Spanish marines—heretofore the most formidable in the world. Englishmen were suddenly awakened to their possibilities. Hope ran high. Trade was extended; settlements in the New World were shortly after undertaken in earnest. In literature the spirit of these glorious years was reflected. The drama,

hitherto confined to miracle and mystery plays, almost sprang into being. The queen delighted in shows, pageants, and all kinds of sports and entertainments. Encouraged by her favor, dramatists caught the enthusiasm of the age and became its true literary exponents. Shakespeare seized upon materials at hand and within a few years produced the historical plays by which he practically taught the nation their history. "England! England! and Good Queen Bess!" This was the exultant cry of the men whose imaginations leaped ahead and saw the place their little country was to play in the future.

One of the most characteristic productions of the age was Shakespeare's Tempest, although its relation to the times may not always be understood. The air was filled with rumors concerning newly discovered lands. No report was too wild to gain credence; no report of riches too great to be believed. Laying hold of this aspect of the matter, Shakespeare allowed his imagination to play riot with him; he pictured an island where everything was possible, and though he gave it location, as a matter of fact its true location was in the wild imaginations of his countrymen in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign.

COSTUMES OF LADY AND COUNTRYWOMAN, TIME OF ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER V.

Struggle Between the English People and Despotic Kings.

The dying Elizabeth named James VI. of Scotland as her successor. Son of Mary, Queen of Scots, he was the nearest surviving heir to the throne and without opposition he was accepted by Parliament.

So far as Protestant and Catholic were concerned, it had already been decided that England would be Protestant; the remaining question was: would it be Anglican or Puritan? The main political issue for years was to be: should the power of the king remain unrestricted—as under the Tudors it had practically been—or were the people to have an equal or superior power in the land?

James brought with him the theory that he was accountable for his actions neither to Parliament nor the English people; that from God alone he derived his power and to God alone he was responsible. This theory came to be known as the divine right of kings. Two dissatisfied factions soon existed in the kingdom: those who were in favor of the Puritan form of worship and who saw that the Anglican Church, or Church of England, was to be regarded as the one and only legitimate church in the realm; secondly, those who believed that Parliament should have vital force in the government.

The English people felt hostile towards Spain but James was determined to negotiate a marriage between his son Charles and the Spanish princess. For some time the king yielded to repeated humiliating demands made by the Spanish ambassador prior to such an alliance. Finally the prince was sent to Spain with one of his father's ministers but the union seemed as unlikely at that stage of the negotiation as before. At last the proposal was withdrawn and Charles was married to Henrietta Maria of France. While the French king's daughter was also a Catholic this marriage was less distasteful to the people

generally than the one first planned. Nevertheless, Henrietta Maria was not destined to win the hearts of her new subjects.

All petitions made by the Puritans for a simplified form of worship, abolition of the Episcopal organization of bishops, etc., and change of doctrine were refused. However, being well educated, James appreciated the plea made for a new translation of the Scriptures, it being urged that the common version did not conform to the original. To this end he had scholars appointed to prepare a new translation. This work was faithfully done and the King James version of the Bible is the one most commonly in circulation today.

The dissatisfaction felt by the Catholics at the restrictions laid upon them found expression in the Gunpowder Plot, planned by the most radical. A bold plan was made for the destruction of both houses of Parliament, king and ministers on the opening day of Parliament, a quantity of gunpowder having been stored in the cellar of the Parliament building to be set fire at the right moment. Anxiety of one concerning a Catholic friend led to the discovery of the direful plot. As a result more severe ordinances were passed concerning those of Roman faith.

It was during King James' reign that the first successful English settlements were made in the New World. In 1607 the London Company planted a colony at Jamestown on the James river, and in 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and founded the first Puritan settlement in New England. These primitive hamlets were destined to grow beyond all expectation.

King James' reign was not a happy one, although it was prosperous. The difficulty was that the king wanted certain things which his subjects did not want. He wished to bring about a closer union between his two kingdoms, England and Scotland. Long jealousies existing between the two countries caused the people to desire no closer union than they then had. James desired greater toleration for Catholics and more stringent measures taken toward the spread of Puritanism. The people were fast becoming more inclined to the Puritan point of view. The king wanted to keep peace; the people wanted to help the Protestant states of Germany now engaged in a terrible war with the Catholic German states. When the king

CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.—VAN DYCK.

convened Parliament, the members wanted to discuss their grievances before voting funds required by their ruler. He was greatly angered by this attitude and instructed them not to interfere in affairs belonging to him alone. When the House of Commons passed a resolution to the effect that free discussion in Parliament was at all times permissible, the king with his own hands tore the page bearing the resolution from the Journal.

While during King James' life no break came between the sovereign and the people, causes were already at work which were to lead ultimately to the civil war which finally divided the state.

Charles I. had been reared in a court where the divine right of kings was accepted as a fundamental principle. From infancy he had absorbed this theory with the air he breathed. Once this is fully understood, nothing he ever did need seem surprising. At least it must be granted that Charles I. was consistent.

To the dismay of the people, James' minister, Buckingham, was retained by the young king. Buckingham was regarded as standing for absolutism and was heartily hated. Twice Charles convened Parliament only to dissolve it when it was plain that Buckingham's mismanagement was to be considered before money would be voted. Charles wanted to carry on war against Spain, but the people had no such desire. Money he was obliged to get, and since Parliament showed no disposition to grant it until certain reforms were instituted, he attempted to raise it in other ways. A forced loan was made—that is, officers of the law were authorized by the king to demand from each subject financially able a certain amount as a loan. Since there was little chance of receiving it back, some refused to pay. These were cast into prison and detained without trial. In 1628 Parliament met and set forth grievances in the Petition of Rights. The following customs were declared illegal and forbidden for the future: billeting soldiers on people by force, trials by martial law, loans or taxes not imposed by Parliament, and imprisonment without specific charge. Pressed for money, Charles reluctantly signed this bill and it became a law.

For years it had been customary to grant each new king for life the revenue accruing from the Tonnage and Poundage.

This was an import and export tax, so much being imposed on each cask of wine brought into the country and so much on every pound of wool and certain other exports sent out of the country. Desiring to keep some check on their extravagant king, this revenue was granted for one year only, the intention being to make it annual for a while. However, the king continued to collect it after the year expired. Parliament of 1629 condemned any who paid this or any other tax levied without its consent. Thereupon Charles dismissed Parliament and for eleven years managed in various ways to get on without convening it.

Naturally he was obliged to resort to a variety of irregular ways to obtain funds no longer forthcoming in regular channels. Old laws, for years obsolete, were searched out and persons fined for not conforming to them. There had once been a law to the effect that each one who was possessed of a certain financial standing should be knighted. Now men were fined for having failed to obey this old-time regulation. Monopolies, while the law provided that they could not be sold to individuals, were sold to companies by the ingenious ruler. A ship tax was levied and the proceeds appropriated for uses other than a fleet. And thus it went.

In his zeal to make the English conform to the one Established Church, Charles caused many of his faithful subjects to remove to other lands. In his attempt to force this faith upon Scotland he precipitated a war. Needing more money than usual for the maintenance of an army, he convened Parliament only to dismiss it when its disposition had been shown. When the Scottish army threatened England, it became necessary to call another Parliament, known in history as the Long Parliament. This convened in November, 1640, and for twenty years was destined to control matters. Its first measure was to pass a law that it could be dissolved only by its own consent. The Star Chamber and all other illegal courts were abolished; the recent methods of raising revenues were denounced and forbidden. Month by month the quarrel between king and legislative bodies grew more pronounced. At length, when an uprising in Ireland required the commanding of an army, the people were afraid to put such power into the hands of a king whom few longer trusted and shortly the country divided in a civil

war. Generally speaking, the north and northwest stood by the king; the south and southeast supported Parliament. At the battle of Naseby the royal forces were defeated and the king became a prisoner of the opposing side. Probably the great majority of the people felt that the matter had gone far enough. Many plans for keeping Charles under constant watch were discussed but it seemed doubtful if these would prove practical. When it was found that Charles was negotiating with foreign powers for armies to reinstate himself as before, the extremists lost all faith in him. Driving out all save those who bitterly opposed Charles, a radical Parliament caused him to be tried for treason and executed.

After the execution of the king, Ireland declared itself for his son. To put down the uprising, Cromwell, now commander of the army, marched thither and subdued the island more vigorously than had been previously done. Scotland was likewise reduced to order by the conquering general.

Disgusted finally by Parliament, Cromwell dismissed it with the help of the army and for some time martial law prevailed in England. Probably the times required the energy and concentration of a one-man rule. Cromwell was a Puritan and during his administration Puritanism prevailed. When he died in 1658 his son Richard took his place but after two years abdicated and the Commonwealth came to an end.

Everyone was tired of martial rule. When from Breda, Holland, Charles' son issued a general pardon and acknowledged the power of Parliament, with rejoicing the people welcomed him to the throne as Charles II. Once again the Anglican Church was restored and various restrictions placed upon dissenters, whether Catholic or Puritan.

For years a struggle with the Dutch, caused by their monopoly of the carrying trade, had been going on intermittently. The Dutch were thrifty seamen and had gradually gained control of large maritime interests. To protect her people England passed a law prohibiting goods for English ports from being transported in other than English ships. Three wars were fought in a very desultory sort of way between the countries. By a treaty made at the close of the second war, New Amsterdam—New York—was ceded to England while the Spice Islands were transferred to the Dutch. The results

of these wars were uncertain, although the Netherlands recognized the navigation act passed by England, or pretended to do so.

A great pestilence broke out in London during Charles II.'s reign. Its ravages were fearful. Not long after its abatement, a destructive fire wiped out much of the capital. This last disaster, while disheartening at the time, gave opportunity for a more splendid city to rise on the site of the earlier one. Streets were broadened, buildings, public and private, were replaced with greater care. St. Paul's cathedral was built soon after the fire, planned by Sir Christopher Wren, who had been educated in the Italy of the Renaissance.

The period following the civil war was productive in literature and learning. Milton wrote his Areopagitica, or plea for the liberty of the press. His great epic and shorter poems were produced; Bunyan in prison wrote his Pilgrim's Progress, which has been translated in many languages. Defoe produced his Robinson Crusoe and other writings. In 1662 men who were engaged in scientific study obtained a charter under the name of the Royal Society. Three years later they began to publish treatises concerning their investigations, as they have continued to do ever since. About this time Sir Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation. Newspapers began to circulate and in coffee houses, newly started, men gathered in little companies to discuss public affairs.

Many criticisms were made upon Charles II.'s management in governmental affairs, but civil war was so fresh in the minds of men that they were disposed to endure a great deal. It was difficult for a country so recently under the stern rule of the Puritans to turn quickly to the abandonment of the following period. Nevertheless to many the change was agreeable. Dying in 1685, Charles left the throne, with the sanction of Parliament to his only brother, James II.

James II. was known to be a Catholic. However, his eldest daughter was expected to succeed her father and she was a Protestant. It was soon plain that the history of the past had not taught the new king useful lessons for the future. He was from the first tyrannical and offended the majority by appointing Roman Catholics to positions in church, universities and government. He tried again and again to remove obstacles put

in the way of Romanists. When to the surprise of all a son was born to the king and queen and the prospect of having a Catholic line of rulers presented itself to the English nation, they determined to wait no longer but to invite James' eldest daughter Mary, wife of William of Orange, to the throne to rule jointly with her husband. Only when a foreign army drew near did James II. begin to appreciate the situation and to realize how many opportunities he had lost for winning his subjects to himself. As it was, there was no faction to stand by him. With the full acquiescence of William he escaped to France, where for years he and his heir tried in vain to regain the lost kingdom.

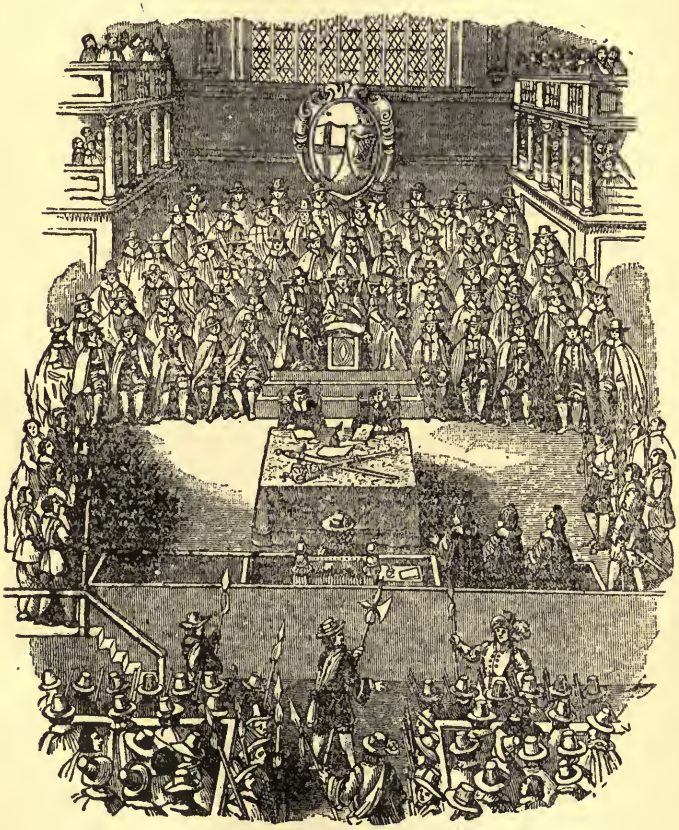
Mary died not many years after the bloodless revolution of 1688. William of Orange was a silent, gloomy man, little suited to win the hearts of Englishmen, but he was ever a constitutional ruler who managed affairs of state in an orderly way. Parliament kept a close guard over the government. During this period the foundations of the future British Empire were laid. Ireland and Scotland were reduced to submission with needless cruelty. Europe became involved in the war of Spanish Succession and gradually England was drawn into the conflict. Before English forces were put in the field, William died and the crown passed to James II.'s next daughter Anne. England had already placed itself upon a firm financial basis by the establishment of the Bank of England. A permanent national debt was created in 1692.

The Duke of Marlborough commanded the English forces upon the death of the king. By the treaty of Utrecht which ended a tedious war, England gained considerable in colonial possessions besides various trading advantages.

It was once said during the reign of Queen Anne that if there was a more stupid person than her Majesty in the realm, it was her Majesty's husband, Prince George of Denmark. Queen Anne was well meaning and an excellent person withal, but so far as bringing mental alertness, learning or culture to the kingdom she aspired to rule, she failed utterly. During her reign the long talk of union with Scotland was effected. The "union jack" is the result of the combination of the square red cross of St. George and the diagonal white cross of St. Andrew. Ireland was ruled in the interest of Eng-

land. Only Protestants could sit in Parliament and this at the start excluded four-fifths of the population. Laws were grossly in favor of the Protestants, the Catholics being harshly persecuted.

After twelve years, the English throne was again left vacant by the death of the queen and the crown passed to the House of Hanover.



TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

CHAPTER VI.

From the Accession of George I. to the Present Time.

George I. of Hanover was the grandson of Elizabeth, only daughter of James I. A German by birth and breeding, he could not understand a word of English nor did he know anything of the kingdom he was called to govern. As a result he was obliged to leave the administration of government to his ministers. With his accession the rule of prime minister and cabinet was substituted for the earlier rule of the king. Some small attempts were made by the surviving heirs of the House of Stuart to regain the English throne, but these came to nothing.

A serious financial crisis was brought about early in King George's reign by a trading company known as the South Sea Company. Having prospered, this company offered the English government 7,000,000 pounds for the privilege of handling the national debt, previously managed by the Bank of England. Failing to realize the danger of entrusting national finances to a band of traders, the offer was accepted. The South Sea Company intended to induce citizens holding government bonds to exchange them for stock in their company. Thus they would gain capital to promote tremendous trading projects. For a time all went well. Stocks and bonds rapidly increased in market value. People seeing the possibility of "get rich quick" schemes, launched into all kinds of speculation. Stock-selling companies were formed for every conceivable purpose. One had a plan to make salt water fresh; another had discovered perpetual motion and would apply it to machinery; one even advertised to sell stock in an enterprise the secret of which would be revealed later. Gullable people went wild with excitement and invested their savings in the most reckless manner. When the more prudent, regaining their wits sooner than others, attempted to transfer shares in the South Sea Company, market values dropped as rapidly as

they had risen. Unable to stand the strain the company failed. The government took charge of the settlement of liabilities from property owned by the promoters, so that there was less loss in connection with the South Sea Company than had been expected. To be sure, the government never received the sum promised for the transfer of the national debt to the company's management. But the small speculating companies that had sprung up promiscuously caused heavy losses and led to the ruin of many worthy though misguided people.

The ministry that had permitted such havoc in the financial affairs of the government was dismissed in disgrace. Walpole, who was conceded to be an able financier, became prime minister. Throughout his leadership England held aloof from continental matters, for Walpole knew little of concerns outside his limited field. His cynical maxim that "every man has his price," was frequently proved during his ministry, for he and his co-workers bought what and whoever they wanted.

When in 1727 George II. succeeded his father, Walpole remained in power. In spite of his reluctance to enter into European relationships, the insults of Spain became too pronounced for even him to ignore. Great jealousy was felt by both Spain and France because England's colonial trade had continued to expand alarmingly since the last war with the Dutch. The East India Company had already gained a firm foothold in India and the progress of the North American colonists bid fair to infringe upon the settlements made by the French.

Europe soon became involved in the war of Austrian Succession, several ambitious states determined to cripple Austria because the crown in that country had passed to Maria Theresa, who, being a woman, was not expected to prove a vigorous enemy. England espoused the cause of Austria in order that she might strike a blow to France and Spain. George II. led an army to the scene of action and won the battle of Dettingen July 27, 1743. This was the last occasion in which an English sovereign ever exposed himself to the dangers of actual fighting. By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, England, France and Spain restored to each other territories won and the rivalry of colonies and trade was postponed for future settlement.

About this time the breaking up of a great Mongol Empire in India gave England and France opportunity to struggle for

territory there, but again neither side gained particular advantage. During the Seven Years' War, however, the French were driven from America.

In 1760 George II. was followed by his grandson, George III. From infancy he was taught that both his grandfather and great-grandfather had been dominated by the Whig party and he was constantly urged, when he should become king, to assert himself and be dominated by no one. He was an Englishman, born and bred, and his pride in his country won the hearts of his subjects. He set aside the political machinery of the Whigs and tried to win the Tories to his support. In an attempt to increase the revenues to correspond with expenditures now necessary in connection with the American Colonies, the famous Stamp Tax was authorized. The colonies had been growing so rapidly that it was not to be expected they would continue content while their government was administered solely for the benefit of the mother country. The oft-told story of how they rebelled against acts of trade and taxation without representation is already known. With characteristic obstinacy George held out, determined to force his rebellious colonists to yield. Taking advantage of his plight, France made war upon him at home. Unable to cope with the perplexing situation, the colonists forced him to acknowledge their independence. To his chagrin, George was obliged to do so and to recall the Whig ministry.

Hard upon these happenings came the French Revolution, which caused alarm in the minds of all monarchs in Europe. When the excesses of mob rule gave way to the one-man rule, Napoleon soon evolved his scheme of a world empire with himself emperor. A bold plan for invading England was part of Napoleon's scheme, or at least was threatened by him. While the administrators of the government were wondering how adequately to prepare to repulse such an attack, the number that came forward and volunteered to defend the island from wanton ruin exceeded all requirement. As a matter of fact Napoleon never reached this stage in his progress. By the splendid victory gained by Nelson's men over the French navy at Trafalgar, it was decided that further aggressions of the French must be made by land. The whole daring undertaking, for the sole aggrandizement of one man, was defeated on the field of Water-

loo and by the treaty of 1815, all boundaries were set back where they had been before the Napoleonic campaigns.

George IV., William IV. and Victoria followed each other successively and the great achievements of the first two and first part of the third reigns were social and political reforms. For years the industries of England had been making steady headway. Canals had been constructed from one center to another; the value of coal in the smelting of iron led to the rapid rise of manufacturing cities in the region of iron and coal deposits. Factories sprang into being, and, lost in the desire to attain wealth quickly, the health of England's laboring classes was entirely forgotten.

By the time of George the Fourth's accession, England was no longer an agricultural country. Manufacturing had replaced the earlier industry. Several mechanical inventions greatly facilitated the manufacture of raw materials and allowed England to develop such a lucrative trade that the heavy national debt, much increased by recent wars, could still be managed.

Hand labor was steadily replaced by machine labor and as a result large numbers of idle people formed into mobs and tried to destroy the machines that prevented any further opportunity for earning a living. The Poor Law, obtaining for many years, forced parishes to care for those who were unable to care for themselves. Money was given out to the needy, the larger the family, the larger the contribution. Factory owners took advantage of this to pay starvation wages, confident that the parishes would make up the deficit. This wretched system led soon to the existence of a large pauper class.

As England changed from an agricultural to a manufacturing kingdom, grain was no longer produced in sufficient quantities to meet the home demands. However, to protect the small farmer an income tax was levied on grain, bringing the price up to that which farmers felt obliged to ask for it. This was known as the Corn Law. It never did any good and worked some actual injury. At last it was repealed.

In 1832 the Reform Bill was passed with much difficulty. It increased the number of voters and eliminated the so-called "rotten boroughs." For years the representative districts had not been revised; certain boroughs had become deserted while new commercial centers had no existence so far as representa-

tion in Parliament showed. With great difficulty the bill was passed correcting this injustice and preventing the election of members to the lower house from unpopulated sections as well as giving the new manufacturing towns just representation.

The Penal code was revised, penalties for small crimes being still punishable with death like the most heinous ones. The former attitude of the courts had been that a man accused was guilty until he proved himself innocent. In 1836 prisoners were for the first allowed lawyers to protect their rights, and in time the present attitude became general—that one accused is innocent in the eyes of the law until his guilt has been proved.

Jails and prisons were sunk in grossest crime and filth; to Elizabeth Frye belongs the credit of instigating a prison reform movement which has continued to our own day. Many disgraceful conditions in prisons still exist in even the most enlightened countries, but no civilized land today displays such utter disregard for human safety and comfort as once was shown in England.

Religious freedom is so well assured today that the disabilities not long ago placed upon dissenters from the Established Church are seldom remembered. In 1778 the Catholics were allowed free worship, but not until 1829 were all political offices of the realm open to them.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Englishmen awoke to a realization of the degenerate state of a large class of laborers. The most deplorable conditions were found to exist in factories and mines. Little children, scarcely more than babies, were toiling all day, sometimes all night, at tasks far beyond their strength. Their mothers under fearful conditions were plodding away incessantly at work too hard for them by far. The present generation was being wiped out by disease in childhood and the future generation was threatened. Factory Laws were passed but for some time indifferently enforced. The law of 1833 provided that children should not work more than twelve hours a day—and yet it was hard to enforce the law. Children under nine years of age were prohibited from working under ground. Nevertheless, short-sighted parents testified falsely to their children's ages in order to get the small remuneration they might bring. In 1842 women and children were forbidden to work under ground. In

1850 government inspectors were provided to inspect the mines. Then for the first time was it possible to properly enforce the laws.

Many English writers cried out against the greed of their countrymen when the future strength of a nation was thus endangered. Mrs. Browning's Cry of the Children touched the hearts of the people and the flagrant wrongs were set right. Not until 1870 did education become compulsory.

Among the many reforms of the nineteenth century, the abolition of slavery in all English colonies in 1834 should be noted. A large sum of money was spent by the government in compensating slave owners. Unfortunately the United States was not able to take such a practical view of the situation and a long civil war was fought before this wretched system was there wiped out.

In 1837 Queen Victoria was crowned in England. In a few years she had won the love of her subjects as few sovereigns have done. In 1840 she married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, who worked quietly but constantly for the nation's welfare. Under his direction in 1851 the first International Exposition was held in the Crystal Palace in London. He himself said it was purposed "to give the world a true test, a living picture, of the point of industrial development at which the whole of mankind has arrived, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions." Since that date many countries have successfully conducted similar expositions, to the mutual benefit of participating nations.

It is utterly impossible in a work of this nature to enter into a consideration, however brief, of the petty wars inflicted upon Europe and shared in by England during the past century. None have been very important. More interesting than these would be a consideration of the development of diplomacy among European nations—which again lies beyond the scope of this rapid review. Literature is available on every hand for such study for those who desire it.

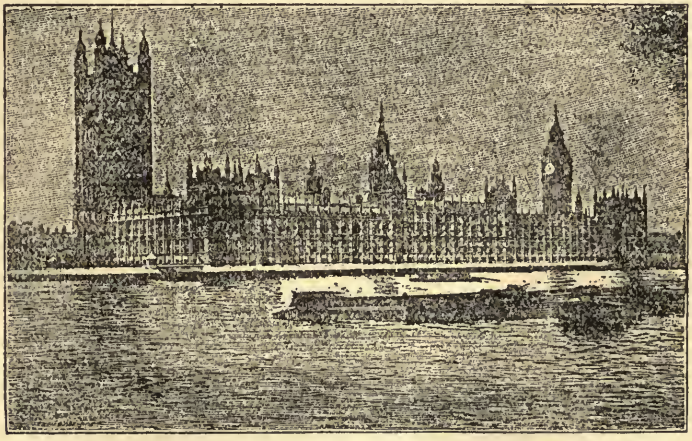
The expansion of the British Empire has been the vital interest of Englishmen during the last century. No other nation has been so successful or fortunate in colonization. When in 1897 Queen Victoria held her so-called "diamond jubilee," the vast number of countries that contributed to the

splendor of the occasion was indeed impressive. Canada poured forth its loyal men; India, having long acknowledged Victoria as "Empress," was shown to constitute a valuable, though somewhat unwilling, possession; Australia, with its untold resources and African possessions, worth a heavy war, sent representatives to participate in the celebration which did honor to a beloved sovereign and testified to England's greatness. Kipling and many other writers of renown, celebrated the occasion by poems and other literary productions, while the song so often heard during that summer:

"There's a queen, a dear queen,
Whom no Briton forgets,
And upon whose dominions
The sun never sets"—

found a responsive chord in the hearts of many who were themselves citizens of other lands.

In 1901 the long reign ended and Edward VII. succeeded his mother. The same policies were continued in his reign which came to an unexpected end in 1910, when the Prince of Wales, Edward's eldest son, was crowned as George V.



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

The Children in the Coal Mines.

"I shall now proceed to the statement I have undertaken respecting the condition of the working classes in our mines and collieries, and the measure requisite to ameliorate that condition. I am sorry to detain the House by reading documents; I shall often have occasion to trespass on their patience; but the subject demands it. I think that the points I wish to establish should be made out by statements and evidence, rather than by any attempts at declamation. In the first place, I shall present the House with the result of the evidence respecting the age and sex of persons employed in the mines and collieries. The extent to which the employment of females prevails varies very much in different districts—in some parts of the country none but males are employed, in other places a great number of females. With respect to the age at which children are worked in mines and collieries in South Staffordshire, it is common to begin at 7 years old; in Shropshire some begin as early as 6 years of age; in Warwickshire the same; in Leicestershire nearly the same. In Derbyshire many begin at 5, many between 5 and 6 years, many at 7. In the West Riding of Yorkshire it is not uncommon for infants of even 5 years old to be sent to the pit. About Halifax and the neighborhood children are sometimes brought to the pits at the age of 6 years, and are taken out of their beds at 4 o'clock. Bradford and Leeds, the same; in Lancashire and Cheshire, from 5 to 6. Near Oldham children are worked as low as 4 years old, and in the small collieries towards the hills some are so young they are brought to work in their bed-gowns. In Cumberland, many at 7; in South Durham, as early as 5 years of age, and by no means uncommonly at 6. In reference to this I may quote a remark of Dr. Mitchell, one of the Commissioners. He says: 'Though the very young children are not many in proportion, there are still such a number as is painful to contemplate, and which the great coal-owners will now perhaps learn for the first time, and I feel a firm belief that they will do so with sorrow and regret.' Now, in justice to the great coal-owners of the north, I must say that if they had been the only parties with whom we had to deal, the necessity for this Bill would perhaps not have existed: they have exhibited, in many respects, care and kindness for

their people. Many children, the Report goes on to state, are employed in North Durham and Northumberland at 5, and between 5 and 6: 'The instances in which children begin to work at 7, and between 7 and 8, are so numerous, that it would be tedious to recite them.' In the east of Scotland it is more common for children to begin to work at 5 and 6 than in any part of England. . . . In none of the collieries in the coal-fields of Ireland was a single instance found of a female child, nor a female of any age, being employed in any kind of work. I must observe that, with respect to that country, neither children of tender years nor females are employed in underground operations. I have often, Sir, admired the generosity and warm-heartedness of the Irish people; and I must say, that if this is to be taken as a specimen of their barbarism, I would not exchange it for all the refinement and polish of most civilized nations of the globe.

. . . "Sir, the next subject to which I shall request your attention is the nature of the employment of these localities. Now, it appears that the practice prevails to a lamentable extent of making young persons and children of a tender age draw loads by means of the girdle and chain. This practice prevails generally in Shropshire, in Lancashire, in Cheshire, in the east of Scotland, in North and South Gloucestershire. The child, it appears, has a girdle bound around its waist, to which is attached a chain, which passes under the legs, and is attached to the cart. The child is obliged to pass on all fours, and the chain passes under what, therefore, in that posture, might be called the hind legs; and thus they have to pass through avenues not so good as a common sewer, quite as wet, and oftentimes more contracted. This kind of labor they have to continue during several hours, in a temperature described as perfectly intolerable.

"Now, Sir, it appears that they drag these heavy weights some 12,000 yards daily. 'In the east of Scotland,' says the commissioner, 'the persons employed in coal-bearing are almost always girls and women. They carry coal on their backs on unrailed roads, with burdens varying from three-fourths cwt. to 3 cwt—a cruel slaving, revolting humanity. I found a little girl," says he, " only 6 years old, carrying half a cwt., and making regularly 14 long journeys a day. With a burden

varying from 1 cwt. to 2 cwt., the height ascended and the distance along the roads, added together, exceeded in each journey the height of St. Paul's cathedral.'

. . . "Is it not enough to announce these things to an assembly of Christian men and British gentlemen? For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro; and it was a blessed deed. You may, this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your country people, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, to enter on the enjoyment of their inherited freedom, and avail themselves (if they will accept them) of the opportunities of virtue, or morality, and religion. These, Sir, are the ends that I venture to propose: this is the barbarism that I seek to restore."

—*House of Commons, Earl of Shaftesbury.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Catholic Emancipation (1808).

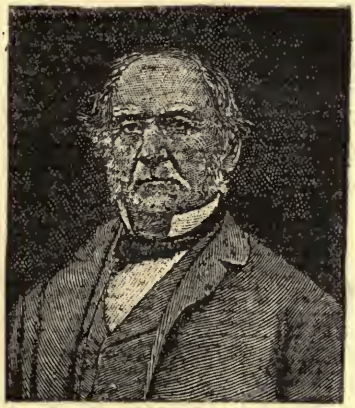
. . . "I have been in every corner of Ireland, and have studied its present strength and condition with no common labour. Be assured Ireland does not contain at this moment less than five millions of people. There were returned in the year 1791 to the hearth tax 701,000 houses, and there is no kind of question that there were about 50,000 houses omitted in that return. Taking, however, only the number returned for the tax and allowing the average of six to a house (a very small average for a potato-fed people), this brings the population to 4,200,000 people in the year 1791 : and it can be shown from the clearest evidence (and Mr. Newenham in his book shows it), that Ireland for the last fifty years has increased in its population at the rate of 50,000 or 60,000 per annum; which leaves the present population of Ireland at about five millions, after every possible deduction for *existing circumstances, just and necessary wars, monstrous and unnatural rebellions,* and other sources of human destruction. Of this population, two out of ten are Protestants; and the half of the Protestant population are Dissenters, and as inimical to the Church as the Catholics themselves. In this state of things thumbscrews and whipping—admirable engines of policy as they must be considered to be—will not ultimately prevail. The Catholics will hang over you ; they will watch for the moment, and compel you hereafter to give them ten times as much, against your will, as they would now be contented with, if it were voluntarily surrendered. Remember what happened in the American war, when Ireland compelled you to give her everything she asked, and to renounce, in the most explicit manner, your claim of sovereignty over her. God Almighty grant the folly of these present men may not bring on such another crisis of public affairs!

. . . "Whatever you think of the Catholics, there they are—you cannot get rid of them; your alternative is to give them a lawful place for stating their grievances, or an unlawful one: if you do not admit them to the House of Commons, they will hold their Parliament in Potatoe-place, Dublin, and be ten times as violent and inflammatory as they would be in Westminster. Nothing would give me such an idea of security

as to see twenty or thirty Catholic gentlemen in Parliament, looked upon by all the Catholics as the fair and proper organ of their party. I should have thought it the height of good fortune that such a wish existed on their part, and the very essence of madness and ignorance to reject it. Can you murder the Catholics? Can you neglect them? They are too numerous for both these expedients. What remains to be done is obvious to every human being—but to that man* who, instead of being a Methodist preacher, is, for the curse of us and our children, and for the ruin of Troy and the misery of good old Priam and his sons, become a legislator and a politician."

— *Sydney Smith.*

*Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

ENGLISH LITERATURE

CHAPTER VII.

General Survey.

IN a consideration of English literature, however brief, what a fantastic pageant seems to pass before us! How true it is that as the years, the centuries, go by, the historians, the poets, the ballad singers, the weavers of romance, grow less and less the mere chroniclers of the ages and the manners, and become in themselves types of characters and participants in scenes associated with their fancies and their pens. Not yet six centuries have passed since Chaucer gave to the English-speaking people the first important glimpse of a literature of their own, and within that period how imposing the procession and how comprehensive its work in passing! Human nature, it is maintained, has been the same since the beginning of time, and human experience runs largely in the same parallel. So the makers of literature—the monks patiently transcribing and illuminating in their cells, the poor scribbler dependent on royal recognition and favor, the man of genius fighting poverty and his own passions, the starving poet, the proscribed philosopher, all played their parts, not distantly removed from those who to-day wear or would wear their mantle.

The literature of a nation marks the development and progress of a nation as it reflects the manners and customs of the age. The barbarous, the rude, the uncivilized, have no literature. They have their oral traditions, their legends and superstitions, handed down from father to son, and magnified and expanded in the passing, and in this crude and imperfect way some glimpses of their earlier generations are revealed. So also with a new country, a new people. In the formative stages of a nation, in the period of settlement, of establishment, the material necessities of life always have proved an impediment to arts and letters. This was illustrated in our own country, where for many years the colonists were dependent on the litera-

ture of their mother land and the old world. And so it was in England, from the invasion of the Romans practically until the thirteenth century; the slow assimilation of antagonistic peoples, the constant conflicts, wars foreign and civil, the bewilderment of varying languages and dialects—all these retarded a national literature as well as a national sentiment.

In this darkness and confusion of the early centuries of English awakening there is something fanciful and pleasing that printing in England, in the efforts of William Caxton, gave almost its first attention to the glorious fables and knightly adventures of the Arthurian legends. In the fourteenth century Chaucer, departing from the spirit and impulse of his time, had portrayed the civilization and manners of his generation, but even Chaucer had been influenced in much of his writing by the glamour of the heroic past. So much relating to early Britain was visionary and legendary, and so greatly was the age influenced by other literature that strongly affected romance and folk and fairy lore, that even a spirit of the independence of Chaucer's could not be reasonably expected to depart wholly from the custom of his day. But to all save the diligent and plodding scholar this adhesion to translation or adaptation has been neglected or forgotten, and Chaucer lives through the "Canterbury Tales," the first masterly exhibition of contemporaneous English character.

And it is hardly to be wondered at that in these beginnings of a real literature only the supreme masters are remembered, and that from Wycliffe and Chaucer to Spenser there were few names with which to conjure. Let us be candid and admit that with the later tremendous growth of English literature, the constant changing and development of the language, much that may have been significant and impressive at the beginnings of five and six centuries ago has become in the flight of time a mere confused memory of names even among those who pretend to literary study and research. The Arthurian legends indeed survive, but where one student pores over Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" a thousand readers find delight in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and where the "Canterbury Tales," in veneration of the first great master and in interest of the England of the Chaucer period, is prescribed in schools and colleges, who reads the "Romaunt of the Rose"? Who so bold

as to pledge himself to struggle through the "Vision of Piers Plowman," and who can devote himself to Gower, the "moral Gower," or find in "Confessio Amantis" relief for his literary yearnings? So, too, with Skelton and Fortescue, valiant pioneers though they were, and others contemporaneous whose very names are not remembered. In our day, with hundreds of presses pouring out every year thousands upon thousands of books, the treasures of all lands, it is not strange that little of starting period lingers in the general memory beyond the masterpiece of Chaucer, the fascinating chapters of Sir Thomas Malory and the immortal "Imitation of Christ" of Thomas à Kempis. Balladists there were, both English and Scotch, rough and virile singers of the people, and their work has been preserved to us through the labors of Bishop Percy, but these were shadowy and in many cases unknown figures in the grand pageant which was to grow mighty and brilliant as the years came down.

It was not until the Tudors had succeeded the Plantagenets that the first decided influence of scholarship was manifest in the literature of England. In the reign of the eighth Henry the effects of the French renaissance were plainly visible and the craze for learning or the semblance of learning was soon at its height. Translations were the vogue, and the waning of the Morality and the Mystery plays showed the tendency of the times. Latin and Greek, French, German and Italian were freely drawn upon by those eager to add their contribution to the general reading and keep in line with the trend of the period, and poets such as Wyatt and Surrey—and how few recall them today!—illustrated the age of transition. The domination of Henry gave little more than the promise of a triumphant literature, for the philosophy of Sir Thomas More, the poetic flashes of the chivalrous Sir Philip Sidney, and the labors of Roger Ascham, whose "Toxophilus," a somewhat ponderous treatise on archery, paved the way to Walton's "Compleat Angler," are practically all that remain to foreshadow the approaching glories of the succeeding reign.

But with the coming of Elizabeth to the throne of England a startling impetus was given to the literature of the people. Perhaps the time was ripe, and the slow growth of impulse found its bursting development under the favoring auspices. For Elizabeth herself, a woman of wit and wisdom, a Maecenas

in petticoats, was preëminently the sovereign to foster the literary spirit and to favor and advance those who were destined to give its brightest light to the reign of the Virgin Queen. Now the English stage saw the realization of its possibilities in the rise of its masters of language and philosophy, of poetry and romance, and the shifting panorama of human passions. And now came "the myriad-minded Shakespeare," the master spirit of all literature, to amaze and electrify successive generations, and with him "rare Ben Jonson," the hapless "Marlowe of the mighty line," the "Well-languaged Daniel," Beaumont and Fletcher, Drayton, Dekker, Webster, Massinger, and he of whom Keats wrote that never did he breathe the pure serene of Homer's realm "'till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold." How gladly scholars testify to the mastery of this powerful age, and what matters it if in succeeding years these early Titans may have lost much of their popular prestige and charm? Times change and we change with them, but that which was widely sought and praised in its day establishes its influence and leaves its permanent effect. And it is not to the discredit of the Elizabethan dramatists that they are few in number now who read Beaumont and Fletcher and Daniel, that Jonson is remembered chiefly for his bibulous lines to Celia, or that Dekker and Webster and Marlowe and Massinger are merely names recalled in the memory of school days. They did their important work, and they are the lower stones on which is raised the towering structure of England's literature.

To glorify further the reign of Elizabeth came also the poet, Edmund Spenser, whose "Shepherd's Calendar" and "Faerie Queene" did for pastoral scenes, quiet nature and the stretch of fancy what Chaucer previously had done for English character and contemporaneous human action. And directly attributable to the Elizabethan influence, carried into and beyond the reign of the pedantic James, were the feathery tuneful rhymes of Herrick, the worldly priest, and an increasing number of poets and romancers who were compelled to face a period always destructive or perversive of the untrammeled literary advancement. The long reign of Elizabeth had been peculiarly favorable to the spread and influence of letters, and that splendid chapter in the history of English literature must long remain the wonder and admiration of the English people. But fast upon

it trod the Puritan revolt which threw England into a turmoil and left its significant impress on the literature of the land. For literature ever reflects the spirit of the age, and never was this truism more forcibly illustrated than in the years immediately preceding and following the Restoration. Puritan supremacy cast its darkening cloud over the light that had blazed so gloriously under Elizabeth, turning men from their honest convictions and persuading them to be traitorous to their impulses. There is something debasing in the spectacle of men of splendid talents prostituting their gifts first to the praise of this power and then to that, and there is no more saddening example than that of Dryden, "Glorious John," a towering figure of the seventeenth century, blowing hot and cold with equal zeal, and mourning the Protector almost while he welcomes the Catholic Charles.

And yet to Puritan influence and the supremacy of the deeply religious thought we must turn with gratitude for the development of John Milton, that "mighty orb of song," for Baxter, for Fox, for Penn and for Bunyan. On the other hand royalty found its literary supporters in and gave its patronage to Thomas Fuller, Thomas Browne, the poet Cowley, the airy Sir John Suckling and the profligate Lovelace. But much of that which was applauded in the seventeenth century now lies on dusty and undisturbed shelves, for the praise of scholars does not speak continuously the feeling and taste of the people. Dryden is almost wholly neglected save by the ardent student of literature, and who today reads "Absalom and Achitophel"? Or, more's the pity, who gives serious and attentive thought to the blind and inspired Milton, and lingers over the divine epic scarcely more than two centuries after it took its place as a masterpiece of English literature?

To an even greater extent, but doubtless with more reason, the minor poets and chroniclers of the age of Puritanism and the Restoration have been banished from the reader's curriculum. If Dryden has been almost forgotten there is hardly cause for wonder that his pupils and followers, Davenant, Wycherley, Congreve and Otway, no longer reach the applause or interest of the fickle public, whatever their wit, their gayety, their intellectual sparkle and their literary merit. A strange age was this, a period reflecting the astonishing convulsions of popular pas-

sions, austere Puritanism protesting against license, closing theaters, strangling literary effort, save that directly associated with the reformation, invoking the coarse satire of Butler in "Hudibras," only to be followed by the revulsion of sentiment under the second Charles, the invasion of French licentiousness and the opening of the doors to ridicule and contempt for those honest if somber men in the observance of their religious obligations. And down from this century in its closing quarter come the journals of Evelyn and the far more entrancing diary of Pepys, reflecting with mirror-like fidelity the swift contradictions of that changing panorama.

Of even more significance in the development of the national literature was the eighteenth century. Its beginning had placed Anne upon the throne, and much of the bitterness of civil war and religious strife had departed. The country, so far as martial disturbance was concerned—that implacable enemy to literary progress—was measurably at rest, and the poets, the essayists, the wits, had the more assurance of an attentive audience and an applauding following. The "great Anna, whom three realms obey," was hardly in herself a personal inspiration to literature, and yet in her short reign arose some of the most brilliant literary men the United Kingdom has produced—Addison, Arbuthnot, Steele, Defoe, Swift and Pope, whose writings long outlived their generation and the restricted admiration of the musty scholar. The Spectator and the Tatler passed away while yet their creators were living, but happily their pages are among the classics and there are many who gladly still "give days and nights to the works of Addison." And who has not read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels," and learned by heart the epigrams and rhymed elegancies of Alexander Pope? And who can say that he has slighted this period of literary accomplishment without a conviction that he has deprived himself of much of basic value in appreciation of the study of literature? It is hardly to be assumed that the three Georges, who ruled the kingdom in the century, were vitally interested in the advancement of letters, and yet within their time general literature went forward by leaps and bounds. Fielding, the father of the English novel, gave the momentum to popular reading, and Smollett, Sterne and Richardson carried on the movement, while an army of imitators contributed to the awakened popular interest.

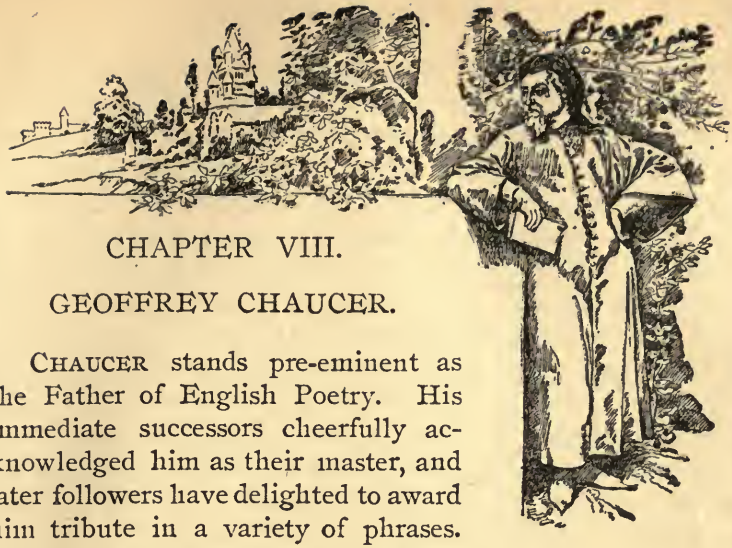
It is no reflection on the manners and customs of the day that in our generation many of their volumes repose undisturbed on high shelves, or lie neglected in public libraries. The long and prosy tales of Richardson, the grossness of much that was enjoyed in Smollett, the boisterous humor and bluntness of "Tom Jones"—much ignored in this fastidious and impetuous age—were nevertheless virile examples of a stage in England's literary development which had a potent and splendid influence. We no longer weep over the lachrymose stories of Fanny Burney; if we think of Mary Wortley Montagu at all it is only that she was conspicuous among the "blue stockings" who were aspiring for a place in literature. We spend little time—perhaps too little—over the philosophical writings of Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Bishop Berkley and Bishop Butler, and the historical works of Hume, Robertson and Gibbon have given way to contemporaneous historians. Of the poets who flourished in this century, Goldsmith, Gay, Gray, Thomson, Young, Akenside, Collins, Cowper and Burns, how few save Goldsmith and Burns have survived in general reading the flight of years, and how few are remembered except for some specific elegance of stanza or striking fragment of quotation? Yet it was a century full of genuine intellectual achievement, memorable alike in the beginnings of the novel and the extension of the poetic influence, in the oratorical philosophy of Burke and Pitt, in the wit of Sheridan and the ponderous learning of Dr. Johnson. And it developed an intellectual vigor that established the permanence of a literary nation.

Then came the nineteenth century which fulfilled, even prior to the Victorian era, every promise of its predecessor. It presented at the opening the towering figure of Walter Scott, whose genius leaped from Scottish poetry and ballad into the broader field of the historical novel, and whose brief sixty years of life were a remarkable exemplification of prolific literary achievement. And it began also with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Moore and Hood, that commanding body of British poets that has added such luster to the literature of the English tongue. Woman too asserted herself more forcefully in the literary field, following the declining popularity of the tearful Burney romance, and Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Baillie and Mrs. Hemans strove successfully for the estab-

lishment of the British woman as a literary factor, while Lamb, Hunt and Hazlitt, each according to his bent, gathered his stint of immortality. Thus the way was paved successfully for the literary brilliancy of the young queen's reign, which was destined to take rank with the glory of the sway of the great Elizabeth.

The accomplishment of the Victorian era is known even to the most casual follower of the progress of the English literary movement. The reign that gave to the world the poetry of Tennyson, the Rossettis, Arnold, Swinburne and the Brownings, the novels of Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, George Eliot, Collins, Reade and Hardy, that saw the promise and fulfillment of the titanic Carlyle, the matchless Macaulay, the beauty-seeking Ruskin, the stylist Stevenson, and added to the noble roster a wealth of contributing intellectual force, earned for itself all that has been said and is to be said in full realization of the literary impetus. It was an age of wars and political disturbance, when all Europe was jarred by the jealousies and quarrels of its powers, but England, isolated in its seas, though measurably a participant in the discord, was too secure, too powerful, to suffer from the shocks. And so its literature thrived and expanded, the patronage of arts and letters was the more marked, and a greater public following eagerly awaited the output of the presses. For as Lord Brougham had significantly said a century before: "The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer; against the soldier in full military array."

Of our own contemporaneous literature it is too early to judge hastily or speak authoritatively. The perspective is too close and critical opinion has not been mellowed or settled to deliberate judgment, for "what posterity will say" is the real test of every enterprise. If it is true that there are no giants in these days it is also true that never in the literary history of England has there been such general excellence of literary performance as now characterizes the productions of the English writing world. If this is a commercial age, as often despondently suggested, and if a certain lust for gold and creature luxuries has seemingly acted to the discouragement of the loftiest literary ambition, it is still to be remembered that literature represents the purpose and intent of its period, and there is consolation in the thought that so much that is done is done so well.



CHAPTER VIII.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

CHAUCER stands pre-eminent as the Father of English Poetry. His immediate successors cheerfully acknowledged him as their master, and later followers have delighted to award him tribute in a variety of phrases. In one of the best-known of these, bestowed by Spenser, he is called "Dan (*i.e.*, *Dominus*, Don or Master) Chaucer, well of English undefiled." Yet some critics maintain that his real merit, as far as language was concerned, lay in his skillful mingling of Norman-French with Anglo-Saxon or Old English, and that thus he is entitled to the honor of originating a new literature. In the middle of the fourteenth century English was not merely the speech of the common people, whose ancestors had been conquered by the Normans. Modified and enriched by the French of the ruling class, it had been accepted by court and parliament as the national language. The victories of Edward III. in France revealed and strengthened the strong national feeling, common to both Norman earls and Saxon churls. In baronial halls the romances and lighter poems of northern France, and the lays of the troubadours of sunny Provence had been the favorite forms of poetry, but it was no longer felt necessary or convenient to use the language of the originals. English was the familiar speech of every day, and when used by a well-trained poet, was recognized and welcomed as a fit organ for literary composition. This was the origin of the various works of Chaucer, starting with translations and paraphrases of French and Italian poets, working on through imitations and adaptations of their recognized

master-pieces, and developing at last into a stately and picturesque presentation of the life and manners of England.

Geoffrey Chaucer is said to have been born in London in 1328, or more probably about ten years later. His father was a vintner, and seems to have had connection with the king's court. At an early age Geoffrey was in the service of the Countess of Ulster, wife of Lionel of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. In 1359 he was shield-bearer to that king in his invasion of France, and being taken prisoner, suffered two months' captivity. He was ransomed and employed in the king's household, and when war called him again, served in a French campaign. In 1373 he was appointed one of the commissioners who negotiated with the city of Genoa for the promotion of trade with England. In his "Canterbury Tales" the Clerk of Oxford says he heard the tale of Griselda from Petrarch at Padua, and if this clerk be Chaucer himself, the interview must have occurred about this time. In connection with other diplomatic missions to France, Flanders and Italy, his name is found in official documents. Besides other rewards for his services, the king granted him a pitcher of wine daily in London, which allowance was afterwards commuted for an annual pension of twenty marks. From this grant it has been erroneously inferred that Chaucer was recognized as "Poet Laureate." But while some of his poems have reference to court events, there was no such official position till two centuries later. Chaucer, however, was in high favor at court, and was made comptroller of the customs of London, and received from the city authorities a house rent-free. He was a close adherent of the king's son, John of Gaunt (Ghent), "time-honored Lancaster." He married Philippa, a lady of the court, and some say, at the Duke's suggestion. It is also said that her sister was a governess in John of Gaunt's family, and eventually became the Duke's third wife. From some of the poet's comments on married life he is thought not to have enjoyed happiness therein. John of Gaunt favored the Reformer Wiclif, and Chaucer's sharp satire on the monks and friars may show a leaning toward Lollard views. Gaunt lost the favor of Parliament, and Chaucer in December, 1386, was stripped

of all his appointments. Yet, before three years had elapsed, he was made clerk of the king's works at Westminster. Under King Richard II. the poet fell into sore distress and seems to have fled to the Continent to avoid imprisonment for debt. The accession of Henry IV., the son of John of Gaunt, to the crown in 1399, relieved him of his difficulties and restored his grants, his pension being doubled. But the poet did not long survive this return of prosperity. He died on the 25th of October, 1400, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, being the first of the English poets who have received that tribute of honor.

Though Chaucer describes himself as a devoted student of books, this brief record of his life shows that he was also a man of the world, a traveler and a courtier. His diversity of occupation gave him ample opportunity for observation and fitted him to enlarge the scope of English writing hitherto employed only by clerics and devoted to rhymed chronicles and moral lessons. His early works were translations of the *Roman de la Rose*, and other tedious French romances which were then the standard entertainment in court and hall. Next he essayed imitations of the fanciful allegories then rife in Europe. But the power of his genius steadily increased, and he was able to subordinate the acquisitions from foreign sources to the purpose of his own invention.

Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida" is derived from the "Filostrato" of Boccaccio, though, contrary to his usual practice, he nowhere mentions that author's name. Chaucer used but half of the Italian original, but enlarged that part threefold and changed altogether the drift of the story, bringing it in fact into the form used by Shakespeare. Yet such was then the weight of authority in literature, as in Church and State, that he felt compelled to give some writer as his original, and therefore feigned an imaginary Latin historian Lollius. Chaucer in exposing the faults of Cressida, had violated the moral regulations of the Courts of Love, established by the troubadours, and long afterwards made a recantation in the Prologue to his "Legend of Good Women."

A favorite setting for the allegorical poems of that age was a dream in which the poet was transported to a new land

or place full of marvels. Here the fancy might introduce improbabilities and impossibilities at pleasure, yet the requirements of the allegory might serve as a limit not to be transgressed. Such a framework did Chaucer use in several poems, at first awkwardly as in the elegy called "The Boke of the Duchesse," but afterwards more skillfully yet fantastically as in the unfinished "House of Fame," in which, taking as his theme a passage of Ovid, he essayed in a humble fashion to recast Dante's sublime epic. The attempt as a whole was unsuccessful, as the poet seems to have acknowledged.

The "House of Fame," as well as some of the earlier poems, was in the easy-flowing eight-syllabled couplet. But in the "Legend of Good Women," and in most of the "Canterbury Tales," Chaucer used the ten-syllabled couplet, which he was the first to introduce into English, and which has so proved the favorite with his successors, that it is now regarded as the standard form for narrative and didactic poetry. Ignorance of the early English pronunciation, as well as the errors and corruptions in the first printed editions of Chaucer, caused his verse to be regarded as often lame and halting. But a more correct text, and a better understanding of the rules of reading it, have proved that he is most skillful in management of rhythm and melody.

Several poems were formerly attributed to Chaucer on slight grounds, but are now considered spurious by the best critics. Among them are "The Court of Love," "The Flower and the Leaf," and "Chaucer's Dream." But the dispute has not been decided in regard to the English translation of the famous French allegory, "Roman de la Rose." While Chaucer expressly mentions "The Romaunt of the Rose" among his early works, Professor W. W. Skeat and others declare that the diction and metre of the extant version deviate widely from the poet's practice. On the other hand, Professor T. R. Lounsbury, after a minute examination, regards those objections as groundless. But Chaucer will always be best known as the author of the "Canterbury Tales." In these he shines as the master delineator of human nature, which never changes. His portraits of character are as fresh and true to-day as when he penned them five centuries ago.

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

The framework of the "Canterbury Tales" is superior to that of Boccaccio's "Decameron," which furnished the leading idea of a number of tales told by members of a group. Here we see a company of English folk, from the knight and squire to the cook and the Wife of Bath, who gather on an April day at the inn of the Tabard in Southwark, London, intending to proceed on their pilgrimage to Canterbury, to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. What can be more true to English mediæval life? The Prologue, giving a description of the various classes, is the poet's masterpiece. It brings before us, at their best, and in the most natural way, all grades of society. Their characters, dress and humors are depicted in the most striking way. The stories that follow are in keeping with what we are led to expect by the previous description of the story-teller. The knight leads off with a romantic tale of chivalry; the squire, the prioress and the clerk tell stories befitting their calling; but the drunken miller and the reeve cannot be restrained from repeating the coarse and indecent tales in which country boors found pleasure. Some of the tales had been composed long before this collection was projected. Some are "left half told," and the parson's tale is a sermon in prose. According to the plan each pilgrim was to tell two tales while journeying to the shrine, and two while returning, but there is not even one for each of the characters. The poet's exile, distress and old age interfered with the accomplishment of his project. But what we have is unsurpassed in pithy delineation of character, in power of telling a story and exciting human interest.

The Prologue.

HERE BEGYNNETH THE BOOK OF THE TALES OF CANTERBURY

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the nyght with open yë,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages:
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrymages,
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes,
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seeke.

Bifel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrymage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At nyght was come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felawshipe, and pilgryms were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space,
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thynketh it acordaunt to resoun,

To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a knyght than wol I first bigynne.
A KNYGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To riden out, he loved chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he riden, no man ferre,
As wel in cristendom as in hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthynesse. . . .
With hym ther was his sone, a yong SQUYER,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes cruelle, as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and greet of strengthe.
And he hadde been somtyme in chivachye,
In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardye,
And born hym wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and rede.
Syngyng he was, or floytyng, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves longe and wyde.
Wel coulde he sitte on hors, and faire ride.
He coude songes make and wel endite,
Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and write.
So hote he lovede, that by nyghtertale
He sleep namore than doth a nyghtyngale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table.
A YEMAN hadde he, and servaunts namo
At that tyme, for hym liste ride so;
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
A sheef of pecok arwes brighte and kene
Under his belt he bar ful thriftily,

—Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly,
His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe,—
And in his hand he bar a myghty bowe.
A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage.
Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage.
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other syde a gay daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharp as poynt of spere;
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene;
A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.
Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hir smylyng was ful symple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by seynte Loy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.
Ful wel she song the service divyne,
Entuned in hir nose ful semely;
And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.
At mete wel y-taught was she withalle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle,
Ne wette hir fyngres in hir sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe
That no drope ne fille upon hir brest.
In curteisye was set ful moche hir lest. . . .
Another NONNE with hir hadde she,
That was hir chapeleyne, and PREESTES thre.
A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrye,
An outridere, that lovede venerye;
A manly man, to been an abbot able.
Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rood men myghte his brydel here
Gynglen in a whistlyng wynd as clere,
And eek as loude as doth the chapel belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seynt Maure or of seynt Beneit,
By-cause that it was old and som-del streit,
This ilke monk leet olde thynges pace,

Canterbury Cathedral.

And held after the newe world the space.
He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
That seith, that hunters been nat holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rechelees,
Is likned til a fish that's waterlees;
This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.
But thilke text held he nat worth an oistre.
And I seyde his opinioun was good.
What! sholde he studie, and make hymselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure,
Or swynken with his handes, and laboure,
As Austyn bit? How shal the world be served?
Lat Austyn have his swynk to hym reserved.
Therfor he was a pricasour aright;
Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight;
Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I seigh his sleves purfiled at the hond
With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond;
And, for to festne his hood under his chyn,
He hadde of gold wroght a ful curious pyn:
A love-knot in the gretter ende ther was.
His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
And eek his face, as he hadde been anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
His eyen stepe, and rollynge in his heed,
That stemed as a forneys of a leed;
His bootes souple, his hors in greet estat.
Now certeynly he was a fair prelat;
He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost.
A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a berye.
A FRERE ther was, a wantoun and a merye,
A lymytour, a ful solempne man. . . .
A MARCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat,
Upon his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
His botes clasped faire and fetisly.
His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Sownynge alway th'encrees of his wynnynge.

He wolde the see were kept for any thynge
Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So estatly was he of his governaunce,
With his bargaynes, and with his chevisaunce.
For sothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But sooth to seyn, I n'oot how men him calle.
A CLERK ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe y-go.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he n'as nat right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and thereto soberly.
Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy;
For he hadde geten hym yet no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office.
For hym was levere have at his beddes heed
Twénty bookes, clad in blak or reed
Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.
But al be that he was a phisosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But al that he myghte of his freendes hente,
On bookes and on lernynge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf hym wherwith to scoleye.
Of studie took he most cure and most hede.
Noght o word spak he more than was nede,
And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quyk, and ful of hy sentence.
Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.
A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE, war and wys,
That often hadde been at the parvys,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:
He semed swich, his wordes weren so wise. . . .
A FRANKELEYN was in his compaignye;
Whyt was his berd as is the dayesye.

Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in wyn.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicurus' owne sone,
That heeld opinioun that pleyn delyt
Was verraily felicitee parfit.
An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seynt Julian he was in his contree.
His breed, his ale, was alwey after oon;
A bettre envyned man was nowher noon.
Withouten bake mete was never his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plentevous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drynke,
Of alle deyntees that men coude thynke.
After the sondry sesons of the yeer,
So chaunged he his mete and his soper.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breem and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his cook, but if his sauce were
Poynaunt and sharp, and redy al his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
At sessiouns ther was he lord and sire.
Ful ofte tyme he was knght of the shire.
An anlas and a gipser al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;
Was nowher such a worthy vavasour.
An Haberdassher and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Dyere, and a Tapycer,—
And they were clothed alle in o liveree,
Of a solempne and a greet fraternitee.
Ful fresh and newe hir gere apyked was;
Hir knyves were chaped noght with bras,
But al with silver wroght ful clene and weel,
Hir girdles and hir pouches everydeel.
Wel semed ech of hem a fair burgëys,
To sitten in a yeldhalle on a dëys.
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shaply for to been an alderman.

For catel hadde they ynogh and rente,
And eek hir wyves wolde it wel assente;
And elles certeyn were they to blame.
It is ful fair to been y-clept *ma dame,*
And goon to vigilyës al bifore,
And have a mantel roialliche y-bore.
A Cook they hadde with hem for the nones,
To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones,
And poudre-marchant tart, and galyngale.
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broille, and frye,
Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.
But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shyne a mormal hadde he;
For blankmanger, that made he with the beste.
A Shipman was ther, wonyng fer by weste:
For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood upon a rouncy, as he couthe,
In a gowne of faldyng to the knee. . . .
A good Wyf was ther of biside Bathe,
But she was somdel deef, and that was scathe.
Of cloth-makyng she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offryng toforn hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooht was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground,
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound,
That on a Sonday were upon hir heed.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,
Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve,
Withouten other compaignye in youthe,
—But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe,—
And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem;
She hadde passed many a straunge streem:
At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,

In Galice at Seynt Jame, and at Coloigne.
She coude moche of wandryng by the weye.
Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
Upon an amblere esily she sat,
Y-wympled wel, and on hir heed an hat
As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;
A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,
And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.
In felawschip wel coude she laughe and carpe.
Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce,
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.
A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre PERSOUN of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
His parisshens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benygne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
And swich he was y-preved ofte sithes.
Ful looth were hym to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven, out of doute,
Unto his povre parisshens aboute
Of his offryng, and eek of his substaunce.
He coude in litel thyng han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,
In siknes nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parisshe, moche and lite,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte;
And this figure he added eek therto,
That if gold ruste, what shal yren do?
For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewed man to ruste;
And shame it is, if a preest take keep,
A shiten shepherde and a clene sheep.
Wel oghte a preest ensample for to yive,

By his clennesse, how that his sheep shold live.
He sette nat his benefice to hyre,
And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to London, unto seynte Poules,
To seken hym a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a bretherhed to been withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it nat myscarie;
He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to synful man nat despitous,
Ne of his speche daungerous ne digne,
But in his techyng descreet and benygne.
To drawen folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, this was his bisynesse:
But it were any persone obstynat,
What so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,
Hym wolde he snybben sharply for the nonys.
A bettre preest, I trowe that nowher non is.
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles' twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it hymselve.
Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Th'estat, th'array, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this compaignye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke nyght,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alyght.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And al the remenaunt of our pilgrymage.
But first I pray yow of your curteisye,
That ye n'arette it nat my vileinye,
Thogh that I pleynly speke in this matere,
To telle yow hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne thogh I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen also wel as I,
Who-so shal telle a tale after a man,

He moot reherce, as ny as ever he can,
Everich a word, if it be in his charge,
Al speke he never so rudeliche and large;
Or elles he moot telle his tale untrewe,
Or feyne thyng, or fynde wordes newe.
He may nat spare, althogh he were his brother;
He moot as wel seye o word as another.
Crist spak hymself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye woot, no vileinye is it.
Eek Plato seith, whoso can hym rede,
The wordes mote be cosyn to the dede.
Also I prey yow to foryeve it me,
Al have I nat set folk in hir degree
Here in this tale, as that they sholde stonde;
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.
  Greet chere made our hoste us everichon,
And to the soper sette he us anon;
And served us with vitaille at the beste.
Strong was the wyn, and wel to drynke us leste.
A semely man our hoste was withalle
For to been a marshal in an halle;
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel y-taught,
And of manhod hym lakkede right naught.
Eek therto he was right a mery man,
And after soper pleyen he bigan,
And spak of mirthe amonges other thynges,
Whan that we hadde maad our rekenynges;
And seyde thus: 'Now, lordynges, trewely
Ye been to me right welcome hertely:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a compaignye
At ones in this herberwe as is now.
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bithoght,
To doon yow ese, and it shal coste noght.
  'Ye goon to Caunterbury; God yow spede,
The blisful martir quite yow your mede.
And wel I woot, as ye goon by the weye,

Ye shapen yow to talen and to pleye;
For trewely, confort ne mirthe is noon
To ride by the weye doumb as a stoon;
And therfor wol I maken yow disport,
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort.
And if yow lyketh alle, by oon assent,
Fór to stonden at my jugement,
And for to werken as I shal yow seye,
Tomorwe, whan ye riden by the weye,
Now, by my fader soule, that is deed,
But ye be merye, I wol yeve yow myn heed.
Hold up your hond, withouten more speche.'
Our counseil was nat longe for to seche;
Us thoughte is was noght worth to make it wys,
And graunted hym withouten more avys,
And bad hym seye his verdit, as hym leste.
'Lordynges,' quod he, 'now herkneth for the beste;
But tak it not, I prey yow, in desdeyn;
This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with our weye,
In this viage, shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two,
Of aventures that whilom han bifalle.
And which of yow that bereth hym best of alle,
That is to seyn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal han a soper at our aller cost
Here in this place, sittyng by this post,
Whan that we come agayn fro Caunterbury.
And for to make yow the more mery,
I wol myselven goodly with yow ride,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
And who-so wol my jugement withseye
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Tel me anon, withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shape me therfore.'
This thyng was graunted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and preyden hym also

That he wold vouchesauf for to do so,
And that he wolde been our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a soper at a certeyn prys;
And we wol reuled been at his devys,
In heigh and lowe; and thus, by oon assent,
We been acorded to his jugement.
And therupon the wyn was fet anoon;
We dronken, and to reste wente echoon,
Withouten any lenger taryinge.
A-morwe, whan that day bigan to sprynge,
Up roos our host, and was our aller cok,
And gadrede us togidre, alle in a flok,
And forth we riden, a litel more than pas,
Unto the wateryng of seynt Thomas.
And there our host bigan his hors areste,
And seyde; 'Lordynges, herkneth if yow leste
Ye woot your forward, and I it yow recorde.
If even-song and morwe-song acorde,
Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As ever mote I drynke wyn or ale,
Who-so be rebel to my jugement
Shal paye for al that by the weye is spent.
Now draweth cut, er that we ferrer twynne;
He which that hath the shortest shal bigynne.'
'Sir Knyght,' quod he, 'my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cut, for that is myn acord.
Cometh neer,' quod he, 'my lady Prioresse;
And ye, sir Clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse,
Ne studieth noght; ley hond to, every man.'
Anon to drawen every wight bigan,
And shortly for to tellen, as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cut fil to the knyght,
Of which ful blithe and glad was every wight;
And telle he moste his tale, as was resoun,
By forward and by composicioun,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this goode man saugh that 't was so,
As he that wys was and obedient

To kepe his forward by his free assent,
He seyde: 'Syn I shal bigynne the game,
What, welcome be the cut, a Goddes name!
Now lat us ride, and herkneth what I seye.'
And with that word we riden forth our weye;
And he bigan with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and seyde in this manere.

The Knight's Tale.

The first and finest of the Canterbury Tales is the Knight's Tale, containing altogether over two thousand lines. It is founded on Boccaccio's "Teseide," but is both abridged and amplified by Chaucer, and is characterized by a wider range of fancy and chivalrous sentiment. Many of its most poetical passages are his own additions to the story. The scene is laid in ancient Greece, but the romantic notions of the mediæval chivalry pervade the whole. Theseus, Duke of Athens, after other conquests, made war on Thebes, routed its army and slew its king. Two valiant knights, Palamon and Arcite, were found among the captives, and were declared by the heralds from their coat-armor to belong to the blood-royal of Thebes. They were sentenced to life-long imprisonment. But the tower in which they were confined overlooked the city of Athens and the royal garden. On the first of May Palamon sees the Princess Emily gathering flowers and is smitten with love. His conduct and words excite his fellow-prisoner's sympathy, but when Arcite beholds the lady, he also becomes a lover, and his friendship is turned to jealousy.

The King of Thrace, on a visit to Athens, induces Theseus to liberate Arcite, who is banished to Thebes on pain of death if he return. Palamon remains in captivity, but Arcite finds himself unhappy, being deprived of the sight of Emily. After a year or two he returns, risking his life for love's sake. Being disguised, he enters the service of Theseus as page, and waits upon Emily. Seven long years did Palamon pace his dungeon despairingly. At last, by the aid of a friend, he drugged his jailor, and escaped to a grove near Athens. Hither on May morning comes Arcite to observe the day, and gives

vent to his feelings in some verses. The words rouse Palamon from his hiding-place, and, after sharp dispute, Arcite engages to bring armor from the city, that they may fight on equal terms on the morrow. He fulfills his task, and they begin the conflict. But Theseus and his daughter, on their way to the chase, surprise the knights. He commands them to cease and explain the cause of strife. Both confess their identity, and declare their love of Emily. Knowing that neither can now hope to win her, jealousy prompts each to ask that the other's life be forfeited. The duke so resolves, but the ladies of his train plead so effectually that he relents, and decrees that the two knights shall meet after fifty weeks, and each bringing a hundred lords, should decide the matter by open battle. They thank the duke, and offer their prayers respectively to Venus and Mars. Emily implores the aid of Diana to secure the one "that most desireth me."

A large assembly of kings, nobles and common folk gather at Athens at the appointed time. A great feast ushers in the tournament, which is no sham fight. Yet, after a time, to spare the effusion of blood, the duke restricts the further contest to the original contestants. After a fierce struggle Arcite throws Palamon to the ground, and is adjudged the victor. But as he leaves the field he is thrown from his horse by accident. His hurt proves mortal, and, sighing for Emily, he is borne to the palace. He sends for Palamon, bids him farewell, and commends him to Emily. "His last word was, 'Mercy, Emily.'" His body was burnt on the funeral pile with great ceremony. After a suitable interval, Duke Theseus urges his daughter to marry, and she is duly united to Palamon. Our extracts are modernized by Mrs. R. H. Haweis.

Emily and the Prisoners.

Thus passeth year by year, and day by day
Till it fell once upon a morn of May
That Emelye—more beauteous to be seen
Than is the lily on his stalk of green,
And fresher than the May with flowers new
(For with the rose's color strove her hue;
I know not which was fairer of the two),

Early she rose as she was wont to do,
All ready robed before the day was bright;
For May time will not suffer sloth at night;
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And saith, Rise up, salute the birth of spring!
And therefore Emelye, remembering
To pay respect to May, rose speedily:
Attired she was all fresh and carefully,
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a full yard long, I guess,
And in the garden as the sun uprose
She wandered up and down whereas she chose;
She gathereth flowers, partly white and red,
To make a cunning garland for her head.
And like an angel's singing rose her song.

The mighty tower, that was so thick and strong,
The castle's chiefest dungeon (wherein pent
The knights were doomed to imprisonment,
Of which I told you some, but not yet all)
Was close adjoining to the garden wall
Wherein this Emelye had her playing.
Bright was the sun and clear that May morning
And Palamon, that mournful prisoner,
As was his wont, by leave of his gaoler
Was ris'n and at an upper chamber stood
Where his view all the noble city shew'd,
And all the garden full of branches green
Where this fresh Emelye, beauteous to be seen,
Was in her walk and roaming up and down.
This sorrowful prisoner, this Palamon,
Goes in his chamber—pacing to and fro—
Still to himself complaining of his woe,
That he was born, full oft he sigh'd "Alas!"
And so befell, by chance or some strange case,
That thro' a window thick with many a bar
Of iron, great and square as a ship's spar,
He cast his eyes on Emelye below;
And therewithal he blenchéd, and cried "Oh!"
Like a man stung, or wounded to the heart.
And at that cry Arcite did forward start

Saying, "Dear cousin mine, what aileth thee?
Thou art so pale, and deathly-white to see.
Why did you cry out? What's the last offence?
For God's love, take it all in patience,
This prison-life cannot be otherwise—
Fate is the cause of our adversities.

. . . . . .

We must endure it, this is short and plain."
Palamon rebuking, answered him again,
"Cousin, forsooth, that fix'd opinión
Is but a vain imaginatión.
Nay, prison-misery did not cause my cry.
But I was hurt that moment thro' mine eye
Unto my heart, and that my bane will be.
The fairness of the lady that I see
Yonder in the garden roaming to and fro
Is cause of all my outcry and my woe;
And I know not whether she be goddess
Or woman—but 'tis Venus, as I guess."
And therewith saying, falling on his knee,
He cried, "O Venus, if thy will it be,
Thus in the garden taking gentle shape
In sight of wretched, hapless, woeful me,
Out of this prison help us to escape."

. . . . . .

And with that word Arcite cast his eye
Where this fair lady roamed to and fro:
And with that sight, her beauty stung him so,
That if young Palamon is wounded sore,
Arcite is hurt as much as he, or more.
Then with a sigh he murmur'd piteously
"Ah, the fresh beauty slay'th me suddenly
Of her that roameth out in yonder place:
And, save I win her mercy and her grace,
That I at least may see her day by day,
I am but dead—there is no more to say."
This Palamon, when he those words had heard,
Furious he looked—and presently answer'd——
"Whether say'st thou this—in earnest or in play?"
"Nay," said Arcite, "in earnest, by my fay.
God help me, I am in no mood for play."

Arcite Finds Palamon in the Wood.

The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth in her song the morning gray;
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth for the light;
And in the woods he drieth with his rays
The silvery drops that hang along the sprays.
Arcite—unknown, yet ever waxing higher
In Theseus' royal court, now chiefest squire—
Is risen, and looketh on the merry day:
And, fain to offer homage unto May,
He, mindful of the point of his desire,
Upon his courser leapeth, swift as fire,
And rideth to keep joyous holiday
Out in the fields, a mile or two away.
And, as it chanced, he made towards the grove,
All thick with leaves, whereof I spake above,
Eager to weave a garland with a spray
Of woodbine, or the blossoms of the may [hawthorn].
And loud against the sunshine sweet he sings,
"O May, with all thy flowers and thy green things,
Right welcome be thou, fairest, freshest May!
Yield me of all thy tender green to-day!"
Then from his courser merrily he sprang,
And plunged into the thicket as he sang;
Till in a path he chanced to make his way
Nigh to where Palamon in secret lay.
Sore frighted for his life was Palamon:
But Arcite pass'd, unknowing and unknown;
And neither guess'd his brother was hard by;
But Arcite knew not any man was nigh.

. . . . . .

"You slay me with your eyes, O Emelye!
You are the cause wherefore I daily die.
For, ah, the worth of all my other woes
Is not as e'en the poorest weed that grows,
So that I might do aught to pleasure you!"

Palamon, hearing Arcite sing this, felt as though a cold sword glided through his heart. He was so angry that he flung himself like a madman upon the intruder.

And when that he had heard Arcite's tale,
Like a man mad, with face all dead and pale,
He darts from the thick bushes in his sight,
Crying, "False, wicked traitor! false Arcite!
Now art thou caught, that lov'st my lady so,
For whom I suffer all this pain and woe!
Yet art my blood—bound to me by thy vow,
As I have told thee oftentimes ere now—
And hast so long befool'd Duke Theseus
And falsely hid thy name and nurture thus!
For all this falseness thou or I must die.
Thou shalt not love my lady Emelye—
But I will love her, and no man but I,
For I am Palamon, thine enemy!
And tho' I am unarmed, being but now
Escap'd from out my dungeon, care not thou,
For nought I dread—for either thou shalt die
Now—or thou shalt not love my Emelye.
Choose as thou wilt—thou shalt not else depart."
But Arcite, with all fury in his heart,
Now that he knew him and his story heard,
Fierce as a lion, snatch'd he forth his sword,
Saying these words: "By Him who rules above,
Were't not that thou art sick and mad for love,
And hast no weapon—never should'st thou move,
Living or like to live, from out this grove,
But thou shouldest perish by my hand! on oath
I cast thee back the bond and surety, both,
Which thou pretendest I have made to thee.
What? very fool! remember love is free,
And I will love her maugre all thy might!
But since thou art a worthy, noble knight,
And willing to contest her in fair fight,
Have here my troth, to-morrow, at daylight,
Unknown to all, I will not fail nor fear
To meet thee as a knight in combat here,
And I will bring full arms for me and thee;
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst for me!
And I will bring thee meat and drink to-night,
Enough for thee, and bedding as is right:
And if the victory fall unto thine hand,
To slay me in this forest where I stand,

Thou may'st attain thy lady-love, for me!"
Then Palamon replied—"I grant it thee."
O god of love, that hast no charity!
O realm, that wilt not bear a rival nigh!
Truly 'tis said, that love and lordship ne'er
Will be contented only with a share."

Theseus Interrupts the Fight.

Then at the time and place which they had set
Ere long Arcite and Palamon are met.
To change began the color of each face—
Ev'n as the hunter's, in the land of Thrace,
When at a gap he standeth with a spear,
In the wild hunt of lion or of bear.
And heareth him come rushing through the wood,
Crashing the branches in his madden'd mood,
And thinks, "Here comes my mortal enemy,
Now without fail or he or I must die;
For either I must slay him at the gap,
Or he must slay me if there be mishap."
So fared the knights so far as either knew,
When, seeing each, each deepen'd in his hue.
There was no greeting—there was no "Good day,"
But mute, without a single word, straightway
Each one in arming turn'd to help the other,
As like a friend as though he were his brother.
And after that, with lances sharp and strong,
They dash'd upon each other—lief and long.
You might have fancied that this Palamon,
Fighting so blindly, were a mad lion,
And like a cruel tiger was Arcite.
As two wild boars did they together smite.
That froth as white as foam for rage—they stood
And fought until their feet were red with blood.
Thus far awhile I leave them to their fight.
And now what Theseus did I will recite.

It was a bright clear day, and Theseus, hunting with his fair queen Ipolita, and Emelye, clothed all in green, came riding by after the hart, with all the dogs around them; and as they followed the hart, suddenly Theseus looked out of the dazzle of the sun, and saw Arcite and Palamon in sharp fight, like two bulls for fury. The bright

swords flashed to and fro so hideously that it seemed as though their smallest blows would fell an oak.

Theseus striking his spurs into his horse, galloped in between the knights, and, drawing his sword, cried, "Ho! No more, on pain of death! By mighty Mars, he dies who strikes a blow in my presence!" Then Theseus asked them what manner of men they were, who dared to fight there, without judge or witness, as though they were in royal lists.

And Palamon made answer hastily
And said—"O Sire, why should we waste more breath?
For both of us deserve to die the death.
Two wretched creatures are we, glad to die,
Tired of our lives, tired of our misery—
And as thou art a rightful lord and judge
So give us neither mercy nor refuge!
And slay me first, for holy charity—
But slay my fellow too as well as me!
—Or slay him first, for though thou little know,
This is Arcite—this is thy mortal foe,
Who from thy land was banished on his head,*
For which he richly merits to be dead!
Yea, this is he who came unto thy gate,
And told thee that his name was Philostrate—
Thus year by year hath he defied thine ire—
And thou appointest him thy chiefest squire.
—And this is he who loveth Emelye!
For since the day is come when I shall die,
Thus plain I make confession, and I own
I am that miserable Palamon,
Who have thy prison broken wilfully!
I am thy mortal foe,—and it is I
Who love so madly Emelye the bright,
That I would die this moment in her sight!
Therefore I ask death and my doom to-day—
But slay my fellow in the self-same way:—
For we have both deserved to be slain."
And angrily the duke replied again,
"There is no need to judge you any more,
Your own mouth, by confession, o'er and o'er
Condemns you, and I will the words record.

* That is, on pain of death, should he return.

There is no need to pain you with the cord.*
Ye both shall die, by mighty Mars the red!"

Then the queen began to weep, and so did Emelye, and all the ladies present, that two brave men, both of high lineage, should come to such an end for loving a lady so faithfully. All the ladies prayed Theseus to have mercy on them, and pardon the knights for their sakes. They knelt at his feet, weeping and entreating him—

And would have kissed his feet there as he stood,
Until at last appeasèd was his mood,
For pity springeth soon in gentle heart.
And though he first for rage did quake and start,
He hath considered briefly in the pause
The greatness of their crime, and yet its cause;
And while his passion had their guilt accused,
Yet now his calmer reason both excused.

Arcite's Victory.

Full oft to-day have met the Thebans two,
Have met and dealt each other many a dreadful blow;
Twice each unhorsed the other in the fray.
No tiger in the vale of Gargophey,
When her young cub is stolen in her sight,
Is crueller in the chase than is Arcite
For jealous heart upon this Palamon!
And in Belmary is no fell lion
Hunted, and mad for hunger in the wood,
That seeing his prey so thirsteth for his blood
As Palamon to slay his foe Arcite!
The jealous strokes deep in their helmets bite.
Out runneth the red blood, for both do bleed.
Sometime an end must be of every deed.
And ere the sun unto his setting went
The King Emetrius made a fierce descent
On Palamon hard fighting with Arcite,
And made his sword deep in his flesh to bite.
Then by the force of twenty he is seiz'd,
Dragg'd to the stake, unyielding, unappeas'd.
And in the rescue of this Palamon
The mighty King Lycurgus is borne down:

* To put you to torture to make you confess.

And King Emetrius for all his strength
Is borne out of his saddle a sword's length,
So Palamon hit out ere they could take
Him—still they brought him to the stake.
His hardy courage now could help him nought,
He must abide there idle, being caught,
By force of men, and by agreement too.
Who grieveth now like Palamon, for woe
That he no more may rush into the fight?
And when Duke Theseus had seen that sight,
Unto the folk still fighting every one,
He shouted "Ho! no more, for it is done.
I will be true judge, nowise partial I.
Arcite of Thebes shall have Emelye,
That by good fortune hath her fairly won."

And now there is a noise of crowds begun
For joy of this, so loud and high withal,
It seem'd as though the very lists should fall.
The trumpets, and the loudest minstrelsy,
The heralds, that full loudly yell and cry,
Blare with a will, for joy of lord Arcite.
But hearken, wait, give me a brief respite,
—See what a miracle befell anon.
This fierce Arcite hath now his helm undone,
And on a courser for to show his face,
He pricketh endlong up the ample place
Looking upward upon his Emelye.
And she cast down on him a friendly eye
(For women, speaking in a general way,
Follow the favor of good fortune aye),
And seem'd all his in mien, as in his heart.
Out of the ground the fires infernal dart
From Pluto sent, demanded by Saturn.
Whereat his horse for terror back did turn,
And leaped aside and foundered in his leap;
And ere Arcite his flagging seat could keep,
He flung him on the pommel of his head
So that upon the earth he lay as dead.
His breast-bone broken on the saddle-bow,
As black he lay as any coal or crow,
So had the dark blood rushed into his face.

Swiftly they lift and bear him from the place,
Sore-hearted, to the palace for relief.
Then was he cut out of his harness stiff
And in a fair bed tended with all skill,
For he was yet alive, and conscious still,
And always crying out for Emelye.

The Death of Arcite.

Swelleth the breast of Arcite, and the sore
Increaseth at his hearté more and more. . . .
This is all and some, that Arcite muste die;
For which he sendeth after Emelye,
And Palamon, that was his cousin dear;
Then said he thus, as ye shall after hear:
"Naught may the woful spirit in mine heart
Declare one point of all my sorrows' smart
To you, my lady, that I love most,
But I bequeath the service of my ghost
To you, aboven every creature,
Since that my life ne may no longer dure.
"Alas the woe! alas the painés strong,
That I for you have suffered, and so long!
Alas the death! alas mine Emelye!
Alas departing of our company!
Alas mine hearte's queen! alas my wife!
Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!
What is this world?—What asken men to have?
Now with his love—now in his colde grave—
Alone—withouten any company.
Farewell, my sweet—farewell, mine Emelye!
And softly take me in your armés tway
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.
"I have here with my cousin Palamon
Had strife and rancor many a day agone
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
So Jupiter have of my soulé part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man."

And with that word his speechē fail began;
For from his feet up to his breast was come
The cold of death that had him overnome;
And yet, moreover, in his armēs two,
The vital strength is lost, and all ago;
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his hearté sick and sore,
'Gan failen when the hearté felte death;
Dusked his eyen two, and fail'd his breath:
But on his lady yet cast he his eye;
His last word was "Mercy, Emelye!"

Chaucer to His Empty Purse.

To you my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my lady dear;
I am now sorry that ye be so light,
For certēs now ye make me heavy cheer:
Me were as lief be laid upon a bier,
For which unto your mercy thus I cry,
Be heavy again, or ellēs must I die.

Now vouchsafen this day ere it be night
That I of you the blissful sound may hear,
Or see your color like the sunné bright,
That of yellowness ne had never peer;
Ye be my life, ye be my heartēs *steer;* [*helm*
Queen of comfort and of good company,
Be heavy again, or ellēs must I die.

Now purse, that art to me my life's light,
And savior, as down in this world here,
Out of this townē help me by your might,
Sithen that you will not be my tresor,

For I am shave as nigh as any *frere*, [*friar*
But I prayen unto your courtesy
Be heavy again, or ellés must I die.

GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

HIS last composition, and written upon his death-bed, "when he was in great anguish."

FLY from the *press* and dwell with sothfastness; [*crowd*
Suffice unto thy good though it be small; [*be satisfied with*
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
Press hath envy, and weal is *blent* o'er all; [*striving, ceased*
Savor no more than thee behoven shall; [*taste*
Rede well thyself, that other folk canst rede, [*counsel*
And truth thee shall deliver 'tis no *drede*. [*doubt*

Pain thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standeth in little business;
Beware also to spurn against a *nalle;* [*nail*
Strive not as doth a *crocké* with a wall; [*earthen pitcher*
Deemeth thyself that deemest other's deed, [*judge*
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in *buxomness;* [*civility*
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forth pilgrim, forth, O beast, out of thy stall;
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
Waiveth thy lust and let thy *ghost* thee lead, [*Give up, spirit*
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM CHAUCER TO SPENSER.

"THE Vision of Piers Plowman" is a notable poem of the age of Chaucer, giving a life-like picture of the English people from an entirely different point of view from that of the courtly poet. The author, William Langland, was of humble birth, and was bred for the church. He is said to have been born at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, perhaps in 1332. Educated in the neighboring monastery at Malvern, he received minor orders, but later laid aside the monk's dress. Going to London, he married, and procured a meagre living by such humble clerical work as he was allowed to do. Always a dreamer, self-contained, he was little disposed to court the favor of superiors. His poem shows indications of having been commenced before 1362, and was revised and enlarged during the next thirty years. The forty-three manuscripts extant represent three editions; the first comprising eleven *passus* or divisions, the second twenty, the last twenty-three. Though he lived chiefly "in a cot on Cornhill," London, his affection for Malvern hills is manifest, and he probably retired there at last. The date of his death is not known, but as he wrote "Richard the Redeless," he was still living in 1399.

Langland's "Vision" was first printed in 1550 to assist the cause of the Reformation, and five editions were issued in that century. In the latest revival of attention to early English literature it has been edited by Thomas Wright in 1856, and especially by Professor W. W. Skeat, whose library edition (1887) is the most complete. The poem consists of a succession of pictures of human life, which change and merge into each other as suddenly and completely as in dreams. The latter half is really a distinct poem, "The Search for Do-Wel," "Do-Bet" (Do-Better) and "Do-Best." In this Piers the Plowman becomes an allegorical personage, and is even identified with Jesus of Nazareth.

In all of Langland's poems the verse is in the Anglo-Saxon alliterative style, which was still favored by the people. Yet the language is not more archaic than that of Chaucer, and has quite as many words of Norman-French origin.

Langland's First Vision.

Weary with wandering over Malvern hills on a May morning, William lay down on the grass. In a dream he saw "all the wealth of the world and the woe both." There was "a fair field full of folk," and he observes the works and lives of all kinds of men, gay knights, honest plowmen, busy craftsmen, eager tradesmen, playful minstrels, pilgrims, cooks, beggars, pardoners, monks and priests, many of the last serving as stewards and treasurers. Kind-wit (natural reason) has assigned the various occupations of men, and Conscience shows that the support of honest clerks and craftsmen is justly derived from the labor of the plow. But great evil appears among them from neglect of duty, and the commons are discontented. Here is introduced the mediæval fable of the rats who resolved to bell the cat, but could find no one of their number bold enough to do the deed; a wise mouse warns them to let the cat alone, for evil would surely come if a kitten should have rule. This is an evident reference to the distressed condition of England and the restlessness of the commons under the growing power of John of Gaunt.

An allegorical personage appears to explain the vision. She declares that Truth, the Father of Faith, dwells in the tower on the east, while the deep dark dale on the west contains the castle of Care, in which dwells Wrong, the father of Falsehood. She herself is Holy-Church, who directs how all ought to live, and declares that "Love is the triacle (remedy) for sin, and most sovereign

salve for soul and for body." The dreamer knelt to the lady and besought her favor. Then she pointed out another lady, richly dressed and crowned. This was the maiden Meed (reward), who by her allurements most interfered with and spoiled Holy-Church's good work and guidance. She was to be married to Falseness on the morrow. The holy lady warns the dreamer against Meed, and leaves him sleeping.

Langland sees then the preparations for the marriage, to which a great crowd are gathering. Simony and Civil Law are prominent, and read the deed by which Favel (Flattery), Meed's father, makes Falseness and his daughter Princes of Pride, and grants them the earldom of Envy and Ire with the Castle of Strife, the county of Covetise, and the lordship of Lechery. But Theology interferes on behalf of Truth to save Meed from the evil match, and causes an appeal to be made to London. The whole wedding-party set out, traveling in a strange procession, since for want of horses, sheriffs, provisors and other officials were shod with silver to carry Meed, Falseness, Favel and the rest. The King, notified of their coming, swears to do justice, and the procession is dispersed. Guile is received by the merchants, who dress him as an apprentice. Liar runs through the lanes, but finds no door open till the pardoners pull him into their house, yet after they had washed and clothed him, quack doctors, spicers, minstrels and friars offer him terms, and he serves each class in turn. Meed is taken in court, weeping and trembling, but soon recovers and wins the favor of judges and clerks, who promise to find a way for her to do as she pleases and defy Conscience. She rewards them with gold and silver cups and precious stones. Friars and confessors she beguiles in like manner, and then she advises mayors and other town officers to take bribes from dishonest dealers.

The King calls Meed before him, and after reproving her for wrong-doing forgives her, and proposes to marry her to the Knight Conscience. She consents, but when Conscience comes he refuses on account of her corrupt practices. Meed pleads her own cause, and shows how reward is necessary in the transaction of all affairs. Conscience replies, explaining that Mercede is the just hire for work done, but meed is often

given when nothing is earned. He quotes texts of Scripture, and Meed attempts the same, but is discomfited. The King, however, is wearied, and bids Conscience kiss Meed, but the knight refuses unless Reason counsels him. Conscience is sent to summon Reason, who comes and is seated between the King and his son. But instead of settling the question of marriage, their attention is taken up with the complaint of Peace against Wrong. The wretched condition of the kingdom is rehearsed, and the King, finding Meed interfering for Wrong, has her conveyed into safe custody, while Reason is made the chief chancellor, and Conscience the King's judge. Such was the illogical end of the first vision. The poet seems to have begun it at Malvern, but finished it at London, as he describes his own manner of life there.

Piers Plowman.

Piers Plowman does not appear in Langland's Vision until the eighth *passus* or canto. In the former part of the poem Langland seems to have trusted that a righteous king would lead the people out of their distress, now he turns to a humbler guide. In the ninth *passus* he gives the names of Piers' family in the style, afterwards made familiar by Bunyan.

Dame Work-when-time-is Piers' wife is called,
His daughter is Do-right-so-or-thy-dame-shall-thee-beat,
His son is Suffer-thy-sovereigns-have-their-will,-
Judge-them-not,-for-if-thou-do,-thou-shalt-dear-buy-it.

The following extracts show the first appearance of the Plowman The people are in a vast field as before, and in their misery have sought relief from Heaven. Their sins are described, and they are warned to forsake them. Repentance prays for penitents and Hope sounds a horn.

A thousand men then throng together,
Crying upward to Christ and to his clean Mother,
To have grace to go to Truth, God grant that they might!
And there was none so wise that knew the way thither,
But blustered forth as beasts over balks and hills,
Till late it was and long that they met a layman
Apparelled as a palmer in pilgrim's weeds.

But though he had been to Bethlehem and Babylon, to Sinai and the Sepulchre, to Alexandria and Damascus, and had many signs in his cap that he had sought good saints for his soul's health, he could not direct them whither Truth dwells, nor had he ever heard a palmer ask after him till now.

"Peter," quoth a Plowman, and put forth his head,
"I know him as kindly as clerks do their books.
Conscience and Kind-Wit [Common Sense] sent me to his place,
And made me secure him to serve him for ever,
Both to sow and to set, the while I *swink* might, [*labor*
Within and without, to watch on his profit.
I have been his follower all these forty winters,
And served Truth surely, somewhat to please him—
In all kinds of crafts that he could devise,
Profitable to the plow, he put me to learn;
And though I say it myself, I served to his pleasure.
I get my hire of him well, and sometimes more;
He is the most prompt payer that any poor man knoweth.
He withholds not his hire from his men over even,
He is meek as a lamb and leal of his tongue,
Whoso wisheth to know where that Truth dwelleth,
I will guide you well right to his place."
"Yea, dear Piers," cry the pilgrims, and proffered him pay.
"Nay, by the peril of my soul," Piers gan swear,
"I would not take a farthing for Saint Thomas' shrine!
Were it told to Truth that I took reward,
He would love me the less a long time after.
But whoso will wend where Truth dwelleth,
This is the high way hither, mark well the sooth.
Ye must go through Meekness, all men and women,
Till ye come to Conscience, known of God's self,
That ye love him as lord loyally above all.
That is to say soothly, ye should rather die
Than do any deadly sin, for dread or for prayer.
And then your neighbors next in no wise treat
Other than ye would they treat you all times."

He then describes a route by way of the Commandments which will bring them to a wonderful castle, evidently the Church.

So shalt thou come to a court, clear as the sun;
The moat is of mercy in midst of the manor,

All the walls are of wit, for will should not win it.
The *crenels* are of Christendom that serve to save [*battlements*
And it is buttressed with "Believe or thou wilt not be saved."
All the houses are covered, the halls and chambers,
Not with lead, but with love, and with leal speech.
The bridge is "Pray well that thou mayst speed the better."
Each pillar is of penance and prayers to saints,
The hooks are alms-deeds that the gates hang on.
Grace is the gate-keeper, a good man in sooth,
His man is Amend-you; many men know him.
Tell him this token, "Truth wot the sooth,
I am sorry for my sins, and so shall I ever be,
And perform the penance that the priest bade me.
Ride to Amend-you, and pray to his master
To open and undo the high gate of Heaven
That Adam and Eve shut against all of us.
A full leal Lady unlocked it of grace;
Who hath a key and a catch, though the king sleep,
And may lead in whom she loveth, as her love liketh,
And if grace grant thee to go in in this way,
Thou shalt see Truth sit in thine own heart,
And solace thy soul, and save thee from pining."

Notwithstanding the attractions of this refuge, some of the pilgrims make difficulties and beg to be excused from going. Contemplation swears that he will follow Piers' direction, but a guide is necessary lest they miss the way. Piers declares that he has a half-acre to plough and sow, but after he has finished that he will conduct them. He directs the knights and ladies what to do meanwhile.

"I shall apparel me," quoth Piers, "in pilgrim-wise
And wend with all those that will live in truth."
He cast on him his clothes of all kind of crafts,
His cokers and his cuffs, as Kind-Wit taught him,
And hung his hopper on his neck instead of a scrip;
A bushel of bread-corn was brought therein.
"For I will sow it myself and then will I wend
To pilgrimage as palmers do pardon to win.
My plough-foot shall be my pike-staff and pick apart the roots,
And help my coulter to carve and cleanse the furrows.
And all that help me to plough or else to weed,
Shall have leave by our Lord to go and glean after,
And make merry in the midst, no matter who grudges.

And all kind of craftsmen that can live in truth,
I shall find them food, that faithfully live;
Save Jack the juggler, and Janet of the stews,
And Daniel the dice-player, and Denot the bawd,
And also false friars and folk of that order,
That leal men look on as lollers and losels,
And Robin the ribald for his filthy words.
For Truth told me once and bade me tell it further,
*Deleantur de libro viventium;** I should not deal with them."

Richard the Redeless.

A MANUSCRIPT of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," in the library of Cambridge University, contains another poem which has been called "Richard the Redeless," and attributed to Langland on account of similarity of thought and style. It appears to have been written in 1399, shortly before the deposal of Richard II. It rehearses the evils of his reign, the oppression of the people, and bids welcome to Henry of Bolingbroke, represented as an eagle who should drive off the kites and crows. The poem was left unfinished, and ends with the following sketch of the meeting of Parliament, which has been somewhat modernized.

Meeting of Parliament.

When the riot and the revel the rent thus wasted,
And nothing was left now but the bare bags,
Then fell it perforce to fill them again.
And they feigned some folly, that failed them never,
And cast it by craft with their council at even,
To have privy parliament for profit of themselves
They caused writs to be written, all in wax closed,
For peers and prelates that they should appear;
And they sent notice to shire-reeves about,
To choose such chevaliers as would stand charge,
To appear for the shire in company with the great.
And when it drew to the day of the deed doing,
The sovereigns were assembled, and the shire-knightes,
Then, as the form is, first they began to declare
The cause of their coming, and then the king's will.
Fairly the clerk then commenced the words,
And pronounced the points apart to them all,
And moved for money more than for aught else,

* Let them be blotted out of the book of the living.—*Psalm* lxviii. 29.

With smooth speeches of greeting, lest griefs should arise.
And when the tale was told anon to the end,
To-morrow they must before meat meet together
The knights of the commons, and talk of the matters
With citizens of shires, sent for the same,
To rehearse the articles, and grant all their asking.
But yet for the purpose to make men blind,
Some argued against it then a good while,
And said, "We are servants and salary take
And are sent from the shires to show what is their grievance,
And to speak for their profit, and pass no further;
And to grant of their gold to the great lords
By no manner of wrong way, but if there were war.
And if we were false to those that here find us,
Ill were we worthy to receive our hire.
Then sat some, as a cipher in numbers,
That noteth a place, and nothing availeth.
And some had had supper with Simon over even,
And showed for the shire, and their show lost.
And some were tattlers, and to the king went,
And informed him of foes that were his good friends,
That talked for the best, and no blame deserved
Of king or of council, nor of the commons neither.
Some thus took good keep to the last syllable.
And some slumbered and slept, and said but a little;
And some mumbled with the mouth, and knew not what they meant;
And some had their hire, and held thereto ever,
And would no further afoot, for fear of their masters,
And some were so sullen and slow of their wits,
That ere they came to the close, so cumbered they were,
That they the conclusion then construe could not,
No baron of the bench, nor else of the borough,
So blind, and so bald, and so bare was the reason.
Some held with the more, however it went,
And some did right so, and would go no further,
Some parted as pert as proved well after,
And called more for the coin that the king owed them
Than for comfort of the commons that their cost paid,
And were promised hansel if they would help,
To be served surely of the same silver.
And some dreaded dukes, and Do-well forsook.

THE PLOWMAN'S CREED.

THE simple name, thought and diction of Piers the Plowman quickly won the favor of Englishmen. Before the end of the fourteenth century two other poems bore his name. One, *Piers the Plowman's Creed*, was in alliterative verse like the *Vision;* the other, offered as the Plowman's addition to the Canterbury Tales, was in rhyming ballad metre. In the former the poet, having learned his Pater Noster and Ave Maria, wishes to learn the Creed before Easter, but he seeks to be taught by one "that fully followeth the faith, and feigneth none other." He applies in turn to each order of Friars, but finds each more ready to abuse the other than to perform Christ's commands; each is also greedy for money for adornment of his own church or house.. The poet having no money is left to himself.

THEN turned I me forth and talked to myself
Of the falseness of this folk, how faithless they were;
And as I went by the way, weeping for sorrow,
I saw a *sely* man near by upon the plow hanging. [*simple*
His coat was of a cloth that cary was called,
His hood was full of holes, and his hair out,
His knobbed shoes were clouted full thick,
His toes *toted* out as he the land treaded, [*peeped*
His hose overhung his *hockshins* on every side [*hosekins, gaiters*
All bedabbled in fen as he the plow followed.
Two mittens as small, made all of clouts,
The fingers outworn, and full of fen hanged.
This wight walked in the fen almost to the ankle;
Four *rothers* before him, that feeble were worn, [*oxen*
Men might reckon each rib, so rueful they were.
His wife walked with him, with a long goad,
In a cutted coat, lifted full high,
Wrapt in a winnow-sheet to shield her from weathers,
Barefoot on the bare ice that the blood flowed.
And at the land's end lay a little crumb-bowl,
And therein lay a little child lappéd in clouts,
And twain of two years old upon another side,
And all sung one song, that 'twas sorrow to hear,
They cried all one cry, a note full of care.
The sely man sighed sore, and said, "Children, be still!"
This man looked upon me and let the plow stand,
And said, "Sely man, why sighest thou so hard?

If thee lack livelihood, lend thee I will
Such good as God hath sent. Go we, dear brother."
I said then, "Nay, sir, my sorrow is much more;
For I know not my Creed. I care very hard,
For I can find no man that fully believeth
To teach me the high way, and therefore I weep."

The Plowman then warns him against those that pervert God's word by their glosses, and denounces those that abused Wiclif and Walter Brute for preaching against evil works. He declares the truth to be simple so that the unlearned may accept and understand it, and then teaches the Creed in simple words.

JOHN GOWER.

CONTEMPORARY with Chaucer, but probably born a few years earlier and also outliving him, was another poet, John Gower. He was a native of Kent and a landholder there. He took minor orders and was a liberal benefactor of the church. For many years he lived in the priory of St. Mary Overies, in London, having added a chapel of his own. In 1390 he became rector of Great Braxted, in Essex, but in 1397 resigned the living and was married at the age of seventy. He resumed his residence at St. Mary Overies, and three years later became blind. He died in 1408 and was buried in the church, now called St. Saviour's. A splendid tomb was erected, testifying to his merits and gifts to the church.

Gower wrote various short poems in English, French and Latin, but his principal works were a long Latin poem, *Vox Clamantis*, and a longer English poem, *Confessio Amantis*, the Lover's Confession. It was probably the former that procured for him from Chaucer the epithet, "moral." This poem, in seven books, was inspired by Wat Tyler's insurrection in 1381. It depicts the universal disorder of English society, inveighs against the vices of all classes, and sets forth rules for their government. To this in his old age blind Gower added a "tripartite chronicle," relating the misrule and deposal of Richard II., and the advent of Henry IV.

In Gower's Confessio Amantis the celebrated poem of Ovid was recast in a strange mediæval form. The author, sorely wounded by Cupid, appeals to Venus for relief, and she ap-

points Genius his confessor. Each of the seven deadly sins is then explained at great length as an obstacle to love, and in regard to each in turn the lover confesses his fault, but still pleads his love for an unknown beauty, who treats him cruelly. The confessor, on the other side, relates various stories as examples of warning and instruction. Several books are occupied with such discussion, and more than a hundred stories have been told, when the confessor gives final injunctions, the lover prays to Venus, and the goddess bids him reflect upon his old age and forget his follies. The whole poem comprises thirty thousand short lines, rhyming in couplets. The moral lessons are sometimes forcibly stated, but the stories, borrowed chiefly from Ovid, are told in the driest possible manner.

Alexander and the Robber.

This well-known story is told by Gower in Book III. of his "Confessio," and is here modernized in phrase and spelling. Its limping monotony may excuse us from giving other examples.

Of him—whom all this earth did dread,
When he the world so overled
Through war, as it destined is—
King Alexander, I read this:
How in a march land, where he lay,
It fell upon a certain day
A rover of the sea was caught
Which many a man had sought
And slain and ta'en his goods away.
This robber, as the books do say,
A famous man in many a land
Was for the deeds wrought by his hand.
This prisoner before the king
Was brought, and there upon this thing
In public audience was accused;
And he his deed had not excused,
But prayed the king to do him right,
And said, "Sire, if I were of might,
I have a heart like unto thine;
For if thy power were surely mine,
My will would be in special
To rifle and get over all

The large world's good about.
But as I lead but a poor rout,
And am, as they say, in mischief,
The name of robber and of thief
I bear, while thou who armies great
Dost lead and richest booty take,
And doest just as I would do,
Thy name is never called so,
But thou are reckoned emperor.
Yet our deeds are of one color,
And in effect deserve one name;
But my poorness and thy rich fame
Are now not taken evenly,
And yet the man that is rich plainly
This day, to-morrow may be poor,
And on the contrary also the poor
May succeed to great riches.
Therefore men say let righteousness
Be weighed even in the balance."
The king his hardy countenance
Beheld, and heard his wordés wise,
And said unto him in this wise:
"Thine answer I have understood,
Wherefore my will it is, it is good
That thou in my service still abide."
And forthwith from that same tide
For the term of life he him retained,
And that the more he should be gained
He made him a knight and gave him land.
He afterward was at his hand
A gallant knight in many a field
And great renown of arms did yield,
As ancient chronicles relate.

Wat Tyler's Insurrection.

A single graphic stanza of Gower's "Vox Clamantis" is translated by Thomas Fuller in his "Church History," where he calls it "the methodical description of a confusion." Four more lines have been added by Morley.

Tom comes thereat when called by Wat, and Sim as forward we find;
Bet calls as quick to Gibb and Hick, that neither would tarry behind;

Jeff, a good whelp of that litter, doth help mad Coll more mischief to do,
And Will, he doth vow, the time is come now, he'll join with their company too.
Davie complains, while Grigg gets the gains, and Hob with them doth partake,
Larkin aloud, in the midst of the crowd, conceiveth as deep is his stake.
Hudde doth spoil, whom Judde doth foil, and Tebb lends his helping hand,
But Jack, the mad patch, men and houses doth snatch, and kills all at his command.
Hodge, strutting elate in his glory of state, believeth no king is as great
Or as noble as he, who is now proved to be nobility's natural mate.
Ball was the preacher, the prophet and teacher, inspired by a spirit of hell,
And every fool was advanced in his school, to be taught as the devil thought well.

CHEVY CHASE.

THIS most celebrated of all the English ballads exists in various forms, the oldest being called "The Hunting of the Cheviot." It is difficult to assign any date to the event which it celebrates, but it is certainly distinct from the battle of Otterburn in 1387, which is the subject of a similar ballad. Bishop Percy and some of the latest critics think it may refer to a hunting by Percy over the Scotch border which brought on the battle of Piperden in 1436, and that some verses inconsistent with this view were inserted by late critics. Richard Sheal, to whom it has been ascribed, was a wandering minstrel about 1580, but the language proves that it was much older. The following extract from the earlier version shows the meeting of Douglas and Percy, the spelling being modernized.

THE Percy out of Northumberland,
An a-vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
At Cheviot within days three,
In maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot,
He said he would kill and carry away:

"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will *let* that hunting if that I may." [*hinder*

Then the Percy out of Bamborough cam,
With him a mighty *meany;* [*company*
With fifteen hundred archers bold,
They were chosen out of shires three.

The drivers thorough the woods went
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen *bickert* upon the *bent* [*skirmished, tall grass*
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild [deer] through the woods went
On every side *shear;* [*entirely*
Greyhounds through the groves *glent* [*glided*
For to kill the deer.

They began in Cheviot the hills above
Early on a Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon
A hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a mort* upon the bent,
They 'sembled on side shear;
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To see the *brittling* of the deer. [*quartering*

He said, "It was the Douglas promise sent
This day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail *verament;*" [*truly*
A great oath the Percy sware.

At last a squire of Northumberland
Look'd at his hand full nigh;
He was 'ware o' the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meany,

Both with spear, *bill* and brand. [*battle-axe*
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart and hand,
Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail;

* A flourish on the trumpet over the dead game.

They were born along by the water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Teviotdale.

"Leave off the brittling of the deer," he said,
"And to your bows look ye tak good heed;
For sith ye were o' your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode all his men beforne;
His armor glitter'd as did a *glede;* [*burning coal*
A bolder baron was never born.

"Tell me what men ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this
Cheviot chase in the spite of me?"

The first man that ever him answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee what men we are," he says,
"Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chase
In spite of thine and of thee.

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have kill'd, and cast to carry them away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefore one of us shall dee this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy:
"To kill all these men guiltless,
Alas! it were great pitie.

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
I am call'd an earl within my country;
Let all our men upon a party stand,
And do the battle with thee and me."

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay,
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou shalt never see that day;

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But *an* fortune be my chance, [1]
I dare meet him one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name:
"It shall never be told in South-England," he says,
"To King Harry the Fourth for shame.

"I wot ye be great lordes twa,
I am a poor squire of land;
I will never see my captain fight on a field,
And stand myself, and look on:
But while I may my weapon wield,
I will not fail both heart and hand."

SECOND PART OF CHEVY CHASE.

(From the later version,)

Our English archers their bows bent,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions moved they laid on loud,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel,
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee;
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Earl Percy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart—
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these—
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving strife, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And pass'd the English archers all
Without all dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a veh'ment force and might
He did his body gore;
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceived
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

With the Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wise
Did with Earl Douglas die;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

CHAPTER X.

EDMUND SPENSER.

ENGLAND'S golden age of poetry began with Spenser, first and fairest of Elizabeth's choir of true singers, then and still honored as "the poets' poet," and rightly so, as few but poets can claim much knowledge of his work. It ranks above the heights scaled by the every-day reader for pleasure. His master-work lacks popular attractiveness in being an allegory and not a dramatic story. Its music is the subtle Æolian harmony of sounds that most delight the most delicate ear. And the unfamiliar look of that somewhat grotesque English, ruffled with archaisms and starched with stiff Italian forms, counts substantially among the apologies for modern readers whose taste is moulded by the fashion of their own century.

Yet the literature of Elizabeth's day, which still glorifies that of the English language, is not to be properly understood without a passing study of Spenser, who was a very grand poet and more besides. Though eager to link his branch of the Spenser clan with the ennobled Spencers, it is evident that the poet, who was born in 1552, was of humble Lancashire origin. He got through Cambridge by a sizarship. Thence north as a tutor on small pay, which possibly accounts for his rejection by the "faithless Rosalind, and voyd of grace," over whom he wasted many inky tears and prentice efforts in his "Shepherd's Calendar," twelve pastoral poems, in which Colin Clout imitates the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil. This appeared in 1579. A college friend, Gabriel Harvey, brought Spenser into friendly relations with Lord Leicester. The result was the young poet's appointment as secretary to the lord-deputy of Ireland in 1580.

England was in a state of turmoil at home and abroad; there had been a rebellion, known as Desmond's, in Ireland, which had tempted the young bloods of the aristocracy to league themselves together for a raid of suppression, to be rewarded with the spoils of war. Gentle spirit though the poet had, his other self shared the romantic love for adventure and for sordid gain, so characteristic of the time. Spenser was only eight-and-twenty; he had lived in the house of the knightly Philip Sidney, where his "Calendar" had been written, and breathed the same bracing air as Walter Raleigh, his after associate. So he served under Lord-Deputy Grey, bore his part in the terrible suppression of the uprising, and shared in the division of the Earl of Desmond's forfeited estates. In all, Spenser spent ten years in Ireland in various government offices, the last four being the important clerkship of the Council of Munster. Three thousand acres of land, and the ancient seat of the Desmonds, Kilcolman Castle, in County Cork, had been granted to Spenser in the spoliation of Munster. In 1596 he had written, and Queen Elizabeth and her ministers had studied, a matter-of-fact state-paper which the poet, writing as a shrewd man of affairs, had entitled, "View of the Present State of Affairs in Ireland." It is thrown into the fanciful form of a dialogue between a typical advocate of sound doctrine and another who pleads for peace. Spenser gravely approves the harsh policy of Lord Grey and other "very wise governors and counsellors," which offered to the Irish the alternative of submission or extermination. But Lord Grey's plan was dropped after two years of bloodshed, and Spenser's "View" was not printed until 1633.

The first instalment of the "Faerie Queene" appeared in 1590 as a quarto volume consisting of three "books," with the announcement that it had been entered at Stationers' Hall, and was "Aucthoryzed under thandes of the Archbishop of Canterbury and bothe the wardens." The whole poem was to be "disposed into twelve Books, fashioning XII. Morall Vertues." How Spenser had managed to build up this monument of faery verse, instinct with serenest beauty of thought and form, amid the turbulent scenes of

his life in Ireland, is a mystery of the craft. He went to London to bask in the triumph awaiting him. Raleigh presented him to Elizabeth, who duly did homage to his genius. He stayed there a year, disappointed if he had reckoned on substantial court favors, for except the small pension of fifty pounds a year, his royal patron did nothing for him. On his return to Ireland two other books by him were published, the "Daphnaida," an elegy in the pastoral style, and "Complaints and Meditations of the World's Vanity," a collection of miscellaneous and mostly early verse. His friend Raleigh's doleful experience of prison about that time helped both of them to bewail in bitter earnest the delusive charms that glitter from the distance in the patronage of courts. Spenser returned to London the year after his marriage, in 1594, and published the "Amoretti," sonnets of love, and his "Epithalamion," best of his minor poems. Later pieces disclosed the growing disappointments that were clouding years which should have been his happiest. Three more books of the "Faerie Queene" came out in 1596, and, among a few other pieces, the famous "Astrophel," his pastoral elegy, introducing various laments by other writers for the death of Sir Philip Sidney. It is said, but not substantiated, that Spenser had written more books of his great poem, which perished at sea or by fire. In 1598 he was made sheriff of Cork. Within a few weeks Tyrone's rebellion broke out, his Kilcolman house was fired, the tradition being that his fifth child was burnt to death. The poet escaped to England bearing despatches. His last writing was a paper urging the old resort to brute force to "pacify" the Irish. Broken in fortune and spirit, probably in heart, too, he died on January 16, 1599. He was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

Alcyon's Lament for Daphne.

(From the "Daphnaida.")

"Whilom I used, as thou right well dost know,
My little flock on western downs to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrina's stream doth flow,
And flowery banks with silver liquor steep;
Nought cared I then for worldly change or chance,

For all my joy was on my gentle sheep,
And to my pipe to carol and to dance.

"It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearless and free, a fair young lioness,
White as the native Rose before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress,
I spiéd playing on the grassy plain
Her youthful sports and kindly wantonness,
That did all other beasts in beauty stain.

"Much was I movéd at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldom seen,
And 'gan to cast how I her compass might,
And bring to hand that yet had never been;
So well I wrought with mildness and with pain,
That I her caught disporting on the green,
And brought away fast bound with silver chain.

"And afterwards I handled her so fair,
That though by kind she stout and savage were,
For being born an ancient Lion's heir
And of the race that all wild beasts do fear,
Yet I her framed, and won so to my bent,
That she became so meek and mild of cheer,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

"For she in field, wherever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause required, or else in sleep, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or sleep;
And evermore when I did sleep or play,
She of my flock would take full wary keep.

"Safe then, and safest were my silly sheep,
Nor feared the wolf, nor feared the wildest beast,
All were I drowned in careless quiet deep;
My lovely lioness without behest
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I wakéd, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plain or wood.

"Oft did the shepherds, which my hap did hear,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envied,
Daily resort to me from far and near,
To see my Lioness, whose praises wide
Were spread abroad; and when her worthiness
Much greater than the rude report they tried,
They her did praise, and my good fortune bless.

"Long thus I joyéd in my happiness,
And well did hope my joy would have no end;
But oh, *fond* man! that in world's fickleness [*foolish*
Reposedst hope, or weenedst thy friend
That glories most in mortal miseries,
And daily doth her changeful counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies.

"For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruel satyr with his murderous dart,
Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal wound of deadly smart,
And reft from me my sweet companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my heart;
My Lioness, ah, woe is me! is gone!

"Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoil,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
Much fitter than the Lion, which with toil
Alcides slew, and fixed in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthly soil,
And seeking miss, and missing do lament."

Therewith he 'gan afresh to wail and weep,
That I for pity of his heavy plight
Could not abstain mine eyes with tears to steep;
But, when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deal allayed, I him bespake again:
"Certes, Alcyon, painful is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equal pain.

"Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
The riddle of thy lovéd Lioness;
For rare it seems in reason to be scanned,
That man, who doth the whole world's rule possess,

Should to a beast his noble heart embase,
And be the vassal of his vassaless;
Therefore more plain aread this doubtful case."

Then sighing sore, "Daphne thou know'st," quoth he,
"She now is dead:" nor more endured to say,
But fell to ground for great extremity;
That I, beholding it, with deep dismay
Was much appalled, and, lightly him uprearing,
Revokéd life, that would have fled away,
All were myself, through grief, in deadly drearing.

The Epithalamion.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time:
The rosy morn long since left Tithone's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
And carol of love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
To await the coming of your joyous make [mate],
And hearken to the bird's love-learnéd song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot
In Jove's sweet paradise of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,

And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair:
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come;
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye fresh boys that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfullest day that ever sun did see.
Fair sun, show forth thy favorable ray,
And let thy life-full heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus, father of the Muse,
If ever I did honor thee aright,
Or sing the thing that *mote* thy mind delight, [*might*
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine—
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Hark! how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud,
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling *crowd*, [*fiddle*
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the damsels do delight
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud with strong confuséd noise,
As if it were one voice.
"Hymen, Io Hymen, Hymen," they do shout;

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CHOIR OF WESTMINSTER.

That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud;
And evermore they "Hymen, Hymen" sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo rin

Lo, where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe from her chamber of the east
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best;
So well it her beseems that ye would ween
Some angel she had been;
Her long, loose yellow locks like golden wire
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crownéd with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes abashéd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare
Upon the lowly ground affixéd are;
Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
To honor's seat and chastity's sweet bower.

Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honor, and mild modesty;
There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Nor thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealéd pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honor due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view;
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,

The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain
Like crimson dyed in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governéd with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done: bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom heaven would heap with bliss;
Make feast therefore now all this livelong day,—
This day forever to me holy is.
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full,
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine;
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

The Faerie Queene.

The "Faerie Queene" transcends all other allegories in two respects—it was, and still remains, the first pure English poem, since Chaucer's day, of its range and beauty: and it marks the new departure from mediævalism through the renaissance to the strong intellectualism which took its second impetus from the Reformation, and wrought our later civil and religious liberties. In this poem Spenser bridges the gap between the old mythology and poetic romanticism of the past, and the prophetic anticipation of great realities to come from the quickening of mental and material activities already at work. His Faerie, *i. e.*, spiritual, Queen is Gloriana, the Glory of God, yet also meaning Elizabeth idealized. Una is religious Truth; the Red Cross Knight is Holiness, or St. George, ever doing battle for the true Faith against the Dragon of Error; and Archimago, the Devil. Among the enemies of Una is the witch Duessa, who stands for the Church of Rome, and so through the play of his puppets Spenser vents his bitter hostility to the cause represented by Mary Stuart, whose speedy execution he pleads for. The first Book thus allegorizes Religion, tightly robed in the bigotries of the time. The second, third and fourth treat of Love in all its manifestations, with Sir Guyon as the personification of Temperance, and Britomart, the most charming heroine of the whole poem, representing Chastity. Book V. is devoted to Justice, and in the sixth and seventh, the last we possess of the twelve contemplated by the poet, the minor virtues, Courtesy and Constancy, are shown in their relations with Love and Justice. In Prince Arthur is typified Magnificence, an idealized conception of the secondary Glory of God. Leaving the ethical significance of the poem, though Spenser puts it well in the fore-front of his work, the "Faerie Queene" can be read at random for its poetical beauties without loss, probably with more pleasure than as a whole. The chivalric romance was the favorite reading of the people. The new Italian and French forms of verse were familiar to Spenser—but he added to the eight rhymed lines of Ariosto's stanza

an Alexandrine as the ninth. This new form bears the name of the Spenserian stanza. Thus the poet established not simply a style, but a noble order of imaginative verse which has been the delight and the envy of poets ever since.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE
CONTAYNING
THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE

CANTO I.

The Patron of true Holinesse
foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie him to entrappe
doth to his home entreate.

I

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruel markes of many'a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest Glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,

And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred arre.

VIII

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall.

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

XII

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Ladie, (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

XIII

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:

Therefore I read beware. Fly, fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe) this is no place for living men.

XIV

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know

Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

XXXI

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.

XXXII

Far hence (quoth he) in wistfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The Sunne that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

XXXIII

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.
Right well Sir knight ye have advised bin,
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your In
For this same night. The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a Christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

XXXVI

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to this study goes, and there amiddes
His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame,
And cursed heaven and spake reprochfull shame

Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

XXXIX

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

XLII

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

XLIV

The God obayde, and, calling forth straightway
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbed and starke.

He backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV

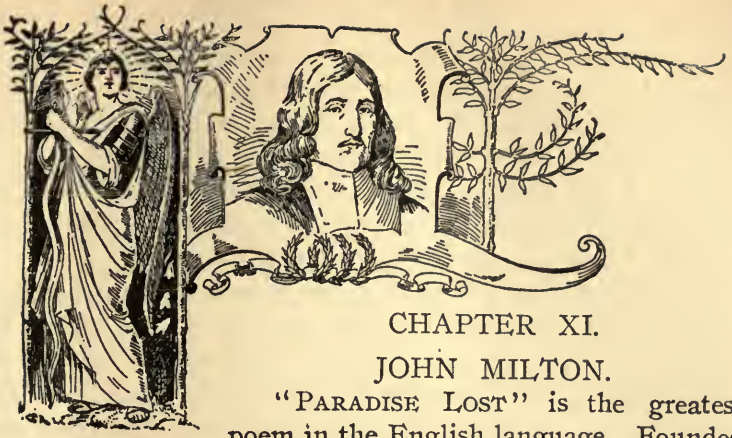
Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guile, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last, dull wearinesse of former fight
Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.



CHAPTER XI.

JOHN MILTON.

"PARADISE LOST" is the greatest poem in the English language. Founded on a theme of universal interest—the entrance of evil into this world—ranging in scene from Heaven to Hell, introducing as actors their inhabitants, from the Almighty Father to the Arch-rebel Satan, harmonious and dignified in structure and style, this poem must be acknowledged to be the greatest of the world's epics. Other sweet and lofty poems by the same author would suffice to give him fame and high rank in the singing tribe. Yet he was not only a noble bard, but a participant in public affairs in one of the greatest crises in English history, and a champion of free thought and open discussion. Though his party was overthrown, and his merits were long looked at askance, his enemies have been compelled to do homage to his genius.

John Milton was born in London in December, 1608, the son of a scrivener, who had originally been a Roman Catholic. He received an excellent classical education, and went to Christ's College, Cambridge, where seven years were spent in delightful studies. From his personal beauty, as well as the strict purity of his morals, he was known as "the Lady of Christ's College." His early poems were chiefly in Latin, and among the English were a magnificent Christmas ode and some sonnets. Finding that he could not subscribe the oaths required in order to become a clergyman, Milton took his degree of M. A. in 1632, and retired to Horton, near Windsor, where his father then resided. His intense enjoyment of this rural retreat is shown in his exquisite companion-pieces, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." His love of music

and the drama led to his composing the pastoral masques, "Arcades" and the more fanciful "Comus" for representation at castles in the vicinity. The graceful elegy "Lycidas" was called forth by the untimely fate of Edward King, a fellow of his college. These brilliant poems of his early manhood were enough to prove that a star of the first magnitude had arisen in the English literary heaven.

In 1638 Milton visited Italy, which was still the centre of culture and refinement, and was cordially received by the learned. There he saw the aged Galileo, and enjoyed the friendship of the venerable Marquis Manso, who had been the protector of Tasso. Rumors of war summoned the wanderer home, yet on his return he did not immediately take part in the stirring controversies of the time. Settling in London, he taught his orphan nephews while he sketched plans for sacred dramas, one of which was to be "Paradise Lost." The poet's dreams were disturbed by Parliamentary struggles over reforms in church and state, and he descended into the dusty field of strife to advocate the abolition of episcopacy. For twenty years of middle life his writing was entirely in prose, the most famous example being "Areopagitica," the eloquent plea for liberty of the press. Others were tracts in favor of greater freedom for divorce, in defence of the action of Parliament establishing the Commonwealth, and in reply to the "Eikon Basilike," written by Dr. Gauden, but published in the name of King Charles as his dying testimony to his rebellious subjects. Milton's name was made widely known on the Continent by his reply in Latin to the scholar Salmasius, who had arraigned England before the civilized world for murdering her king. Milton was one of the secretaries to the Council of State, and even after his total loss of sight he was Latin secretary to Cromwell.

The fabric held together by the might of the great Protector fell after his death. Milton had urged a republican government, but the nation gravitated back to royalty. Though the republican pamphleteer was arrested and prosecuted and some of his books ordered to be burnt by the hangman, the new king disdained to take vengeance on an "old blind schoolmaster." Within a few years this disregarded

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scholar, though fallen on evil times, was to confer new glory on his country by composing the greatest of his works, in which he essayed "to justify the ways of God to men." "Paradise Lost" was published in 1667, and for two editions of it the author received altogether £10, but he won immortal fame. In the poem there are evident traces of the author's acquaintance with Cædmon's Paraphrase (doubtless through his friend Francis Junius) and with the Dutch poet Vondel's attempts at the same scriptural theme. But none the less, it is thoroughly original, embodying the intense Biblical religion of the time, as Dante's "Divine Comedy" presents the mediæval Catholic faith. In this noblest literary monument of the Puritan period the great theme of the Fall of Man is treated with the utmost grandeur of imagination. Heaven, Earth, and Hell are all concerned, and all are freely opened to the poet's vision. The early Christian view of the Fall of Satan, already poetized by the Saxon monk Cædmon, is again presented, impressed with all the wealth of classical allusion and mythology. Adam, newly created, and his brief sojourn in Paradise with his lovely consort Eve are depicted with the sweetly picturesque power of Milton's youth. The tremendous tragedy of the expulsion is relieved by the Archangel Michael's vision of the Future, which includes the Redemption of Man through the coming of Christ.

Yet Milton's Quaker friend Elwood suggested that the Redemption should be separately treated, and the poet, perhaps unwilling to attempt this greatest of all conflicts in full, chose to present part of Christ's battle with Satan by taking as a new theme the Temptation in the Wilderness. He is even said to have preferred his "Paradise Regained" to its great predecessor. But the sequel, though full of proofs of his poetic skill, is felt to be but an episode, not a complete epic. In the same volume with it appeared his tragedy "Samson Agonistes." In this last great product of his genius the author had worked out his early idea of a sacred drama, formed on the principles of the Greek tragedians. It was a parable of himself, sightless, with the Philistines revelling in their strength at his impotence, and those of his own household failing him in his helpless age. It was also an

allegorical presentation of his belief in the Divine judgment awaiting the leaders of the nation who had defeated and put to shame the champions of God and truth. After having delivered this warning message to his countrymen, Milton died in 1674, aged sixty-six.

SHAKESPEARE.

(An epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, William Shakespeare.)

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving:
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

L'ALLEGRO.

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
  And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed

Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

The Assembling of the Fallen Angels.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book I.)

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, t' have found their chief
Not in despair, t' have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard; that proud honor claimed
Azazel at his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed
Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host upsent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colors waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth unmeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,

Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved,
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and statures as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes, through all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco, or Trebizond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander; he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,

Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemned
Forever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered: as when Heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak: whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essayed; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words interwove with sighs, found out their way.

Eve's Account of Her First Day.

(From "Paradise Lost," Book IV.)

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade of flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went
With inexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,

A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me: 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy,
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turned;
Thou following criedst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,
Whom flyest thou? whom thou flyest of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone: to give thee being I lent,
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction, unreproved,
And meek surrender, half embracing leaned
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip
With kisses pure.

On His Being Arrived at the Age of Twenty-three.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

On His Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

MILTON'S COTTAGE.

COMUS

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS, with his crew.
The LADY.
First BROTHER.
Second BROTHER.
SABRINA, the Nymph.

The chief persons which presented were

The Lord BRACKLY.
Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

The attendant SPIRIT *descends or enters.*

Before the starry threshold of Jove's Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindfull of the crown that virtue gives.
After this mortal change, to her true servant,
Amongst the enthron'd Gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of eternity;
To such my errand is, and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and neather Jove,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned boosom of the Deep;

Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By course commits to serverall government,
And gives them leave to wear their saphire crowns
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
Where his fair off-spring, nurs't in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted scepter. But their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring passinger.
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Soveran Jove
I was dispatcht for their defence, and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bowr.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush't the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd:
Who, ripe and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,

And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offring to every weary travailer
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Ther'fore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy
As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likenes of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of lesse faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hatefull steps; I must be viewles now.

COMUS *enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other, with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistring; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;

And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and soure Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull sphears
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move,
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves;
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deckt with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night had better sweets to prove:
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come, let us our rights begin,
'T is onely day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, Goddesse of Nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame,
That ne'er art call'd but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wher'in thou ridst with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out

Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice morn on th' Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loop hole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round.

. . . . .

The LADY *enters.*

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; me thought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment.
Such as the jocond flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudenesse and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd wood?
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts: 't is likeliest
They had ingag'd their wand'ring steps too far;
And envious darknes, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light

To the misled and lonely travailer?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfe't in my list'ning ear;
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strongsiding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish't form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine inchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidd'n residence;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the Raven downe
Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades,
Culling their potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madnes rob'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
Unlesse the Goddes that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,

Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Comus. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lady. Dim darknes, and this leavy labyrinth.
Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly Spring.
Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?
Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Comus. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.
Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
Lady. No less then if I should my brothers lose.
Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a faëry vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,
And as I past, I worshipt: if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to heav'n
To help you find them.
Lady Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
Lady. To find that out, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.
Comus. I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodg'd
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark
From her thach't pallet rouse; if otherwise
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my triall
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.—

Enter THE TWO BROTHERS.

Elder Brother. Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou fair moon,
That wontst to love the travailer's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darknes and of shades;
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle, from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.
Second Brother. Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,

Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'T would be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But O that haples virgin, our lost Sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat.

Elder Brother. Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite,
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion!
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipl'd in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodnes bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all to-ruffl'd, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;

Himself is his own dungeon.
Second Brother. 'T is most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senat house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an out-law's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

. . . . .

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS *appears with his rabble, and the* LADY *set in an inchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
And you a statue; or as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.
Lady. Fool, do not boast:
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled while Heav'n sees good.
Comus. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?

Here dwel no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies farr: See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixt.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lady. 'T will not, false traitor,
'T will not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Comus. O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic Tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestudd with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
List, Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name Virginity.
Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partak'n bliss,
Unsavoury in th' injoyment of it self;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose

It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts:
Think what, and be adviz'd; you are but young yet.

Lady. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranckt in reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare temperance:
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispenc't
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
And then the giver would be better thank't,
His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?

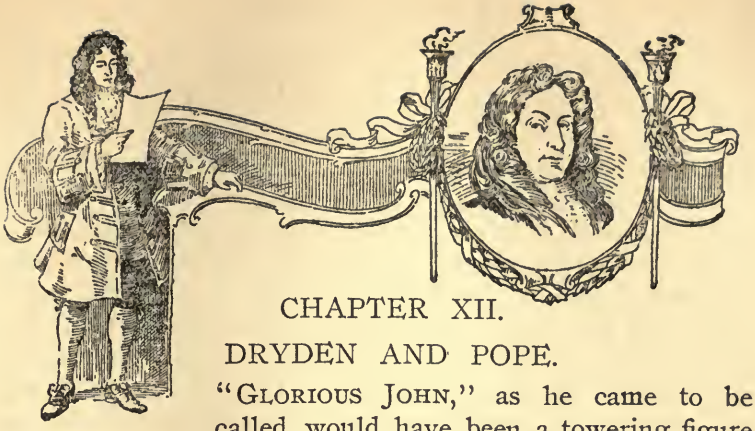
Thou hast not ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity.
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happines then this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. She fables not: I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more!
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this, yet 't is but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

The BROTHERS *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The attendant* SPIRIT *comes in.*

Spirit. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand,
And bound him fast: without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;

Yet stay, be not disturb'd: now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.
There is a gentle nymph not farr from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the scepter from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsell, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the River: still she retains
Her maid'n gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signs
That the shrewd medling Elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodnes loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invok't in warbled song;
For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was her self,
In hard besetting need; this will I try,
And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.



CHAPTER XII.

DRYDEN AND POPE.

"GLORIOUS JOHN," as he came to be called, would have been a towering figure in any historical period. His was a strong intellect, affected in the direction of weakness by the tremendous currents of those strange times. If he could have kept the poet clear of the politician, or the dramatist distinct from the theological controversialist, he might have scaled the heights to the summit, instead of alighting on the lesser peaks to show how easily he might soar if he chose. John Dryden (1631–1700) was the grandson of a Puritan baronet, and though he turned Catholic in later life he kept his Puritan mode of thought and fondness for religious discussion to the last. His advent as a poet dates from his "Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell," of genuine power and beauty, according to the stilted fashion that prevailed. His hero-worship of the Protector changed two years later into an equally gracious panegyric, welcoming the king, in which he protested his disgust with the "rebels." For this poem, "Astræa Redux," and another in the year following "To His Sacred Majesty," Dryden, then twenty-nine, received a royal grant.

After other literary work, some of it drudgery, he took to writing plays, in compliance with the prevailing fashion. The first was a comedy, "The Wild Gallant," its partial success leading to his agreement to furnish three plays a year to the King's Company. Twenty-seven were thus concocted. Dryden confesses that his taste and talent did not go in that direction. "To the stage my genius never much inclined me." He had to live, and as long as the public demanded this sort of work he would do it. "I know I am

not so fitted by nature to write comedy; I want that gaiety of humor which is required to it. My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. So that those who decry my comedies do me no injury, except it be in point of profit; reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend." He joined Sir Robert Howard in producing a tragedy in heroic verse, "The Indian Queen," which took the town by storm, and may be regarded as the first of the spectacular melodramas with battles, flying spirits, real Oriental costumes and scenic effects, which are still popular. His other plays were cast in the supposed heroic vein in rhyme, the propriety of which form he had to defend against the advocates of blank verse. To touch the sublime was not only beyond his reach as an artist in expression, but he had not the conception. Hence the inflated verbiage, the ranting, roaring, imitation of passion, and the falsetto of his pathos in these dramas. His "Conquest of Granada," though not without good points, provoked the Duke of Buckingham to voice the literary judgment of the day in his racy burlesque "The Rehearsal," which ridiculed Dryden in the character of Bayes, the poet. His next play, "Aurungzebe," was his last in rhyme. When he was fifty-seven he set himself to write "All for Love, or the World Well Lost," to prove the superiority of his interpretation of the story of Antony and Cleopatra over Shakespeare's. Apart from its purpose to improve upon the master by restricting the interest to the dominion of passion alone, Dryden's play is a noble work. Meanwhile several of his comedies were suppressed or failed because of their obscenity, yet in his own conduct the author was strictly moral.

In 1681 Dryden showed his great gifts as a satirist in his poem, "Absalom and Achitophel," directed against Lord Shaftesbury, then under arrest for treason for conspiring to exclude the Duke of York from the throne as a papist. This was the first great English satire. In it the Duke of Monmouth, the rebel, who was really a natural son of the king, appears as Absalom, Charles as the Hebrew King, Shaftesbury as the tricky Achitophel, who inspired the revolt. Dryden lashed the hated Shaftesbury, and his personal enemy, Buckingham of "The Rehearsal," called Zimri in the satire,

with all the force of genius, and nine editions were sold in a year. While he admitted and condemned the "Popish Plot," Dryden was out of sympathy with those who would again have plunged the country into civil war. The "Religio Laici," written soon after this, indicated his revulsion from the Puritanism which seemed to encourage unrest. But his final religious change is shown in "The Hind and Panther," which is a strong poetical argument, in the form of fable, for Catholicism. It was written after he joined the Roman communion. A quatrain from this poem has twofold interest, first as being an expression of his feelings on making the change, and also, as a literary singularity, in its close resemblance of spirit and structure to a stanza in Cardinal Newman's exquisite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light:"

> "My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
> My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
> Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
> My pride struck out new sparkles of her own."

When the Revolution of 1688 came, Dryden lost his laureateship and other sources of emolument. Again he turned to the stage and miscellaneous literary work. He published translations of the classical poets, from Homer to Virgil. In his sixty-seventh year he wrote the noble ode on St. Cecilia's day, known as "Alexander's Feast;" still later came his versions of tales from Boccaccio and Chaucer, published as "Fables." Despite his versatility, industry, and popularity, Dryden had to struggle for bread to the end. The devotion of his disciple, Alexander Pope; greatly contributed to the growth of his posthumous fame. He died in 1700, the acknowledged head of literary England, if not among the elect poets, still a mighty wielder of verse in serious satire, and capable of poetical flight as lofty as in the ode. Yet his enviable epitaph is found in the tribute of a great modern writer, who says: "It was by no mere figure that the group (of his fellow-authors) called itself a republic of letters, and honored in Dryden the chosen chief of their republic. He had done more than any man to create a literary class. It was his resolve to live by his pen, that first raised literature into a profession."

Absalom.

In this portrait is delineated the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., who was the chosen leader of the Protestant party that wished to exclude James, the Duke of York, from the throne. He actually headed a rebellion in 1685.

Of all this numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon:
Whether, inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust,
Or that his conscious destiny made way
By manly beauty to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown;
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seemed as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed;
To all his wishes nothing he denied
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not or he would not see.
Some warm excesses, which the law forebore,
Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er;
And Ammon's murder by a specious name
Was called a just revenge for injured fame.
Thus praised and loved, the noble youth remained,
While David undisturbed in Sion reigned.

Achitophel.

This character is intended for the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was charged with instigating the Duke of Monmouth to rebellion.

Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were raised in power and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages cursed;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin [judge]
With more discerning eyes or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch and easy of access.

Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown,
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle that oppressed the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contrived long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his Prince,
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulked behind the laws.
The wished occasion of the Plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes;
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of listening crowds with jealousies and fears,
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the King himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For governed by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.

Zimri.

George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, is here wittily satirized. He criticized Dryden and was the enemy of Clarendon.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;

Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

MILTON.

(Lines printed under the engraved portrait of Milton, in Tonson's folio edition of the "Paradise Lost," 1688.)

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a third she joined the former two.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

THIS ode, in honor of St. Cecilia's Day, 1697, had for its secondary title "The Power of Music." The last four or more lines of each stanza were repeated as a chorus.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound

(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thaïs, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musicians sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed!
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

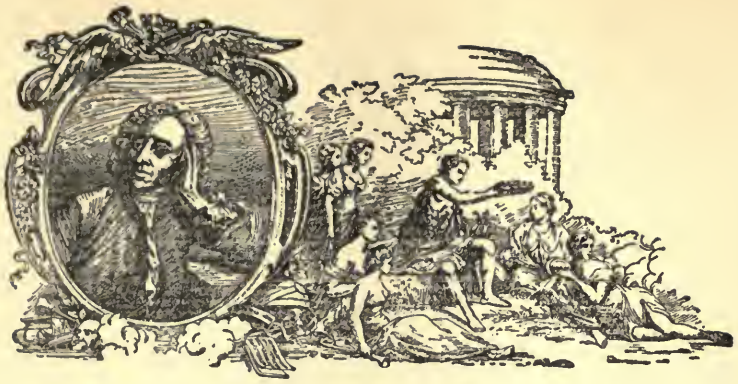
The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee,
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,

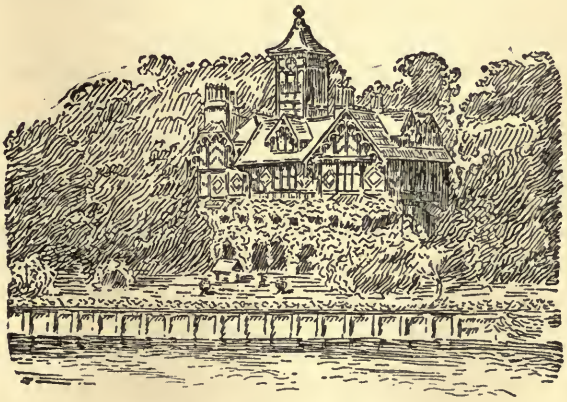
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.



ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in the year 1688, stunted and frail of body, was schooled as a Catholic, became enamored of Dryden as a poet in his twelfth year, and took to poetry himself. His religion excluded him from the training of the universities, nevertheless he was well educated. As early as 1709 his "Pastorals" were printed, followed in 1711 by the "Essay on Criticism," the finest piece of argumentative poetry in our language. The "Rape of the Lock" appeared in 1712, a "heroi-comical" poem, a perfect example of the burlesque epic. His next poem was "Windsor Forest," correct in phrasing, but soulless. Pope was by this time recognized by the patrons of literature, and enjoyed the friendship of Addison and the foremost writers. At twenty-five he was encouraged by the subscription list to push on his translation of Homer. The first four volumes, containing the Iliad, appeared in 1715, and the work was completed, by the help of others, in 1720. This gained him fame and fortune. Among other new friendships he formed the lasting one with Dean Swift. If there was more of Pope than Homer in the translation, it is explained by his adoption of the artificial diction in vogue in his day. A collected edition of his poems was issued in 1717, in which were included his "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard" and other love poems, in which the sentiment suffers from the stilted language, while yet breaking out occasionally into fine natural expression. Besides editing Shakespeare, he issued, in connection with Swift and Arbuthnot, three volumes of their miscellanies. He also proceeded

to avenge himself on his many severe critics by gibbeting them in the "Dunciad," a satire of the most pungent character, unsurpassed in its line. Political as well as literary grudges were paid off in its stinging epigrams. From 1733 to 1738 Pope amused himself by writing his poetical "Epistles," in the vein of Horace, to his friends, and there are few pieces of verse of their kind that outrival them in graceful fancy and versification. The "Essay on Man" appeared in 1734. It is Pope's contribution to the great controversy in which many able minds have sought to rationalize religion. More of its brilliant couplets have become part of our common speech than of any other poem of its size. For a man with Pope's opinions, prejudices and temperament it is a wonderful performance, commanding the admiration of those who dispute its philosophy, but feel the charm of its concise thought and pithy expression. He published a number of other minor works between this, his noblest, and his death in 1744. Many mental and bodily troubles precipitated the immediate cause of his death. As an artist in verse none of the poets have shown nicer judgment or greater powers, but many who lacked Pope's mastery of words and phrases have soared above his tethered reach into the pure heaven of poetry. Versified wisdom, rhymed epigrams, brilliant fancies, power of prolonged reasoning in measured phrases; these gifts and other literary faculties he had in lavish abundance.



POPE'S VILLA AT TWICKENHAM.

Eloïsa to Abelard.

Peter Abelard (1079–1142), the great French scholastic philosopher, fell in love with his pupil Eloïsa (French, Heloise). She bore him a son, and is said afterwards to have been married to him. But the report injured his reputation, and he persuaded her to retire to a convent, while he sought refuge in a hermitage. Here he wrote the story of his misfortunes, and Eloïsa, moved by it, addressed to him the passionate epistle which is paraphrased by Pope.

Thou knowest how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approached me under Friendship's name;
My fancy formed thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed; Heaven listened while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept failed to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wished an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honor, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honor! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,

When love is liberty, and Nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïsa? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppressed,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kissed the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you:
Not grace or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamored let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be pressed;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.

Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

BELINDA.

(From "The Rape of the Lock," Canto II.)

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,

Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silvered Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind,
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.

THE DISSEVERED CURL.

(From "The Rape of the Lock," Canto III.)

FOR lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought. . . .
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again);
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever and forever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cried), the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate.
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

Divine Government of the World.

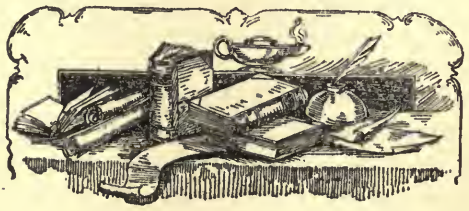
(From the "Essay on Man.")

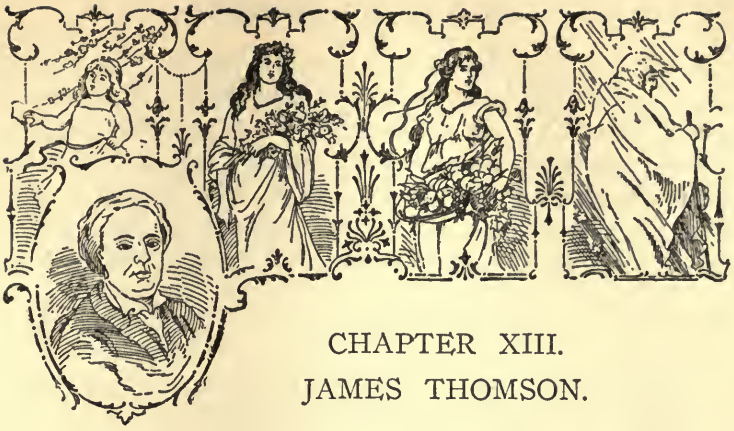
Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, content his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company. . . .

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

ATTICUS (ADDISON).

PEACE to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise——
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?





CHAPTER XIII.

JAMES THOMSON.

AFTER the polished couplets of Pope, artificial in method and diction, the time was ripe for a return to the natural. Thomson's courageous choice of a simple theme, the glooms and joys of Winter, was the turning point of national poetry from subjects and styles interesting only to the educated class, to thoughts and scenes common to all. In this, the first of his poems on "The Seasons," he revealed the beauty that lies in familiar things, in the ordinary play of Nature, when lifted above their commonplace surroundings by poetical reflection. Uneven as was his gift, and careless at first in his art, Thomson must be accorded the high praise of having led the way to that deeper appreciation of natural emotions and scenes which redeems the poetry of the nineteenth century.

He was the son of a minister, born in Scotland in 1700. His poetical tastes, shown in the verses written in youth, were more fully displayed in the complete poem on "Winter," the success of which led to the production of the rest of "The Seasons." The first appeared in 1726, and the finished series in 1730. Next year Thomson traveled in Europe, and on returning issued the first part of his poem on "Liberty," in 1734, and completed it in 1736. A royal pension of £100 a year and a sinecure made the poet comfortable for life. His later writings include the tragedy "Agamemnon," which was a stage failure, the masque of "Alfred," the tragedy of "Tancred and Sigismunda," and his last, also his most artistic production, "The Castle of Indolence," a noble imitation of Spenser's "Faery Queen." It had occupied him for years

but was not published until 1748, in which year he died. Thomson's naturalness, and his delight in describing familiar scenes with rich imaginative freshness, frequently rising into moving eloquence, ensured for his work a popularity enviable for its sincerity and continued vitality. The English national song, *Rule Britannia*, has ever been a favorite, but few know that it was written by Thomson in his masque, "Alfred."

SPRING.

The Northeast spends his rage, and now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seems through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,

In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth:
And. while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their very music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky. . . .

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn:

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela designs
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds, and beast, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings, they rove,
Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fine rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;

The Tower of London.

That Nature's great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes:
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis naught
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

SUMMER.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!

Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute, unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee,
Inhaling spirit! from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn while, round thy beaming car,
High seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains.
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly Storms;
These, in successive turns, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year. . . .

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent Stream
Plays o'er the mead. The Precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The Desert joys

Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude Ruin glitters; and the briny Deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated Source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I, then, attempt to sing of Him
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken!
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
That beam forever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, th' astonished sun,
And all th' extinguished stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise;
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
Even in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod, proclaim the power,
And to the quire celestial, Thee resound,
Th' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all! . . .

AUTUMN.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and tossed wide around
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire,
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather, into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all. . . .

But see, the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while, illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the Sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
Oh, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,

Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul. . . .

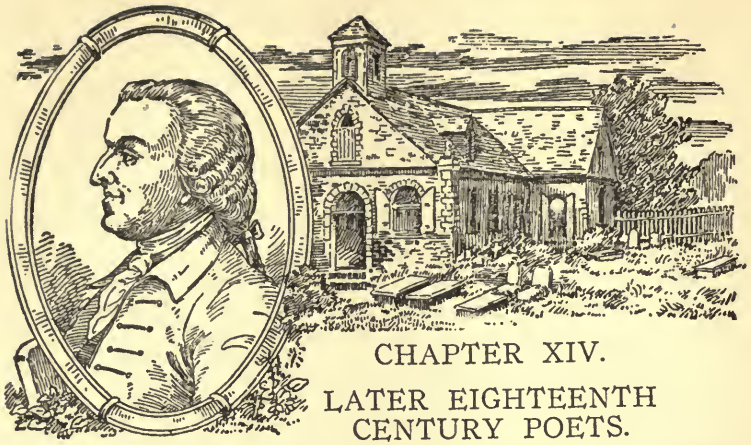
The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted disk—
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth—gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime;
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Derived, thou secret, all-invading power,
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shaped
Like double wedges, and diffused immense
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steamed eager from the red horizon round,

With the fierce rage of Winter deep-suffused,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village-dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
Of traveller the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labors of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refined the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends. . . .

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!

See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness, those unsolid hopes
Of happiness, those longings after fame,
Those restless cares, those busy, bustling days,
Those gay-spent festive nights, those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn, the second birth
Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
Forever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER
And WISDOM oft arraign'd; see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected; why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude, while LUXURY
In palaces lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge; why licensed Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few, who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure! yet bear up a while
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounden Spring encircle all.



CHAPTER XIV.

LATER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY POETS.

FAVORITISM is a foolish weakness at best, implying mental stagnation and narrowness. Yet if the poetry-reading constituency could be polled upon their preference for a single composition, it would be hard to justify any sneer at their assured choice of Gray's "Elegy." It is not narrow but universal; its measured music captivates the common ear; its scenes, incidents, reflections, are those of every-day life, and the strange sense of awe in contemplating the end of things fascinates the common mind in its finer moods. If Gray had written no more than this his name would be reverently inscribed among those of the great poets by popular suffrage, but he has other laurels, bestowed by his peers for poetical master-pieces of rarer workmanship, and therefore of more select fame.

A Londoner by birth, in 1716, and owing his Eton and Cambridge education to the exertions of his mother while separated from her tyrannical husband, Gray was fortunate in being taken by Horace Walpole on a tour through Italy and France. This deepened his love of the antique, and enriched his thought. As his father's death left him dependent on his own resources Gray remained as a Fellow in his chambers at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he spent the rest of his ideally literary life. He communed with the ancients in the great libraries, wrote Latin verse, pursued various learned studies, and cultivated poetry for thirty placid years. In 1742 he published his "Ode to Spring," the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," the "Ode to Adversity," and other

less familiar pieces. In 1750 he published, after slow and careful revisions, in which the manuscript had gone the rounds among his friends for several years, the "Elegy," which first bore the title, "Stanzas Wrote in a Country Churchyard." It ran through four editions in a year and was reproduced in three popular magazines. Six years later appeared his "Pindaric Odes," including two which have been accounted the foremost English compositions of their exalted order, the "Progress of Poesy" and "The Bard." These proved to be, and still are, above the level of the public taste. Gray refused the offer of the Laureateship. In 1768 he was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, which post he accepted and retained till his death in 1771, but was unable to perform the active duties owing to ill-health. He was buried in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, immortalized by his verse. Among his miscellaneous writings are many of literary value, including his translations of the old Norse legends which have been made more familiar by poets and scholars of the nineteenth century. Gray stands conspicuously a poet for poets. He esteemed his art before popularity, and yet it was his enviable fate to have given the common people the noblest popular poem in their simple language.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense breathing-morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awake alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,—

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and eulogy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned.

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious hand the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchyard path we saw him borne—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
  He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ALL the adjectives that convey the impression of literary charm have been lavished on Goldsmith, and still they fall short of expressing the sum total of his characteristics. His genial Irish heart throbbed none the less sympathetically for being ineffectually concealed behind his English bloom-colored coat. He wrote nothing without putting his heart into it, and to this the heart of his reader responds. Goldsmith is loved for his own sake. His sorry time of it as a wanderer, a Grub-street hack, and a London Bohemian, his delicious stupidity as a man of business, and his artless felicity as a writer of exquisite verse and prose, endear him to all. In him met the perfection of simplicity as a stylist—which implies concealed craft—and unmitigated simplicity of wit as a man of the world. The combination yields a most delightful character in the noble army of authors.

He was born in Ireland in 1728. At Dublin University he was thought dull because erratic and timid. He studied medicine in Scotland and logic in Leyden, and got his real education in the university of life as he played the vagabond in Flanders, winning his way with his flute. He strolled to London at twenty-eight, and had to put up with beggarly fare for years, slaving now as a drug-store clerk, now as school

usher, and later as a rising author. He made nursery rhymes to fit old wood-cuts, wrote fine essays on polite learning, poured forth inexhaustible stores of sagacious talk in little periodicals like the *Bee*, and made his Chinese "Citizen of the World" a satirist of the West. He was thirty-six when his "Traveller" poem lifted him into the gentility he dearly coveted. To be petted by lords and statesmen was a new kind of intoxication. But each extra shilling earned meant a guinea spent. In purgatorial torments good Dr. Johnson found his "Goldy" that day when sent for to rescue the reckless poet from the clutch of his landlady's sheriff's officer. A manuscript was asked for, if one existed, as the proper basis of helping him to self-help, and a grand one was brought out. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was published, the worst plotted and best conceived novel in the world, and Goldsmith found himself famous and rich beyond his dreams. In 1770, when forty-two, he wrote that heart-moving poem, "The Deserted Village," sweetly sad and beautiful, yet a jumble of exquisite Irish bulls. Then came his two plays, "The Goodnatured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," written chiefly to air his innocent autobiographical vanity. He was making money by writing books for the publishers, who paid him handsomely for getting up his Histories of Rome, England, Greece, and the delightful "History of Animated Nature," in which last he unfolds a noble ignorance. Goldsmith was now the delight of lovers of English that interpreted England's heart. His books were read, his poems learned, his plays enjoyed by simple and learned throughout the land, and himself the centre of a brilliant galaxy, applauded and teased, but loved always and by all. He was the butt of the Club, and its brightest gem. The world lay at his feet at last, when he stumbled into death in 1774. A grave-stone bears his name, but nobody knows where his bones are laid.

The Deserted Village.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire the other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled!

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,

And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way:
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walls the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride,
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kindlier shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return,—and die at home at last.

. . . . .

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

. . . . .

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them, his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

. . . . .

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door,
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

ROBERT BURNS.

To be heard by "the common people gladly," whether as their teacher or their minstrel, is a compensation for which many a favorite of fortune would change careers with some whose lives have been almost a prolonged despair. Some poets, aiming at this broad fame, have yet so overlaid their melodies with musical embellishments that the simple air, so eloquent alone, is smothered beneath the added beauties. The display of brilliant powers may dazzle all, but it can give intelligent delight only to the few, for only few have the capacity or the training to measure its worth, and the mass of hearers listen unthrilled; but the singer who utters in unadorned natural tones the sentiments that are common to the common heart, is the one whose music will move whole peoples to unaffected tears, and in turn lash them into honest passion. The harp on which Burns played was neither large nor many-stringed, but from its modest chords he drew the notes that all men know, notes that set urchins and roisterers jigging, notes that draw sweet tears from love-sick maidens, notes that fire strong men to sing their patriotism, and notes that wail for the ills that befall us all. This is the open secret of Burns's hold on the great throng the world around. He is of all true poets the truest poet of the people because he was one of the people, lived their rugged life, thought their everyday thoughts, had his flights of high fancy as we all have between the monotonies of necessity, and even played the fool in love and drink as one of the frailest sons of Adam.

The pitiful tale of Robert Burns's career is too familiar to need more than outlining here. He was the eldest son of a

poor Scotch farmer, noble-hearted and pious amid drudgery and poverty. He was born on January 25, 1759, picked up a little schooling amid the hardest toils of farm life, till his strong frame was bowed with overwork and his lively spirit half-broken with the misery of such life. The moral philosophy of Alexander Pope, the easy ethics of Sterne, the coarse humor of the old ballads, tempered with the finer poesy of Allan Ramsay's rhymes, and the undercurrent of revolutionary sentiment, all freely stimulated with "Scotch drink," —these were the ingredients to form a creature of stormy conditions, whom critical mediocrities persist in misjudging as though his lot had been as smooth as that of Gray, Thomson, or Tennyson. At sixteen he began his erratic career as an unwise lover. At twenty-one farming was given up for flax-dressing, but his shop was burnt out on the night of a New Year's carouse, leaving him penniless. One of his sweethearts jilted her fickle poet, who made it an apology for more carousing, and so, in rough waters of love, hard work, poverty, family woes and worry of soul, Burns passed the years till in 1786 his good angel sent him cheer. Jean Armour had won his whole heart and he hers, but her wary father had little faith in the scapegrace song-maker. Burns, in despair, took his passage for Jamaica, eager to quit his heartless but still dearly-loved Scotland.

At this crisis he managed to get his budget of verse printed by subscription in the little town of Kilmarnock. Soon after the small volume came out, in July, the broken ploughman became the poet laureate of his proud country. For two years he was the pet of Scotland's aristocracy of intellect and birth. The small fortune his book gathered in was put into the Ellisland farm, where Jean and he seemed as sure of as happy an afterlife as ordinary mortals could wish. This was not to be. A rustic Robin Goodfellow, idolized by the courtier class in patronizing curiosity, is for ever spoiled for practical farm-work. Burns sank under the troubles that beset him on every side. After three years of weary struggle, he was glad to take the humble office of exciseman at a meagre salary. His fine friends in Edinburgh had now their chance to lift the man whose poetry they lauded. But Burns

was a free-spoken radical, not to say a revolutionary, and in quaking times like the end of the eighteenth century gentility shrank from contact with doubtful characters, even though genius itself was in suffering. The independent spirit of the defiant poet found utterance in rasping verse that lives while the cruel inspiration of it is forgotten and ignored. Burns the carouser is remembered in the singing of his own roaring choruses, but who gives a thought to the harrowing heart-pain that drove a weak mortal to write them? Burns the fierce satirist is scolded for his impious confounding of sincerity and hypocrisy, but how many of his censors recall the stings that poisoned his innate sympathy with every living creature? In those last sad years of home distresses, of conscious failure, of poignant remorse, of reckless floundering in the ditch, of half-drowned dread of the debtors' jail, of agonizing pity for the babe to be born on the day its wasted father was doomed to be put in his grave, poor Burns's life dragged on, a very death-in-life to a truly noble spirit. "I fear (so he wrote a few weeks before the end) it will be some time before I tune my lyre again. By Babel's streams I have sat and wept. I close my eyes in misery and open them without hope." He closed them forever on the 21st of July, 1796.

Poet though he was in every fibre, his songs outvie his poems. He sang, not wrote, them. His Edinburgh experience imperilled his true genius. By taking to fine writing in English prose he despised his birthright of transforming Scotch dialect into purest poetry. His work suffers from any interference, it is racy, of the soil, natural, and is ruined if adapted to city rules. His art was that of the landscape gardener who composes truly artistic scenes out of Nature's materials without seeming to have interfered with her capricious display. He is least successful when aiming at formal beauty and most enjoyable when least restrained. No portrait of Burns should be studied apart from the written one left by Sir Walter Scott. "As for Burns, *Virgilium vidi tantum*, I was a lad of fifteen when he came to Edinburgh, but had sense enough to be interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him. . . . I remember him

shedding tears over a print representing a soldier lying dead in the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms. His person was robust, his manners rustic, not clownish. His countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. There was a strong expression of shrewdness in his lineaments, the eye alone indicated the poetic character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, and literally glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head. . . . He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling."

Burns, with Cowper, following in the wake of Goldsmith and Thomson, rescued poetry from the trammels with which the eighteenth century artifice had encumbered it. He gave words to the voice of nature. In this he did immeasurable service to all future poets and poetry.

Mary Morison.

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor;
How blithely wad I bide the *stoure*, [*dust*
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

THE COTTER'S FAMILY WORSHIP.

(From "The Cotter's Saturday Night.")

THE cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride: [*hall-Bible*
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His *lyart haffets* wearing thin an' bare; [*gray side-locks*
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He *wales* a portion with judicious care; [*chooses*
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" *beets* the heavenward flame, [*feeds*
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:

How he who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power incensed the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them, and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lording's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Tam O' Shanter.

When *chapman billies* leave the street, [*peddler fellows*
And drouthy neibors neibors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the *gate;* [*road*
While we sit bousing at the *nappy*, [*ale*
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, *slaps*, and stiles, [*gaps in fences*
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam O' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonie lasses). . . .

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' *reaming swats*, that drank divinely; [*frothing ale*
And at his elbow, *Souter* Johnie, [*shoemaker*
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whustle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd;
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam *skelpit* on thro' dub and mire, [*hurried*
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman *smoored;* [*smothered*
And past the *birks* and *meikle* stane, [*birches, big*
Where drunken Charlie brak 'is neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where the hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:

When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Thro' *ilka bore* the beams were glancing; [*every hole*
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' *tippenny*, we fear nae evil; [*twopenny ale*
Wi' *usquebae*, we'll face the Devil! [*whiskey*
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion *brent* new frae France, [*brand*
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At *winnock-bunker* in the east, [*window-seat*
There sat old Nick, in shape o' beast,
A *towzie tyke*, black, grim, and large, [*shaggy dog*
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and *gart* them *skirl*, [*made, scream*
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish *cantrip* slight [*trick*
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet *airns;* [*irons*
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a *rape*, [*rope*
Wi' his last gasp his *gab* did gape; [*mouth*
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled.
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

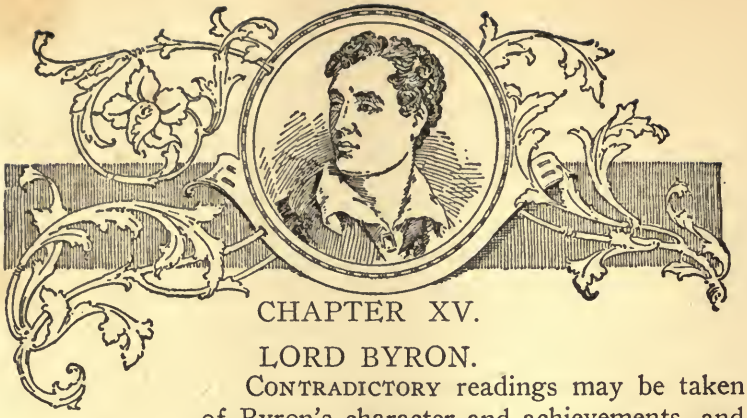
As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till *ilka carlin* swat and reekit, [*every old woman*
And coost her *duddies* to the wark, [*clothes*
And *linket* at it in her sark! . . . [*tripped*
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and *walie*, [*choice*
That night enlisted in the *core*, [*corps*
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and *bear*, [*barley*
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her *cutty* sark, o' Paisley *harn*, [*short, coarse linen*
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she *coft* for her wee Nannie, [*bought*
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grace a dance of witches!
But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, *syne* anither, [*then*
Tam *tint* his reason a' thegither, [*lost*
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry *fyke*, [*bustle*
When plundering herds assail their *byke;* [*hive*
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an *eldritch* skreech and hollo. [*frightful*

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The *fient* a tail she had to shake! [*deuce* (*fiend*)
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,
And flew at Tam wi' furious *ettle;* [*aim*
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.

* Witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.



CHAPTER XV.

LORD BYRON.

CONTRADICTORY readings may be taken of Byron's character and achievements, and each of them be largely true. That he owned true genius, brilliant and forceful, is indisputable, and yet he would trail it in the mire for the sake of a cynical laugh. No poet was moved by intenser passion for the good and the beautiful, and none so lightly prostituted it to baser ends. His heart beat ardently with generous, noble, and even self-sacrificing impulses; yet it could harden at will into adamantine selfishness, morose hatred of his species, expressed in brutish acts. Byron's poetry is Byron himself, thoroughly romantic, dazzlingly bright and beautiful when soaring free above the contaminations of the sodden camping ground, and proportionately morbid and miserable as he sinks by his own weight to that malarious level.

George Noel Gordon Byron was born in London in 1788. His profligate father, known as "Mad Jack Byron" of the Guards, after wasting his wife's fortune, deserted her, and died, leaving mother and child with only a small fixed income of about £120 a year. Mrs. Byron was a passionate creature, caressing the beautiful, little lame boy one moment, and beating him the next. At the age of ten Byron inherited his title from a grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron, with the encumbered estate of Newstead Abbey. He went to Harrow and to Cambridge, but was, in both places, an idle and irregular student, refusing to pursue the usual studies of the college curriculum; but reading English literature and every history he could lay his hands on, in the intervals of riding, fencing, boxing, drinking, gaming and the like.

Castle of Chillon.

He scribbled verses while at Harrow, and in 1807 published a little book of mediocre poems called "Hours of Idleness." The *Edinburgh Review* scored this with a stinging criticism; and Byron dashed back, in an outburst of rage, his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Some notion of his violent young prejudices may be formed from the fact that he speaks in it of Scott as a "hireling lord," of Coleridge, "to turgid ode and tumid stanza dear," and of "vulgar Wordsworth."

From his earliest years the poet had been passionate, affectionate and moody. He quarreled violently with his mother until her death—just after his return to England from his travels. In London he lived the life of a man about town, a poor lord, with "coffee-house companions," and perhaps three intimates—the poets Moore, Campbell and Rogers. At twenty-one he could hardly find any one to introduce him to the House of Lords, where he took his seat by right of birth. He was perhaps not worse than many young men of his age and rank; but solitary and forlorn, he was without home, without relations, almost without friends—a sort of social pariah.

In 1809 Byron, deeply wounded and despondent, left home and traveled through Spain, Albania, Greece, Turkey and Asia Minor. On his return he published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and "awoke one morning to find himself famous." The success of this poem flashing, like a comet across the horizon, depended not more on the easy and sustained fluency of its descriptions, than on the fact of its picturing scenes and countries then almost unknown and unvisited. Besides which it contains the personal heartache of a mysterious young sufferer and outcast; and for Childe Harold the public easily read Childe Byron.

After the triumphant success of "Childe Harold," every door in England was thrown open to the noble author. He was courted by great men and good women. His genius dazzled; his pure, pale, melancholy, sculpturesque face won and endeared him; his sweet voice, and gentle manners, and graceful form—spite of a slight lameness—attracted every eye. He was courted, flattered, idolized; and pushed, breathlessly, by his admirers to the giddiest pinnacle of the Temple of Fame. During this period, amid all the frivolousness and hurry of

fashionable life, Byron found time to pour forth some of his most matchless strains: "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina." One hero stalks through them all:

> "The man of loneliness and mystery,
> Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh."

Young England became enamored of light dark curls, a scowling brow, low rolling collars, and melancholy. Many gentle hearts yearned for the poet's love, and one, Lady Caroline Lamb's, is said to have been broken. This unhealthy dream lasted four years. Then Byron married Miss Milbanke, an heiress. A daughter was born, named Ada, whose son, Lord Lovelace, still lives in England. Lady Byron left her husband within a year, no one really knows why, though many vain guesses have been made. The wife told her physician she thought her husband mad. The world took sides, and Byron left England forever; his subsequent career justifying the worst suspicions of his worst enemies. He resided, for a little while, in Geneva, with Shelley, Mary Godwin, and her step-sister, Jane Clermont. The latter's child, Allegra, whose father was Lord Byron, was supported for some years by Shelley; as was its mother. The poor little waif died early. The poet passed on to Venice, and London believed that he had a harem there. In Ravenna he lived with the young and beautiful Countess Guiccioli. Her husband was separated from her; and, Italian fashion, the father and brother resided in one end of a great palace, with the daughter and her lover at the other. While in Ravenna, living in comparative tranquillity, Byron wrote several new works; among others, "Cain," "A Vision of Judgment," his dramas and the passionate, witty, original, and rakish "Don Juan." "Childe Harold" had been completed in Switzerland. There, too, he wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon."

By this time, at the age of thirty-six, he had exhausted everything; hope, of which he had but little store; fame, pleasure, most of his fortune; even the springs of his genius, the contemplation and expression of his own wounded self-love.

In 1823 he set sail for Greece, hoping to aid her in her struggle for independence; and he died of fever in Missolonghi, in 1824, disenchanted at the last; for "instead of patriotism he found fraud and confusion, a military mob, and contending chiefs." Byron's body was interred near Newstead Abbey, amid England's sobs of grief.

The poet's verse is forceful, splendid, glowing and sustained; but the enchantment of it, in his generation, lay in this: Byron had a romantic story to tell, and the world identified him with his one hero, posing under different names—Harold, Conrad, Lara, Manfred. "Every *replica* was received with acclamation; and in the full illumination of the nineteenth century the sham-heroic pirate chief was, to them, a revelation from heaven." Byron the poet had genius, fire, force, strength, ease and headlong passion. Byron the man had an aching heart that loved to make other hearts ache. He was without conscience, without shame, without a sense of responsibility to God and man. Much that he has written will always be admired and remembered; some of it will be pestilence-breeding to the end.

Greece in Her Decay.

(From "The Giaour.")

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there:
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of that placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;

Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—aye, one treacherous hour—
He still might doubt the tyrant's power:
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed.

Such is the aspect of this shore:
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.
Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was Freedom's shrine or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind!
  Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
  For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
  To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
  Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
  And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
  Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
  For they appeal from tyranny to God.

The Ocean.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

The Dying Gladiator.

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
And all this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

The Prisoner of Chillon.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;
We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain,
That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score,
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together—yet apart;
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distress'd

To see such bird in such a nest
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirits gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy:—but not in chains to pine:
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave inthralls:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,

We heard it ripple night and day;
  Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
  And then the very rock hath rock'd,
  And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed to water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellowmen
Like brutes within an iron den;
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side;
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.

I might have spared my idle prayer,
They coldly laugh'd, and laid him there.
The flat and turfless earth above,
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,

A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him:—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness, too:
I had no thought, no feeling, none,
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,

It was not night, it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness, without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain—
  It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
  The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see,
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
  And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
  And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
  Or broke its cage to perch on mine,

But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal, well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone, as the corse within its shroud,
Lone, as a solitary cloud,
  A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
  When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
  It was not therefrom to escape,

For I had buried one and all,
  Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me;
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them, and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high, their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
  The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
  Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast,
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode

Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save—
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill, yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THOUGH the heir of an ancient and wealthy house, Shelley was a rebel, a freethinker, a democrat, an atheist from boyhood, everything, indeed, that his family was not. When a pupil at Eton College the fagging system fretted and outraged him beyond endurance; and there he began his career of strife and indignant resistance against all existing law. He was expelled from Oxford for writing and publishing a tract on "The Necessity of Atheism." His father cast him off for a time; his sisters sent him pocket-money by a young schoolmate, named Harriet Westbrook, who fell in love with him. He was grateful, he was lonely, and he, not twenty, married her, not seventeen. Shelley's father allowed the young couple £200 a year, and on this sum they strayed through Scotland, Wales, and England in 1811.

Meanwhile Shelley became acquainted with William Godwin, author of "Political Justice," and welcomed a kindred soul, as much opposed to law as Shelley himself, particularly the law of marriage. His wife had been the gifted and unfortunate Mary Woolstonecraft, and the two were not legally wedded until just before the birth of a daughter. Godwin had married again, a widow, Mrs. Clermont, who also had a daughter, Jane Clermont. Mary Godwin, a fair, serious girl of seventeen, was unhappy with her stepmother, and when this beautiful youth, Shelley, put his hand in hers and told her that he loved her, she willingly responded. Their troth was plighted beside her mother's grave. In a short time Harriet Westbrook and her babies were deserted, and the lovers fled to Switzerland. The

nightmare of the first elopement had been Eliza Westbrook, Harriet's sister, who wandered with the foolish young couple and tyrannized over them. The nightmare of the second elopement was Jane Clermont who, at Geneva, became Lord Byron's mistress, was deserted by him, and with her child, Allegra, lived on Shelley's bounty for some years. "Monk" Lewis joined the four lovers during this curious summer of 1816, and the whole party lived for several months a life of refined Bohemianism. While floating on Lake Leman, one night, the conversation turned, as it often did, on the mysterious and horrible. Under the spur of the moment each promised to write a tale of wonder, during the following year, for the diversion of the others. The only one who remembered the promise was Mary Godwin, who wrote one of the strangest romances in all literature, the incomparably horrible "Frankenstein." She was not yet eighteen.

In November, Harriet Westbrook drowned herself; some say because of her husband's desertion; some say because of an unfortunate love affair of her own. In six weeks Shelley married Mary Godwin, his father settling on him an allowance of £1000 a year. The Chief Justice refused him possession of his children, a boy and a girl, who continued to live with their grandfather Westbrook; and Shelley, in an excess of rage against all existing institutions, left England, with his wife, forever.

They wandered in Italy for some years, meeting Lord Byron again, and finally settled in Pisa. There the generous poet invited Leigh Hunt, his wife and children, to visit him. This was the fatal summer of 1821, and Shelley was only thirty years old. His own family was at Zarici, on the eastern Riviera; and he and his friend, Captain Williams, went to meet and welcome the strangers, and to settle them in his home in Pisa. They attempted to return, in their cockle-shell boat, across the Gulf of Spezia. A squall arose, the little vessel sank; the two were drowned; and, in a week's time, the sea cast up its dead. Byron, Hunt and Captain Trelawney burned Shelley's body with heathen rites and incense, and quenched the fire with wine. His ashes, placed in an urn, repose in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. Mrs. Shelley and her son returned to England. The latter, Sir Percy Shelley, became a typical

British gentleman, conservative and order-loving, a partisan of Church and State.

"Shelley was song embodied. He poured forth miles of verse in order to force his wild politics and wilder morals upon the world, believing that this was his mission, to convince men that their God was a Fiend and their laws tyranny." His poetry is sublime, melodious, and enchanting; much of it too mystical and metaphysical for ordinary minds; minds that delight in Scott's stirring verse, and Byron's distinct utterance. "Alastor," "The Revolt of Islam," the gloomy "Cenci," the grand "Prometheus," are not for the crowd. But some of his minor utterances are music itself: "The Cloud," "The Skylark," "The Sensitive Plant," "Lines written in Dejection, near Naples," "Darts of Epipsychidion," and "The Desire of the Moth for the Star."

In spite of what Shelley said and wrote, and even the wrong he did, he was one of earth's rarest, purest spirits. He was slender and beautiful as a flower, romantic, generous, loving; feeding on bread and fruits; hating sensuality as he hated leprosy; loving mankind as he loved his own soul; and striving to free his race with a kind of useless, heroic madness. The best of his verse lives in the minds and hearts of those who, longing to relieve and release, believe that it can only be done by growth, and order, and law, and love.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud;
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a highborn maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach me, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thy own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

The Cloud.

I.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about in the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

II.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

III.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one morning may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

IV.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

V.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

VI.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,

The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of the air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

The Sensitive Plant.

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew;
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere,
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snowdrop and then the violet
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odor, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the maid-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up
As a Maenad its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star which is its eye
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,—
The sweetest flower for scent that blows,—
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

. . . . . .

And from this undefiled Paradise,
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odor its neighbor shed,—
Like young lovers, whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the sensitive plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

For the sensitive plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odor are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not,—the beautiful.

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects, swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odor, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears.

The quivering vapors of dim noontide,
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound and odor and beam
Move, as reeds in a single stream;—

Each and all, like ministering angels, were
For the sensitive plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from Heaven above,
And the earth was all rest and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,—

. . . . . .

The sensitive plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

JOHN KEATS.

Byron was a ruined peer, Shelley, the son of a wealthy father, the scion of a distinguished house; and Keats, the third in the triad of romantic poets of the early century, was poor and middle-class. Lord Houghton, his biographer, sums up his life in the following sentence: "The publication of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one profound passion, and a premature death, are the only incidents in his career." As a friend of Leigh Hunt's he became intimate with Hunt's associates, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Lamb. He tried to be a surgeon, and, revolted by the horrors of the hospital of those days, when anæsthetics were unknown, he turned to his imagination for relief; and his imagination was Greek. From earliest boyhood, though he never studied Greek, he had fed on classic mythology and the tales of Homer, and when he began to write he fled for inspiration to ancient Greece.

His "Endymion" appeared in 1818, when Keats was only twenty-three years old. *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly* attacked him with such brutality that when he died not long after, it was commonly supposed that the Reviewers had killed him. Byron says of him with cruel levity, that "he had let himself be snuffed out with an article." This is not correct. Keats went on his way with manly composure, and, for answer, straightway published another volume of verse.

What ailed him was a frail body, a too heroic soul, too burning genius, and a hopeless love affair. He was engaged to be married to Miss Fanny Brawne, whom he loved with a poet's frenzy, and yet did not quite trust her love. There was nothing ahead of him but poverty and struggle. There was consumption in his family; distressing pulmonary symptoms declared themselves, and his physicians ordered him south. With his friend Severn he sailed for Rome, lingered painfully for a few months, and died there in February, 1821, aged twenty-five years.

England found in spite of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* that she had lost something precious and unrivalled. Keats wrote but little: "Endymion," "St. Agnes' Eve," "Isabella,"

the fragment "Hyperion," "Ode to a Nightingale," "On a Grecian Vase," "Chapman's Homer," and a few others; including his last pitiful lines on shipboard, when watching, "Nature's Patient Sleepless Eremite," as he sailed away from all he loved. Some of his lines have a matchless grace, an immortal charm. His sad, short life, his melancholy death, his imperishable verse have endeared him to all lovers of the beautiful and true.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of science and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new:
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,

Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Leadest thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forever more
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
The air was cooling, and so very still
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves:
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye
To peer about upon variety;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
Their scantly-leaved and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
Of a fresh woodland alley, never-ending;
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,

Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels: I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started;
So I straightway began to pluck a posey
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.
A bush of May flowers with the bees about them;
Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them;
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
And let long grass grow round the roots to keep them
Moist, cool, and green; and shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert hedge with wild briar overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones; there, too, should be
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
That with a score of light green brethren shoots
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots:
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters
Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters
The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises should be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And when again your dewiness he kisses,
Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend;
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand.
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and there they are again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the em'rald tresses;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live:
So keeping up an interchange of favors,
Like all good men in the truth of their behaviours.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches; little space they stop;
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak:
Or perhaps, to show their black, and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That nought less sweet, might call my thoughts away,
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down;
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
Playing in all her innocence of thought.
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her half-smiling lips, and downward look;
O let me for one moment touch her wrist;

Let me one moment to her breathing list;
And as she leaves me, may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburne.
What next? A tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers; or by the flitting
Of diverse moths, that aye their rest are quitting;
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O Maker of sweet poets, dear delight
Of this fair world, and all its gentle livers;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering.'
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.
For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair paradise of Nature's light?
In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the waving of the mountain pine;
And when a tale is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade:
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings:
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases;
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweet-briar,
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles,
Charms us at once away from all our troubles:
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreath'd and curl'd.
So felt he who first told how Psyche went
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment;
What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
First touch'd; what amorous and fondling nips
They gave each other's cheeks; with all their sighs,
And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes:

The silver lamp—the ravishment—the wonder—
The darkness—loneliness—the fearful thunder;
Their woes gone by, and both to heaven upflown,
To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne.
So did he feel, who pull'd the boughs aside,
That we might look upon a forest wide,
To catch a glimpse of Fauns, and Dryades
Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
And garlands woven of flowers wild, and sweet,
Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet:
Telling us how fair, trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor Nymph—poor Pan—how he did weep to find
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble, he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round;
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool,
The blue sky here, and there, serenely peeping
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied
A meek and forlorn flower, with naught of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness:
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the Poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

Where had he been from whose warm head outflew
That sweetest of all songs, that ever new,
That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness,
Coming ever to bless
The wanderer by moonlight? To him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,

And from the pillowy silkiness that rests
Full in the speculation of the stars.
Ah! surely he had burst our mortal bars;
Into some wondrous region he had gone,
To search for thee, divine Endymion!

He was a Poet, sure a lover, too,
Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;
And brought in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infant's eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The Poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!
As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
So every tale, does this sweet tale of thine.
O for three words of honey that I might
Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night!

Where distant ships do seem to show their keels,
Phœbus awhile delay'd his mighty wheels,
And turn'd to smile upon thy bashful eyes,
Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize.
The evening weather was so bright, and clear,
That men of health were of unusual cheer;
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,
Or young Apollo on the pedestal:
And lovely women were as fair and warm,
As Venus looking sideways in alarm.
The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half-closed lattices to cure
The languid sick; it cool'd their fever'd sleep,
And soothed them into slumbers full and deep.
Soon they awoke clear-eyed: nor burnt with thirsting,
Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples bursting:

And springing up, they met the wond'ring sight
Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with delight;
Who feels their arms, and breasts, and kiss and stare,
And on their placid foreheads part the hair.
Young men and maidens at each other gaz'd,
With hands held back, and motionless, amaz'd
To see the brightness in each other's eyes;
And so they stood, fill'd with a sweet surprise,
Until their tongues were loos'd in poesy.
Therefore no lover did of anguish die:
But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,
Made silken ties, that never may be broken.
Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses
That follow'd thine, and thy dear shepherd's kisses:
Was there a Poet born?—But now no more,
My wand'ring spirit must no further soar.

LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT was born in Southgate, England, in 1784. His father, a clergyman, was the son of an English clergyman on the Island of Barbadoes, and was sent to the University of Pennsylvania to be educated. His mother was a Philadelphia woman. Leigh Hunt was brought up at the celebrated Christ Hospital, known as "Blue-coat School," and made famous by Lamb and Coleridge. Hunt was a Liberal in politics, and in 1808 he and his brother John assumed the editorship of a paper called *The Examiner,* which became noted for its political and literary independence. In 1813 it published a trivial satire on the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The gist of the offence seems to have been that the prince was called in it, "An Adonis of fifty, a dandy grown fat." For this impudence the two brothers were sentenced to two years' imprisonment in separate jails.

Leigh Hunt bore his confinement with cheerfulness and gayety; he turned his cell into a bower of loveliness and drew around him a group of admiring and influential friends—Byron, Moore, Brougham and others. Afterwards he became

acquainted with many rising young men of the time, of liberal sympathies, among whom were Lamb, Shelley and Keats.

From first to last Leigh Hunt was a careless, wasteful man with a large family and an unthrifty wife. The keynote of his life was impecuniosity. He borrowed from every one he knew with the generous recklessness of one who would gladly give as much, if he had it to give. Shelley tried to pull him out of the slough with a present of £2000, but in vain. The crabbed Carlyle helped him constantly, after his own success was assured. Dickens caricatured him, as Harold Skimpole, in "Bleak House." Late in life he received an annuity from Mrs. Shelley and her son, and a pension from the government. The two sums combined gave him a comfortable old age. He died in 1859.

In 1816 Leigh Hunt published his longest poem, called "A Story of Rimini." In this he imitated the sprightly Italian style, forsook Pope's stilted epigrammatic couplets, and returned to the fresh versification of Chaucer. The poem, though tragic in character, is animated and delightful in spirit. One of his most striking poems is "Jaffar." The well known "Abou Ben Adhem" is meant as a description of Dickens. A graceful stanza dedicated to Mrs. Carlyle begins, "Jennie Kissed Me When We Met." The poet wrote an abundance of miscellaneous essays and criticisms: "A Jar of Honey from Mt. Hybla," "Men, Women and Books," and other prose; and an interesting "Autobiography," which gives criticisms and portraits of many of his contemporaries.

Leigh Hunt was a kindly, lovable man, full of vanity and weakness, and his books display his personal qualities. He wrote in a conversational style, and delighted to take his readers into his confidence.

Funeral of the Lovers.

(From "A Story of Rimini.")

The days were then at close of autumn still,
A little rainy, and, towards nightfall, chill;
There was a fitful moaning air abroad;
And ever and anon, over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,

Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
The people, who from reverence kept at home,
Listened till afternoon to hear them come;
And hour on hour went by, and naught was heard
But some chance horseman, or the wind that stirred,
Till towards the vesper hour; and then 'twas said
Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read;
And others said that they could hear a sound
Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
Still nothing came—till on a sudden, just
As the wind opened in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet
The train, and now were entering the first street.
Then turned aside that city, young and old,
And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.
But of the older people, few could bear
To keep the window, when the train drew near;
And all felt double tenderness to see
The bier approaching slow and steadily,
On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.
They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave under a tree;
There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
In the green ground; and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

Death.

Death is a road our dearest friends have gone:
Why, with such leaders, fear to say, "Lead on?"
Its gate repels lest it too soon be tried,
But turns in balm on the immortal side.

Mothers have passed it; fathers, children, men
Whose like we look not to behold again;
Women that smiled away their loving breath;
Soft is the traveling on the road of Death!
But guilt has passed it!—men not fit to die!
Oh, hush—for He that made us all is by!
Human were all—all men, all born of mothers;
All our own selves in the worn-out shape of others.
Our *used,* and oh, be sure, not to be *ill*-used brothers.

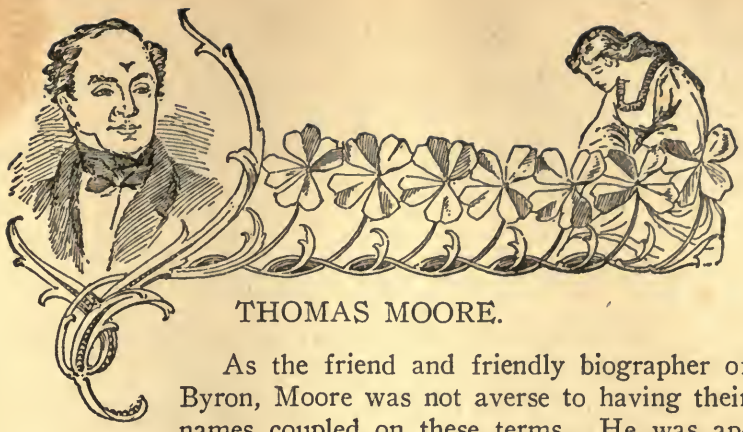
Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace;
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Rondeau.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

KILLARNEY.—GENERAL VIEW OF LAKES.



THOMAS MOORE.

As the friend and friendly biographer of Byron, Moore was not averse to having their names coupled on these terms. He was apparently content with his flattering popularity as the associate with and the lively entertainer of eminent people and aristocratic persons. But he was a genuine song-writer and a poet, though not of the highest class. He was born in Dublin in 1779, distinguished himself in its University and published his *Anacreontics* in 1800, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. This social success in translations led to the publication of a book of original erotic verse entitled, "Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little," of which, when found out and convicted, he frankly said he was ashamed. His popularity gained him appointment to an office in the Bermudas, which enabled him to visit America, the result being a volume of "Odes and Epistles" in 1806. His "Irish Melodies" were and always will be extraordinarily popular in the best sense. To the ancient melodies, arranged by Sir John Stevenson, Moore wrote his charming verses. He afterwards did the same with the airs of other nations, but with less success.

In 1817 appeared "Lalla Rookh" (Tulip-cheeked), his principal poem. Though Moore had no personal knowledge of the East he managed by careful study to infuse the true oriental spirit into this romantic tale of the love pilgrimage of Emperor Aurungzebe's beautiful daughter. The entire poem is oppressively rich in gorgeous scenes and dazzling imagery, but has many passages of true poetical beauty, simple and striking. After this Moore visited Paris, and in his "Fudge Family in Paris" he satirized in pungent style the boorish manners of the English abroad. He did constant service in various depart-

ments of journalism, and published a number of clever books in prose and verse, which were collected into a uniform edition in 1842. His vivacious and well-stored mind gave way some years before his death in 1852.

Love's Young Dream.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;

'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

The Vale of Cashmere.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the Lake
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown.
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of Bliss to the world!

A Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls.

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that she still lives.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself fervently still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

'Tis Sweet to Think.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.
The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, can not flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself and make closely its own.

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.
'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable, too,
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

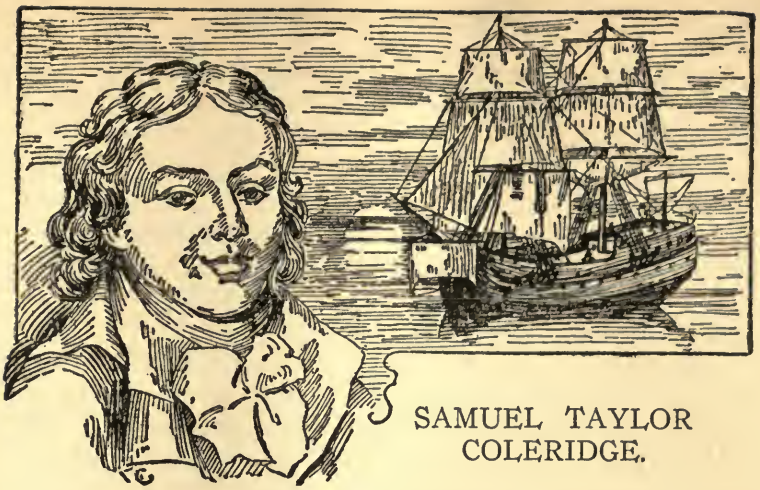
The Origin of the Harp.

'T is believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;
Till heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheeks smiled the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EMINENT above most as poet, literary expounder, philosopher, and converser, Coleridge is greatest as an influence. It welled from everything he produced, and how potent and widespread that influence has been can only be understood after a thoughtful survey of the higher literature and oral teaching since his day. Born in 1772, he was a schoolmate of Charles Lamb in the Charterhouse, thence he went to Cambridge, to study everything, from the political pamphlets of Burke to the Greek classics. His adoption of Unitarian doctrine and sundry pecuniary worries led to college troubles which he solved by suddenly enlisting in the army. Bought out by some friends, he returned to the university, but left without graduating in 1794. Then it was that his friend Southey espoused his fantastic "pantisocracy" scheme, which was to found an earthly paradise on the banks of the Susquehanna, which was selected in blank ignorance of everything except the melodious charm of its name. When in a few months the fairy bubble burst, the pair of poet-souls married sisters, Southey keeping it secret until he returned from foreign travel, Coleridge settling down to domestic life near Bristol. He lectured, with scant success, published "Addresses to the People," on political topics, strongly radical in sentiment, and had hard work to earn a living. A chance meeting with Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy proved the beginning of a life-long friendship. Together they issued the famous volume of "Lyrical Ballads,"

1798, from which their own fame dates. Coleridge's sole, but sufficient contribution to this book was "The Ancient Mariner."

Coleridge had meantime become a Unitarian preacher, unappreciated by congregations, had issued "Juvenile Poems," and started a paper, *The Watchman,* which died in two months. The success of the "Ballads" and the annuity conferred on him by admiring friends enabled him to spend a year in Germany. On his return he published his translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein" and took up his abode in the house of Southey. His revolutionary sentiments were exchanged for ardent loyalty, and his Unitarianism for the orthodox faith. Twenty-seven numbers of his new periodical, *The Friend,* were brought out at this time, and his lectures on Shakespeare and other subjects made a deep impression.

But Coleridge had succumbed to the charm of opium, and its terrible traces are seen in the "Ode to Dejection" and other poems and essays. Physically its influence was deplorable. Painful domestic troubles and alienations of friendship followed the rest of his life. Southey generously housed his family, from whom he was finally estranged. From 1816, till his death in 1834, he lived as the guest of Dr. Gillman at Highgate, London, where he was the high priest, if not the divinity, of a devoted band who gathered to hear his marvellous conversation. It was monologue rather than talk, as the anecdote indicates. Coleridge asked Lamb, "Have you ever heard me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else!" was Lamb's reply. In his later years Coleridge issued his best prose book, the "Aids to Reflection," with other philosophical writings of exceptional worth. In his lectures on Shakespeare he brought the full force and depth of the poet's genius before the public mind as no other English commentator had done. In short, Coleridge had become a mighty influence upon the most thoughtful of his countrymen.

As a critic of poetry he holds the sceptre by common consent, having fixed canons of appreciation which were not recognized until he codified them. His own work rises in its best examples to the criterion he established. Imagination soars to lofty heights as melodiously as the song flight of the lark "from sullen earth arising" to "sing hymns at heaven's

gate." Swinburne, gifted with rare powers of expression, unqualifiedly pronounces "The Ancient Mariner" "the most wonderful of all poems," as Wordsworth, and others in after years, declared Coleridge to be "the most wonderful man," in respect of thoughts conveyed in magical speech, they had ever met. The strange wild melody and uncanny fascination of this poem place it on a pedestal all its own in literature. "Christabel" is another incomparable monument of genius and art, meaningless but enthralling, only an incomplete beginning, yet sublimer for all that it leaves in the vague. The "Ode to France," an apostrophe to liberty, and "Ode to the New Year," rank with the better known odes of Dryden, Collins, and Gray. The unevenness of Coleridge's work and his small poetic output are explained by his long struggle with poverty, and a still sadder malady. Yet, mystic philosopher, though he was, he has contributed to lyric verse one of the purest love songs in the language, "Genevieve."

The Ancient Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound;

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist of cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, and sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burned green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;

But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

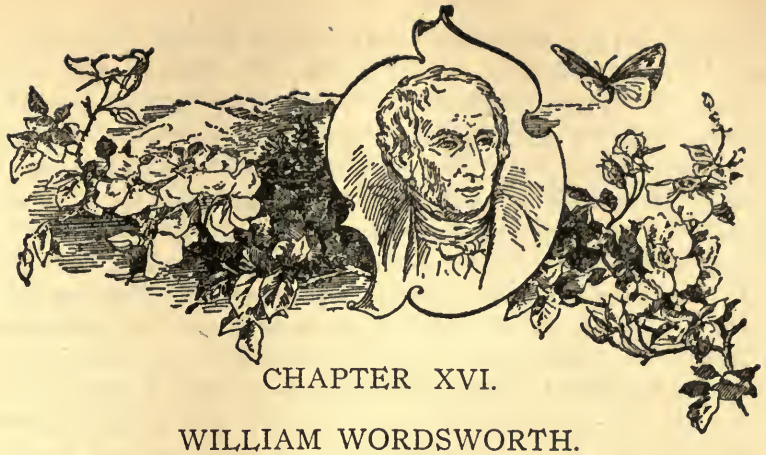
O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.
The self-same moment I could pray:
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

. . . . .

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.



CHAPTER XVI.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

In his outward placid life of eighty years Wordsworth experienced all the pangs of hope deferred, of cold criticism, and ridicule, that have beforetime soured when they failed to break the hearts of susceptible poets. For many years, he told a friend, his poetry did not bring in enough money to buy shoestrings. His first earnings were £100 for the "Lyrical Ballads," containing also Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." This was in 1800, when he was thirty, and his pen produced nothing for the next thirty-five years, when his copyrights were bought for £1,000. His literary success was little more cheering than the commercial. Even to-day, half a century after his death, his place among the immortals is discussed as an open question. Yet in this is proof of his sure title, for mediocrity never retains the enthusiastic devotion of able minds to the second generation. Wordsworth's evolution as a poet is traceable in three periods or phases: the first produced the "Lyrical Ballads" and other poems in his simpler vein; the second, from 1820 to 1830, his middle period, placed before the public his theory of poetry with examples for their verdict; and the third period, 1830 to 1840, gradually vindicated his stand and brought him honors. To judge particular poems without reference to their date and the phase through which the author's mind was passing, is to miss a rightful appreciation and probably do injustice to the poet.

Wordsworth was born in the Lake county of Northern

England in 1770, and was graduated at Cambridge. He shared the boyish enthusiasm of the French Revolution with his friends Coleridge and Southey. With a small patrimony, eked out by a legacy, he and his devoted sister Dorothy lived for eight uneventful years. He married in 1802, and when their family increased the poet was, in 1813, appointed stamp-distributor of his county at a salary of £500. Two years later he published "The White Doe of Rylstone," which he had written eight years before, and a collected edition of his poems. The *Edinburgh Review* poured contempt upon Wordsworth, calling "The White Doe" the worst poem ever written, in which apparently sweeping condemnation may be perceived the admission that a poem it was, for all its faults. He rashly challenged his critics by publishing two poems written in his earlier style and period, "Peter Bell," dating from 1798, and "The Wagoner," written in 1805. When made public in 1819, these received the same fierce ridicule as that which assailed his share of the "Lyrical Ballads." These trivialities were followed by several poems conceived in loftier spirit and penned to nobler measures. The "Laodamia," the "Vernal Ode," the "Intimations of Immortality," the lines on "Tintern Abbey," and the rest, have long taken a place of honor among the permanent triumphs of poetry. When the deaths of Scott and Byron freed the public from the spell they had bound it with, second thoughts asserted their right of revision, and Wordsworth's exalted and serene genius began to be perceived. Coleridge had cleared the air, not always to the advantage of his friend's crudities, but certainly to the gain of the reflective poems and their reflective readers. So sure, though slow, was the growth of his fame that when Southey died, the laureateship was conferred on Wordsworth, in 1844. He wrote but one official ode, three years before his death in 1850.

As the devotee and esoteric interpreter of nature, intent on uttering its inspirations in a language appropriately simple, Wordsworth brought to his task a profound sympathy and ample imagination. He deliberately set himself to defy the artificial poetic diction and affected style of eighteenth century verse. In his ardor for a return to the natural, he overdid his purpose, as seen in the badly prosaical ballads and some of the poems. This rigid attitude is abandoned, as if in proud

triumph over critics who doubted his powers, in the splendid cluster of the poems by which his fame will be borne. He wrote too much for his good; but even in the dreariest pieces, of which there are not a few, there are unexpected pearls of thought and memorable couplets. Among the sonnets which he composed too easily are some of the noblest in literature, and they embody the noblest thoughts. As a meditative poet Wordsworth has no superior in his calm vein, and from his descriptive passages can be culled examples of the greatest power and beauty. When admirers and detractors agree in a general estimate, which rises at its highest to Milton, and falls no lower than Cowper, the shade of Wordsworth may enjoy tranquil content.

A Portrait.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler 'twixt life and death;

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

LAODAMIA.

IN response to the prayers of Laodamia, the spirit of her husband Protesilaus was permitted to visit her. He was the first of the Achaians slain at the siege of Troy.

"PEACE!" he said.
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love: such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strifes to heal—
The Past unsighed for, and the Future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. "Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

"And while my youthful peers before my sight
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports; or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained—

"The wished-for wind was given. I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That of a thousand vessels mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife:
On thee too fondly would my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life;
The paths which we had trod; these fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry—
'Behold, they tremble! haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die!'—
In soul I swept the indignity away.
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below,
The Invisible World with thee hath sympathized:
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend,
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That Self might be annulled; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love!"

Aloud she shrieked; for Hermes re-appears,
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—'tis vain!
The hours are passed—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift towards the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way;
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes.
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art!
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage,
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hopes still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

The Sonnet.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound:
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairyland
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet: whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

The World is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

LINES.

Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone. These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,

In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. If this
Be but a vain belief, yet oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past
And all its aching joys are now no more,

And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power,
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being. Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed

With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet wounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

CHAPTER XVII.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON, born in that famous birth-year of great men, 1809, lived to a great age, companioned by noble thoughts and by his eminent contemporaries, supported by the strong unfaltering fire of his own genius, honored by his queen, held by millions of readers as the foremost poet of his time, and exceptionally happy in the domestic sphere of wife and children. Poor in his youth, he died a rich man, from the honorable exercise of his extraordinary gifts. A fuller, more influential and successful life has seldom been lived by any man; his rich nature was characterized by that trenchant masculinity which admits the refinement of the Eternal Feminine; his sterling sense was softened and led by the spirit, and he was initiate in the incommunicable mysteries of the soul. His career and character, not less than his poetry, must remain a profitable study for many generations. The poetry of no other Englishman since Shakespeare has become so familiar in men's mouths as his, and its effect has been succulent both to literature and to life. He is beyond dispute the English poet of his century and one of the few writers great enough to make a century memorable. Always (to use his own words) "he gave the people of his best:" and though, in the much that he has written, there is not a little which mature criticism rates far below his best, and more that could be spared as being reproductions in fresh forms of thoughts treated by him before; yet there stands to his credit a body of poetry which only the finest and noblest genius could have created, and without which the literature of his time would lack some of its most exquisite graces and most felicitous and penetrating interpretations.

Tennyson's outward life was uneventful. He entered Cambridge in 1828, with Hallam (son of the historian), Trench and Houghton; was compelled by his slender income to defer his marriage until 1850, when he was forty-one; was raised to the laureate-ship of England in the same year, and accepted a peerage in 1884. He was no traveler, rarely leaving England, and never realizing the hope of his youth, "To see, before I die, the palms and temples of the south." He died in 1892, well past the age of fourscore, but with the fineness of his genius unabated. His history is that of his mind and heart, which is shadowed forth in his writings, yet ever veiled beneath the reticences of pure art. He was great enough to eschew the individual and singular in the published expression of his thought, and to offer only those ideas and feelings which are catholic in the race. All who have loved and lost have experienced the emotions of "In Memoriam;" no one who has meditated deeply on the problems of the age can fail to find his best conclusions in "Locksley Hall;" scepticism may find its utterance and its answer in "The Two Voices;" the refusal of the soul to stay in mortal limitations resounds in "Ulysses;" the passion, purity and exaltation of love are portrayed in "Œnone," "Maude," "Love and Duty," "Tears, Idle Tears," "The Gardener's Daughter," and many other lovely poems; the mockery of beauty without God is shown in "The Palace of Art;" the grandeur of patriotism, civil and military, is expressed in the "Ode on the Death of Wellington" and in "England;" and so we might continue. In a word, the life of his age flowed through Tennyson, and found in him its broadest utterance. Philosophy, science, history and art were elemental spirits employed by this Prospero to give body, color and pertinence to his harmonious creations; his brain was balanced by his heart, and the first was as lofty as the last was deep.

The beginnings of the poet's career were not ambitious. Before he was twenty, he and his brother published a small volume of "Poems by Two Brothers," which showed faculty, but no definite aim. His "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," appearing when he was twenty-one, were studies in form, sentiment and beauty, but only his more sagacious critics were able to foretell from it his future eminence. In 1842 another volume was brought out; and in this we find the first specimen of a work

destined to be the most voluminous and one of the most important of his life—the fragment called "Morte d'Arthur." The plan of the "Epic of Arthur" had then been for some time in his mind; but he had not satisfied himself with his treatment of it. The fragment, however, was so generally praised that he was encouraged to take up the subject with renewed vigor; and, at intervals during the fifty years that followed, he gradually elaborated the whole stately series of poems bearing upon the story of Uther's mystic Son. The work as a whole is sufficient basis for a great reputation; but the merit of the various parts is not equal; there is poetry in all of them, but some of the earlier ones—"Enid," "Guinevere," "Elaine," and the "Morte d'Arthur" itself, seem to touch a higher level than the rest. The material was derived chiefly from the prose narrative of Malory; as an individual effort to put in homogeneous metrical form the legends of the beginnings of a nation, perhaps nothing since Homer's Iliad and Odyssey has been done to compare with it. But it is somewhat too long for the taste of the present day, and the general sameness of treatment and tone militate against its cumulative effect.

The most important fact of Tennyson's young manhood, in its influence upon his mind, was the death of his friend Arthur Hallam. The sad event took place in 1833, when Tennyson was twenty-four years old; "In Memoriam," the poem which commemorates it, was not published till 1850. During these seventeen years he had been enabled to pass through the acuter stages of grief into a calmer and deeper state, in which became visible to him the mercy of the God who giveth and who taketh away. The poem, therefore, shows the balance and symmetry of high art; it shows pain compensated by spiritual growth and the consolations of religion and philosophy. It has probably been more widely read than any other of Tennyson's productions; and the wonderful perfection of its form, and the truth and insight of its expression, its passion, its reverence and its sincerity, make it worthy of its reputation. The personal lineaments of Arthur Hallam, lovable as these were, disappear in the deeper beauty and significance of that for which he stands—the human love and companionship which death interrupts, but does not destroy. Tennyson, in his poem, made his private suffering the means

of comfort to his race; and no poet can perform a loftier service.

"The Princess," published in 1847, embodies a discussion of various modern social topics, prominent among them that of woman's position in the community. It is presented in unique form, the exponents of the ideas of the day being attired in mediæval costume, and the scenery being that of the Age of Chivalry. It would indeed have been difficult if not impossible to treat the subject poetically on any other plan. The poem is in blank verse, every line packed with meaning, to such an extent as sometimes to render the thought obscure. Its progress is relieved by the introduction of several exquisite songs, one at least of which—"Tears, idle Tears,"—is one of the most delicious lyrics ever written. "The Princess" holds a noble argument; but the main problem which it attacks cannot be finally solved by any individual; only in the lapse of ages will the divine purpose be revealed.

The concluding twenty years of Tennyson's life, from 1870 onwards, were largely occupied with essays in dramatic literature. He produced six or seven plays, in the Shakespearian form, based on historic or quasi-historic subjects; and all of them were acted on the stage by competent performers, with measurable success. Worthy and admirable productions they certainly are; but the challenge to the great Elizabethan dramatist was too obvious; and the lack of humor in the nineteenth century poet, as well as the habit of fifty years in other forms of poetic art, prevents these plays from ranking with his most satisfactory work. We are disposed to regret that the force and genius which went to their making had not been applied in other directions. They contain many splendid lines and stirring passages, many fine situations, and masterly delineations of character; but they do not show Tennyson at his best; and the greater a writer is, the more stringent is our demand that he maintain his highest level.

To many, Tennyson's shorter pieces will remain the favorites. Some of them seem the very flower of human speech. "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "The Lady of Shallott," "The Lotus Eaters," "Love and Death," "A Dream of Fair Women," "The Sleeping Beauty," and that last noble message—"Crossing the Bar;" these and many another as we

read them, seem to attain the limits of beauty in measure, rhyme and thought. But it is still too early to decide what of Tennyson is most nearly immortal. He lies in Westminster Abbey; and it is enough for us to know that so long as that historic church stands, his fame is likely to endure. Or we might say that the English language which he has dignified and enriched will not outlast the noble creations which he has incarnated in it.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

TINTERN ABBEY.—ENGLAND.

Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fullness of her face—

Grave Mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.

Elaine's Letter to Guinevere.

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat;
"Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I
For anger: these are slanders: never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.
He makes no friend who never made a foe.
But now it is my glory to have loved

One peerless, without stain: so let me pass,
My father, howsoe'er I seem to you,
Not all unhappy, having loved God's best
And greatest, tho' my love had no return:
Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,
Thanks, but you work against your own desire;
For if I could believe the things you say
I should but die the sooner; wherefore cease,
Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly man
Hither, and let me shrive me clean and die."
So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,
Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
A letter, word for word; and when he asked
"Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord?
Then will I bear it gladly;" she replied,
"For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,
But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote
The letter she devised; which being writ
And folded, "O sweet father, tender and true,
Deny me not," she said—"you never yet
Denied my fancies—this, however strange,
My latest: lay the letter in my hand
A little ere I die, and close the hand
Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.
And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
Then take the little bed on which I died
For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
For richness, and me also like the Queen
In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
To take me to the river, and a barge
Be ready on the river, clothed in black.
I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
And none of you can speak for me so well.
And therefore let our dumb old man alone
Go with me, he can steer and row, and he
Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

She ceased: her father promised; whereupon
She grew so cheerful that they deemed her death
Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.
But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh
Her father laid the letter in her hand,
And closed the hand upon it and she died.
So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,
Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
Accompanying the sad chariot-bier
Passed like a shadow through the field, that shone
Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.
There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
Winking his eyes, and twisting all his face.
So those two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her,
"Sister, farewell forever," and again,
"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead
Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood—
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled.

. . . . . .

Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right across
Where these had fallen, slowly passed the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away
To weep and wail in secret; and the barge
On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.
There two stood armed, and kept the door; to whom,
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,
Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd
"What is it?" but that oarsman's haggard face,
As hard and still as is the face that men
Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks
On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and they said,
"He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,
Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair!
Yea, but how pale! what are they? flesh and blood?
Or come to take the King to fairy land?
For some do hold our Arthur cannot die,
But that he passes into fairy land."

While thus they babbled of the King, the King
Came girt with knights: then turned the tongueless man
From the half-face to the full eye, and rose
And pointed to the damsel and the doors.
So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;
And reverently they bore her into hall.
Then came the fine Gawain and wondered at her,
And Lancelot later came and mused at her,
At last the Queen herself and pitied her:
But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
Stooped, took, brake seal and read it; this was all:

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometime called the maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you.
I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
And therefore to our lady Guinevere,
And to all other ladies, I make moan.
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read,
And ever in the reading, lords and dames
Wept, looking often from his face who read
To hers which lay so silent, and at times,
So touched were they, half-thinking that her lips,
Who had devised the letter, moved again.

The Poet's Song.

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
  He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
  And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
  And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
  And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,
  The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
  And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
  But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
  When the years have died away."

The Flower.

Once in a golden hour
  I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
  The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
  Thro' my garden bower,
And muttering discontent
  Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
  It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall,
  Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
  By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried
  "Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
  He who runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
  For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
  And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
  Call it but a weed.

A Welcome to Alexandra.

March 7, 1863.

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
  Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
  Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!
Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers!
Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!
Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!
Flames, on the windy headland flare!
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher
Melt into stars for the land's desire!
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-kings' daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own:
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

1865-1866.

I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, "O years that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
And New Year blowing and roaring.

IN MEMORIAM.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
  To find in loss a gain to match?
  Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
  Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
  Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
  The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man who loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn."

. . . . . .

I sometimes hold it half a sin
  To put in words the grief I feel;
  For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
  A use in measured language lies;
  The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
  Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
  But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

. . . . . .

I envy not in any moods
  The captive void of noble rage,
  The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
  His license in the field of time,
  Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

. . . . .

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my time to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

. . . . .

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the cold, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

. . . . .

Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong,
He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard.

And hear at times a sentinel
  Who moves about from place to place,
  And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

Break, Break, Break.

Break, break, break,
  On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
  That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
  That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
  To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
  And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
  At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
  Will never come back to me.

Love Song from Maud.

Come into the garden, Maud,
  For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
  I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
  And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
  And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
  On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
  To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

. . . . .

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my love, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
The white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

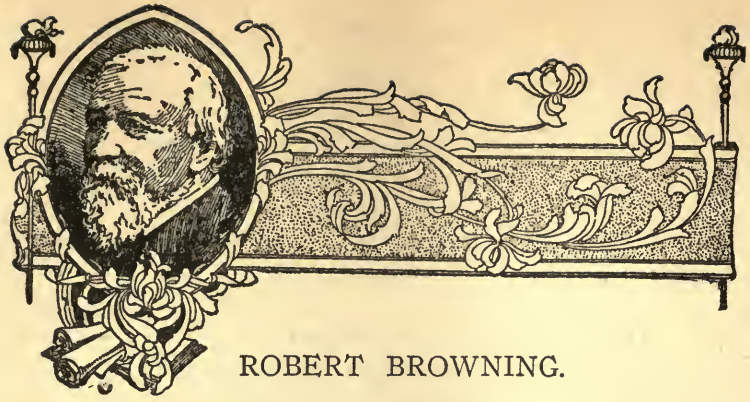
Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.



ROBERT BROWNING.

The beautiful romance of Browning's life is a part of his own and his wife's poetry. He was about two-and-thirty when they met and loved each other, and they ran away and were married in 1846, when he was thirty-four. During the fifteen years that followed, their happiness in each other was full and complete, with no shadow on it; and Browning even had the happiness of knowing that his love had prolonged her life and freed it from much physical pain, as well as transfiguring it with spiritual joy. She died in 1861, and he survived her twenty-eight years, dying in Venice in 1889. But in soul they were never apart; it was a true marriage; and as they were both persons of the finest genius, their felicity was a final answer to the doubt whether high souls can be truly mated. Most of their married life was passed in Italy, partly on account of Mrs. Browning's delicate health, partly because her father was never reconciled to their marriage, but died the surly and selfish tyrant that he had always lived; and partly because the political hopes and struggles of Italy were ardently espoused by both the poets, and largely tinged much of their verse. Their only child, a son, was born in Florence; and Mrs. Browning lived long enough to see her hopes of the emancipation of Italy from the Austrian yoke accomplished.

Browning is the most interesting figure among modern poets; he has been for years the subject of study on the part of numerous "societies," and the final word on him has not yet been said. He is a philosopher, a man of the world, a poet and a lover; these dissimilar elements are united, but not completely fused in him. His music is broken, but when it does

ring true, there is no sweeter sound in literature. "Your poetry doesn't sing!" Swinburne once said to him; and no one who has read him can question the truth of the criticism. Browning himself admitted it; he recognized his ruggedness and obscurity as faults; he did what he could to overcome them; but in spite of his efforts his thoughts would "break thro' language and escape." We must accept him as he is; and there is no keener, subtler, and at the same time braver and truer mind among the poets of this century. His field of exploration is human nature in its deeper and more remote manifestations; his activity is thus in a world scarcely known to exist by the ordinary person; and the surprises he announces and the treasures he brings to light are therefore a cause of perplexity and doubt to the spectators, much as if an Oriental magician were to produce before them strange objects apparently created out of empty air. Browning does his best to make all clear to them; but the material he works with has not yet been reduced to recognizable form; it is like ore from the mine, which to the uninstructed looks like anything but precious metal.

The difficulty of Browning's verse, the need of study to understand most of it, and the real value which careful study shows it to possess, have led many to assign him a place in literature higher than he deserves. He is a great writer and often a great poet; but in no respect is he the greatest. His apprehension of the relativity of all things is imperfect; were it otherwise he would be able to state his message in terms as simple as those of Shakespeare, and so accommodate it to the understanding of the simple. Browning himself was a scholar of high attainments, and he often used his acquired knowledge as if it were a common possession, like the multiplication table. Such is the fault of "Sordello," in order to understand which one must begin with a thorough mastery of the mediæval history of Italy. Nor is familiarity with the various dialectics of modern philosophy less indispensable to an adequate comprehension of much that he has written; and the public naturally and rightly revolts from such requirements. The profoundest truths can be stated plainly; they can be disentangled from accidental conditions, and made to shine by their own light. Browning constantly fails to free them from these

trammels of temporary clothing, and display them in the grandeur of their nakedness. He needs an expositor, an annotator, an editor; and this necessity disables him from conveying to the world more than a small part of the good he tried to do. The world awaits a stronger unifying force, a more synthetic genius. Doubtless, no truth that Browning perceived will be lost; but it will come to us by the medium of other minds than his. In many of his poems his power of brilliant costuming and of dramatic statement blinds us to the thing which was his real object, and we praise him for achievements which were merely accessory to his intent. But this is as much his fault as ours, and he must pay the penalty of it.

Browning has been truly called one of the most suggestive of poets. Vivid and impressive pictures start into view under his pen as if spontaneously; he gives us the word which tells and omits the rest; and often he hits the very nerve of meaning. Color and sparkle cover his work with a splendid sheen and iridescence, dazzling and enchanting the eye. He places the external of a man or woman before us with a few masterly touches, and then proceeds to dive into their inmost souls and reveal the hidden springs of their action and thought. He brings similes and illustrations from afar; he sets his picture in a splendid frame, and throws behind it the shadows of a mystic or mysterious background. At times he fills the listening soul with music that seems to come from Heaven itself; but anon a discord jars upon us, and we forgive it less easily because but now we had been so deeply delighted. To read him is like driving with Phaëton in the chariot of the Sun; we brush the stars and then plunge headlong earthwards. The emotions which he portrays are the most impassioned known to our nature; his landscapes are fierce, ominous, appalling, transcendently lovely, but seldom soothing and inviting. The serene middle path was rarely trodden by his Muse. Our pulse beats faster as we follow her, but we are not won by those gentle and sweet fascinations which make us forget the means in the end.

The length of many of Browning's poems is portentous; such a work as "The Ring and the Book" could not be adequately perused in months, having in view the complicated psychical analysis which is its warp and woof. Nor can it

St. Paul's Cathedral.

be said that, for any but students, the fruit to be gathered repays the time and effort of the gathering. "The Ring and the Book" is indeed full of superb poetry; but this is involved with much that is of less value, but which, on the other hand, is instrumental to the complete effect. Many attempts have been made to isolate the "Beauties of Browning," but they have failed, as might have been expected; no vital work can be thus eviscerated without losing more than is gained. Detached apothegms, no matter how trenchant or penetrating, have little weight; to detach them is as if one were to bring down to the plain the rock which caps the mountain; in its true place it was sublime, but thus displaced it is a rock and no more. Finally, we must take Browning as he is, or do without him. There is no golden road to him.

The Lost Leader.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud.
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence.
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.

Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There will be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

Fra Lippo Lippi.

I am poor brother Lippo, by your leave!
You need not clap your torches to my face.
Zooks, what's to blame? you think you see a monk!
What, 'tis past midnight, and you go the rounds,
And here you catch me at an alley's end
Where sportive ladies leave their doors ajar?
The Carmine's my cloister: hunt it up,
Do,—harry out, if you must show your zeal,
Whatever rat, there, haps on his wrong hole,
And nip each softling of a wee white mouse,
Weke, weke, that's crept to keep him company!
Aha, you know your betters! Then, you'll take
Your hand away that's fiddling on my throat,
And please to know me likewise. Who am I?
Why, one, sir, who is lodging with a friend
Three streets off—he's a certain . . . how d'ye call?
Master—a . . . Cosimo of the Medici,
I' the house that caps the corner. Bah! you were best!
Remember and tell me, the day you're hanged,
How you affected such a gullet's gripe!
But you, sir, it concerns you that your knaves
Pick up a manner nor discredit you:
Zooks, are we pilchards, that they sweep the streets
And count fair prize what comes into their net?
He's Judas to a tittle, that man is!
Just such a face! Why, sir, you make amends.
Lord! I'm not angry! Bid your hangdogs go

Drink out this quarter-florin to the health
Of the munificent house that harbours me
(And many more beside, lads! more beside!)
And all's come square again. I'd like his face—
His, elbowing on his comrade in the door
With the pike and lantern,—for the slave that holds,
John the Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair
With one hand ("Look you, now," as who should say)
And his weapon in the other, yet unwiped!
It's not your chance to have a bit of chalk,
A wood-coal or the like? Or you should see!
Yes, I'm the painter, since you style me so.
What, Brother Lippo's doings, up and down,
You know them and they take you? Like enough!
I saw the proper twinkle in your eye—
'Tell you, I liked your looks at very first.
Let's sit and see things straight now, hip to haunch.
Here's spring come, and the nights one makes up bands
To roam the town and sing out carnival,
And I've been three weeks shut within my mew
A-painting for the great man, saints and saints
And saints again. I could not paint all night—
Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air.
There came a hurry of feet and little feet,
A sweep of lute-strings, laughs, and whifts of song,—
Flower of the broom,
Take away love, and our earth is a tomb!
Flower o' the quince,
I let Lisa go, and what good in life since?
Flower o' the thyme—and so on. Round they went.
Scarce had they turned a corner when a titter
Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight,—three slim shapes
And a face that looked up . . .zooks, sir, flesh and blood,
That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it went
Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,
All the bed-furniture—a dozen knots,
There was a ladder! Down I let myself,
Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped,
And after them. I came up with the fun
Hard by Saint Laurence, hail fellow, well met—
Flower o' the rose,

If I've been merry, what matter who knows?
And so I was stealing back again
To get to bed and have a bit of sleep
Ere I rise up tomorrow and go work
On Jerome knocking at his poor old breast
With his great round stone to subdue the flesh,
You snap me of the sudden. Ah, I see!
Though your eye twinkles still, you shake your head—
Mine's shaved—a monk, you say—the sting's in that!
If Master Cosimo announced himself,
Mum's the word naturally; but a monk!
Come, what am I a beast for? tell us, now!
I was a baby when my mother died
And father died and left me in the street.
I starved there, God knows how, a year or two,
On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds and shucks,
Refuse and rubbish. One fine frosty day,
My stomach being empty as your hat,
The wind doubled me up and down I went.
Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand,
(Its fellow was a stinger as I knew)
And so along the wall, over the bridge,
By the straight cut to the convent. Six words there,
While I stood munching my first bread that month:
"So, boy, you're minded," quoth the good fat father
Wiping his own mouth, 'twas reflection-time—
"To quit this very miserable world?
Will you renounce" . . ?—"The mouthful of bread,"
thought I;
By no means! Brief, they made a monk of me;
I did renounce the world, its pride and greed,
Palace, farm, villa, shop and banking house,
Trash, such as these poor devils of Medici
Have given their hearts to—all at eight years old.
Well, sir, I found in time, you may be sure,
'Twas not for nothing—the good bellyful,
The warm serge and the rope that goes all round,
And day-long blessed idleness beside.
"Let's see what the urchin's fit for"—that came next.
Not overmuch their way, I must confess.
Such a to-do! They tried me with their books:
Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure waste!
Flower o' the clove,

All the Latin I construe is, "amo," I love!
But, mind you, when a boy starves in the streets
Eight years together, as my fortune was,
Watching folk's faces to know who will fling
The bit of half-stripped grape-bunch he desires,
And who will curse or kick him for his pains—
Which gentleman processional and fine,
Holding a candle to the Sacrament,
Will wink and let him lift a plate and catch
The droppings of the wax to sell again,
Or holla for the Eight and have him whipped—
How say I?—nay, which dog bites, which lets drop
His bone from the heap of offal in the street—
Why, soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,
He learns the look of things, and none the less
For admonition from the hunger-pitch.
I had a store of such remarks, be sure,
Which, after I found leisure, turned to use.
I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
Scrawled them within the antiphonary's marge,
Joined legs and arms to the long music-notes,
Found eyes and nose and chin for A's and B's,
And made a string of pictures of the world,
Betwixt the ins and outs of verb and noun,
On the wall, the bench, the door. The monks looked black.
"Nay," quoth the Prior, "turn him out, d'ye say?
In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.
What if at last we get our man of parts,
We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese,
And preaching Friars, to do our church up fine
And put the front on it that ought to be!"
And hereupon he bade me daub away.
Thank you! my head being crammed, the walls a blank,
Never was such prompt disemburdening.
First, every sort of monk, the black and white,
I drew them, fat and lean: then, folk at church,
From good old gossips waiting to confess
Their cribs of barrel-droppings, candle-ends—
To the breathless fellows at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration, half for his beard and half

For that white anger of his victim's son
Shaking a fist at him with one fierce arm,
Signing himself with the other because of Christ
(Whose sad face on the cross sees only this
After the passion of a thousand years)
Till some poor girl, her apron o'er her head,
(Which the intense eyes looked through) came at eve
On tiptoe, said a word, dropped in a loaf,
Her pair of earrings and a bunch of flowers
(The brute took growling), prayed, and so was gone.
I painted all, then cried "'Tis ask and have;
Choose, for more's ready!"—laid the ladder flat,
And showed my covered bit of cloister-wall.
The monks closed in a circle and praised loud
Till checked, taught what to see and not to see,
Being simple bodies—"That's the very man!
Look at the boy who stops to pat the dog!
That woman's like the Prior's niece who comes
To care about his asthma: it's the life!"
But there my triumph's straw-fire flared and funked;
Their betters took their turn to see and say:
The Prior and the learned pulled a face
And stopped all that in no time. "How? what's here?
Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all!
Faces, arms, legs and bodies like the true
As much as pea and pea! It's devil's game!
Your business is not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all,
Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
Your business is to paint the souls of men—
Man's soul, and it's a fire, smoke . . . no, it's
not . . .
It's vapor done up like a new-born babe—
(In that shape when you die it leaves your mouth)
It's . . . well, what matters talking, it's the soul!
Give us no more of body than shows soul!
Here's Giotto, with his Saint a-praising God,
That sets us praising—why not stop with him?
Why put all thoughts of praise out of our head
With wonder at lines, colors, and what not?
Paint the soul, never mind the legs and arms!
Rub all out, try at it a second time.

Oh, that white smallish female with the breasts,
She's just my niece . . . Herodias, I would say—
Who went and danced and got men's heads cut off!
Have it all out!" Now, is this sense, I ask?
A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
So ill, the eye can't stop there, must go further,
And can't fare worse! Thus, yellow does for white
When what you put for yellow's simply black,
And any sort of meaning looks intense
When all beside itself means and looks naught.
Why can't a painter lift each foot in turn,
Left foot and right foot, go a double step,
Make his flesh liker and his soul more like,
Both in their order? Take the prettiest face,
The Prior's niece . . . patron-saint—is it so pretty
You can't discover if it means hope, fear,
Sorrow or joy? won't beauty go with these?
Suppose I've made her eyes all right and blue,
Can't I take breath and try to add life's flash,
And then add soul and heighten them three-fold?
Or say there's beauty with no soul at all—
(I never saw it—put the case the same—)
If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents:
That's somewhat: and you'll find the soul you have missed,
Within yourself, when you return him thanks.
"Rub all out!" Well, well, there's my life, in short,
And so the thing has gone on ever since.
I'm grown a man no doubt. I've broken bounds:
You should not take a fellow eight years old
And make him swear to never kiss the girls.
I'm my own master, paint now as I please—
Having a friend, you see, in the Corner-house!
Lord, it's fast holding by the rings in front—
Those great rings serve more purposes than just
To plant a flag in, or tie up a horse!
And yet the old schooling sticks, the old grave eyes
Are peeping o'er my shoulder as I work,
The heads shake still—it's art's decline, my son!
You're not of the true painters, great and old;
Brother Angelico's the man, you'll find;
Brother Lorenzo stands his single peer:

Fag on at flesh, you'll never make the third!
Flower o' the pine,
You keep your mistr . . . manners, and I'll stick to mine!
I'm not the third, then: bless us, they must know!
Don't you think they're the likeliest to know,
They with their Latin? So, I swallow my rage,
Clench my teeth, suck my lips in tight, and paint
To please them—sometimes do and sometimes don't;
For, doing most, there's pretty sure to come
A turn, some warm eve finds me at my saints—
A laugh, a cry, the business of the world—
Flower o' the peach,
Death for us all, and his own life for each!
And my whole soul revolves, the cup runs over,
The world and life's too big to pass for a dream,
And I do these wild things in sheer despite,
And play the fooleries you catch me at,
In pure rage! The old mill-horse out at grass
After hard years, throws up his stiff heels so,
Although the miller does not preach to him
The only good of grass is to make chaff.
What would men have? Do they like grass or no—
May they or mayn't they? all I want's the thing
Settled forever one way. As it is
You tell too many lies and hurt yourself:
You don't like what you only like too much.
You do like what, if given you at your word,
You find abundantly detestable.
For me, I think I spake as I was taught;
I always see the garden and God there
A-making man's wife: and, my lesson learned,
The value and significance of flesh,
I can't unlearn ten minutes afterwards.

You understand me: I'm a beast, I know.
But see, now—why, I see as certainly
As that the morning star's about to shine,
What will hap some day. We've a youngster here
Comes to our convent, studies what I do,
Slouches and stares and lets no atom drop:
His name is Guidi—he'll not mind the monks—
They call him Hulking Tom, he lets them talk—
He picks my practice up—he'll paint apace,

I hope so—though I never live so long,
I know what's sure to follow. You be judge!
You speak no Latin more than I, belike;
However, you're my man, you've seen the world,
The beauty, and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!
For what? Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What's it all about?
To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wondered at? oh, this last of course!—you say.
But why not do as well as say—paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works—paint any one, and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object, "His works
Are here already; nature is complete:
Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't)
There's no advantage! you must beat her, then."
For, don't you mark? we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out. Have you noticed, now,
Your cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk,
And trust me but you should, though! How much more,
If I drew higher things with the same truth!
That were to take the Prior's pulpit-place,
Interpret God to all of you! Oh, oh,
It makes me mad to see what men shall do
And we in our graves! This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
"Ay, but you don't so instigate to prayer!"
Strikes in the Prior: "when your meaning's plain
It does not say to folk—remember matins,
Or, mind you fast next Friday!" Why, for this
What need of art for all? A skull and bones,
Two bits of stick nailed crosswise, or, what's best,

A bell to chime the hour with, does as well.
I painted a Saint Laurence six months since
At Prato, splashed the fresco in fine style:
"How looks my painting, now the scaffold's down?"
I ask a brother: "Hugely," he returns—
"Already not one phiz of your three slaves
Who turn the Deacon off his toasted side
But's scratched and prodded to our heart's content,
The pious people have so eased their own
With coming to say prayers there in a rage:
We get on fast to see the brick beneath
Expect another job sometime next year,
For pity and religion grow in the crowd—
Your painting serves its purpose!" Hang the fools!

That is—you'll not mistake an idle word
Spoke in a huff by a poor monk, God wot,
Tasting the air this spicy night which turns
The unaccustomed head like Chianti wine!
Oh, the church knows! don't misrepresent me, now!
It's natural a poor monk out of bounds
Should have his apt word to excuse himself:
And hearken how I plot to make amends.
I have bethought me: I shall paint a piece
. . . There's for you! Give me six months, then go, see
Something in Sant' Ambrogio's! Bless the nuns!
They want a cast of my office. I shall paint
God in the midst, Madonna and her Babe,
Ringed by a bowery flowery angel-brood,
Lilies and vestments and white faces, sweet
As puff on puff of grated orris-root
When ladies crowd to church at midsummer.
And then i' the front, of course a saint or two—
Saint John, because he saves the Florentines,
Saint Ambrose, who puts down in black and white
The convent's friend and gives them a long day,
And Job, I must have him there past mistake,
The man of Uz (and Us without the Z,
Painters who need his patience). Well, all these
Secured at their devotion, up shall come
Out of a corner when you least expect,
As one by a dark stair into a great light,

Music and talking, who but Lippo! I!—
Mazed, motionless and moonstruck—I'm the man!
Back I shrink—what is this I see and hear?
I caught up with my monk's-things by mistake,
My old serge gown and ripe that goes all round,
I, in this presence, this pure company!
Where's a hole, where's a corner for escape?
Then steps a sweet angelic slip of a thing
Forward—puts out a soft palm—"Not so fast!"
Addresses the celestial presence, "nay—
He made you and devised you, after all,
Though he's none of you! Could Saint John there draw—
His camel-hair make up a painting-brush?
We come to brother Lippo for all that,
Iste perfecit opus!" So, all smile—
I shuffle sideways with my blushing face
Under the cover of a hundred wings
Thrown like a spread of kirtles when you're gay
And play hot cockles, all the doors being shut,
Till, wholly unexpected, in there pops
The hothead husband! Thus I scuttle off
To some safe bench behind, not letting go
The palm of her, the little lily thing
That spoke the good word for me in the nick,
Like the Prior's niece . . . Saint Lucy, I would say.
And so all's saved for me, and for the church
A pretty picture gained. Go, six months hence!
Your hand, sir, and good-bye; no lights, no lights!
The street's hushed, and I know my own way back,
Don't fear me! There's the gray beginning. Zooks!

"How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix."

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck to neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is,—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

CAVALIER TUNES.

I. Marching Along.

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're—

CHORUS.—Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies knell.
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

CHO.—Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHO.—March we along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II. GIVE A ROUSE.

I

KING CHARLES, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

II

Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

CHO.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?

For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

CHO.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III. BOOT AND SADDLE.

I

BOOT, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

II

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

III

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

IV

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Love Among the Ruins.

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop—
Was the site once of a city great and gay,
(So they say)
Of our country's very capital, its prince
Ages since
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
Peace or war.

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,
As you see,
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
From the hills
Intersect and give a name to (else they run
Into one),
Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
Twelve abreast.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
And embeds
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
Stock or stone—
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
Long ago;
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
Struck them tame;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
Bought and sold.

Now,—the single little turret that remains
On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
Thro' the chinks—
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
Viewed the games.

And I know—while thus the quiet-coloured eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
Melt away—
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
Till I come.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
All the men!
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
Each on each.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
Gold, of course.
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

In the veins of this poet flowed the blood of an English admiral and of a peer of the realm. This fact is significant in estimating his literary career. An aristocrat by birth and associations, he turned, by a sort of reaction, to a sentimental radicalism, to which much of his poetry gives expression. His politics were emotional, but the emotion was violent, and Swinburne's unequalled powers of statement and superb imagination tempted him to indulge more than he otherwise might in the pleasure of wordy warfare. As Disraeli once said of Gladstone, he was at times "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." Swinburne's intellect was active and subtle, and his cunning in the use of forms of speech has never been surpassed; yet his intellectual weight was but moderate, and in judgment and self-restraint he was markedly deficient. Neither his political nor his literary criticism has serious value, except as specimens of English composition, and as characteristic effusions. Even his poetry, voluminous though it is, is narrow in its scope and monotonous in its mastery of rhythm and melody; but it is real poetry, and no English writer has ever surpassed it in the qualities which give it distinction. Its sensuous beauty and splendor are often amazing, and were it as commendable in point of ethics and common sense, Swinburne would be the poet of the century. His early work was received with a mingling of astonishment, rapture and denunciation; but his advance after that was small. "Atalanta in Calydon," published in 1864, when the author was twenty-eight years old, has passages as delicious as anything he since accomplished; and in his "Laus Veneris," which appeared two years later, though written previously, he gave his measure and quality, and struck a keynote of feeling and character which was not essentially modified later.

Swinburne was educated at Eton and Oxford, though he took no degree; he became a good classical scholar, and his love of Greek paganism is apparent in all his writings. He touched many subjects, but this classical bent is traceable throughout. In English history he made studies of Henry II.'s Rosamond, of Mary Queen of Scots ("Chastelard," "Bothwell," "Mary

Stuart"), "The Armada" (a magnificent poem), and some minor pieces; in prose literary criticism he produced "William Blake," "George Chapman," "A Note on Charlotte Bronté," "A Study of Shakespeare," "A Study of Victor Hugo," "A Study of Ben Jonson," and other essays; he tried his hand in Arthurian legend, in "Tristram of Lyonesse," and was the author of a Greek and of an Italian tragedy—"Erechtheus" and "Marino Faliero." He even wrote a novel of English society—and a very good one—published serially in London in 1879, under the pen-name of "Mrs. Horace Manners." It was called "A Year's Letters," but has never been reprinted, or acknowledged by the author. Whatever he produced has fascination and distinction, and is irreproachable in form. But his best and most lasting work is to be sought in his poems and ballads, and in passages of his dramas. He saw and depicted character vividly, but always through a Swinburnian atmosphere, so that he cannot be regarded as a dramatist in the Shakespearian sense. He had wit, irony and passion, but not humor.

Moreover, with all his beauty, there was something unwholesome and unsound about Swinburne. He was violent rather than powerful. His delicacies and refinements were something other than manly. In youth he had a tendency to finger forbidden subjects; his later work is free from such improprieties. Whatever he did gave evidence of good workmanship, and possesses literary importance; but his stature did not increase in late years, and, at the age of sixty he had lapsed into the background of things.

The Making of Man.

(Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon.")

Before the beginning of years
  There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
  Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
  Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven;
  And madness, risen from hell;

Strength, without hands to smite;
  Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light;
  And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took it in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of years,
And froth and drift of the sea,
  And dust of the laboring earth,
And bodies of things to be,
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
  And death beneath and above;
For a day and a night and a morrow,
  That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
  The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
  They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
  They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
  For the veils of the souls therein;
A time for labor and thought,
  A time to serve and to sin.
They gave him a light in his ways,
  And love, and a space for delight;
And beauty and length of days,
  And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire,
  With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
  In his eyes foreknowledge of death;

He weaves and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

William Shakespeare.

Not if men's tongues and angels' all in one
Spake, might the word be said that might speak Thee.
Streams, winds, woods, flowers, fields, mountains, yea, the sea,
What power is in them all to praise the sun?
His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.
Man, woman, child, praise God for him; but he
Exults not to be worshiped, but to be.
He is; and, being, beholds his work well done.
All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all mirth,
Are his: without him, day were night on earth.
Time knows not his from time's own period.
All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all lyres,
Fall dumb before him ere one string suspires.
All stars are angels; but the sun is God.

Ben Jonson.

Broad-based, broad-fronted, bounteous, multiform,
With many a valley impleached with ivy and vine,
Wherein the springs of all the streams run wine,
And many a crag full-faced against the storm,
The mountain where thy Muse's feet made warm
Those lawns that revelled with her dance divine
Shines yet with fire as it was wont to shine
From tossing torches round the dance aswarm.
Nor less, high-stationed on the grey grave heights,
High-thoughted seers with heaven's heart-kindling lights
Hold converse: and the herd of meaner things
Knows or by fiery scourge or fiery shaft
When wrath on thy broad brows has risen, and laughed,
Darkening thy soul with shadow of thunderous wings.

In a Garden.

Baby, see the flowers!
—Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!
—Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words.

Baby, see the moon!
—Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea!
—Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star!
—Baby's hand
Opens warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!
—Baby's head
Bows, as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,
Sleep and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, the apostle of "sweetness and light," was a man with a message to the cultured only. He had little sympathy with the uncultured, with the uneducated, who still form by far the greater portion of mankind. He was a poet, critic, essayist for scholars, for literary men, for the refined; a thoroughly literary writer who had acquired an exquisite style, but who was more sensitive to influences than fertile in original impulse. He has uttered some exquisite notes for cultured ears to catch, but he will always be *caviare* to the general public.

Matthew Arnold was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, and was born at Laleham in 1822. He was educated at Winchester, Rugby and Oxford, and was elected to a fellowship in Oriel College in 1845. In 1851 he was appointed Lay-Inspector of Schools, which position he retained until shortly before his death. He traveled frequently in France and Germany, and made elaborate reports on foreign systems of education. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1849 his first volume of verse, "The Strayed Reveller," was published; and in 1853 "Empedocles and other Poems" appeared. In 1859 he published "Merope," a tragedy after the antique, and the year following a volume entitled "New Poems." Subsequently he published but little poetry, but devoted himself principally to critical essays. His poems are mainly one long variation on a single theme, the divorce between the soul and the intellect, and the depths of spiritual regret and yearning which that divorce produces.

In 1865 his "Essays on Criticism" were published, and at once gave him indisputable rank as a writer of English prose. The volume had an almost immediate influence upon students of literature in England. Soon afterwards he began a series of prose works in a sort of middle region between literature, politics and ethics. The best known of them are

"Culture and Anarchy," "St. Paul and Protestanism," "Literature and Dogma," and "Last Essays on Church and Religion." Not able to rest content with earlier dogma and inspiration, yet shrinking from an unsympathetic rationalism, he wanders, as he puts it, "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." Later Arnold returned to more purely literary criticism, though diverging from it somewhat in his "Mixed Essays" and "Irish Essays," among the last works that he published. He died suddenly in 1888.

The keynote of Matthew Arnold's work is a yearning for sweetness and light, for calm peace and beauty in a restless world that to him is out of joint. Unfortunately he deemed himself born with a mission to set it right. His hope for the future is that sweetness and light will grow, and that the authority of what he styled the remnant or elect, *i. e.*, people who accepted his dicta, would come to be finally established.

Balder Dead.

So on the floor lay Balder dead; and round
Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts and spears,
Which all the Gods in sport had idly thrown
At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove:
But in his breast stood fixed the fatal bough
Of mistletoe, which Lok the Accuser gave
To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw:
'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.
And all the Gods and all the Heroes came
And stood round Balder on the bloody floor,
Weeping and wailing; and Valhalla rang
Up to its golden roof with sobs and cries:
And on the tables stood the untasted meats,
And in the horns and gold-rimmed skulls the wine:
And now would Night have fallen, and found them yet
Wailing; but otherwise was Odin's will:
And thus the Father of the Ages spake:
"Enough of tears, ye Gods, enough of wail!
Not to lament in was Valhalla made.

If any here might weep for Balder's death
I most might weep, his Father; such a son
I lose to-day, so bright, so loved a God.
But he has met that doom which long ago
The Nornies, when his mother bare him, spun,
And Fate set seal, that so his end must be.
Balder has met his death, and ye survive:
Weep him an hour; but what can grief avail?
For you yourselves, ye Gods, shall meet your doom,
All ye who hear me, and inhabit Heaven,
And I too, Odin too, the Lord of all;
But ours we shall not meet, when that day comes,
With woman's tears and weak, complaining cries—
Why should we meet another's portion so?
Rather it fits you, having wept your hour,
With cold, dry eyes, and hearts composed and stern,
To live, as erst your daily life in Heaven:
By me shall vengeance on the murderer Lok,
The Foe, the Accuser, whom, though Gods, we hate,
Be strictly cared for, in the appointed day.
Meanwhile tomorrow, when the morning dawns,
Bring wood to the sea-shore, to Balder's ship,
And on the deck build high a funeral pile,
And on the top lay Balder's corpse, and put
Fire to the wood, and send him out to sea
To burn; for that is what the dead desire."
So having spoken, the King of Gods arose
And mounted his horse Sleipner, whom he rode,
And from the hall of Heaven he rode away
To Lidskialf, and sate upon his throne,
The Mount, from whence his eye surveys the world.

SHAKESPEARE.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at. Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

Human Life.

What mortal, when he saw,
Life's voyage done, his heavenly Friend,
Could ever yet dare tell him fearlessly:
"I have kept uninfringed my nature's law;
The inly-written chart thou gavest me,
To guide me, I have steer'd by to the end?"

Ah! let us make no claim
On life's incognizable sea,
To too exact a steering of our way;
Let us not fret and fear to miss our aim,
If some fair coast have lured us to make stay,
Or some friend hail'd us to keep company.

Ay! we would each fain drive
At random, and not steer by rule.
Weakness! and worse, weakness bestow'd in vain
Winds from our side the unsuiting consort rive,
We rush by coasts where we had lief remain;
Man cannot, though he would, live chance's fool.

No! as the foaming swath
Of torn-up water, on the main,

Falls heavily away with long-drawn roar
On either side the black deep-furrow'd path
Cut by an onward-labouring vessel's prore,
And never touches the ship-side again;

Even so we leave behind,
As, charter'd by some unknown Powers,
We stem across the sea of life by night,
The joys which were not for our use design'd;—
The friends to whom we had no natural right,
The homes that were not destined to be ours.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882) was born of Italian parentage in London. As an artist he is included with the Pre-Raphaelites, although his pictures do not exemplify entire conformance to their rules. Both in his painting and literary works, a striving to fathom the world of wonder and mystery known to the masters is discernible. The Blessed Damozel is probably familiar to a greater number of people than any of his other poems. Fastidiousness of expression and beauty of diction characterize his literary efforts.

In 1860 he married a beautiful woman whose face he often painted. She was gifted and possessed artistic qualities which proved inspiring to Rossetti. Her untimely death threw him into grief from which he never fully recovered. He died in 1882.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,

Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
  Fell all about my face . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
  The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
  That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
  The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
  She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
  Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
  With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
  Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
  'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
  Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
  Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
  Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
  The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
  Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
  Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
  Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
  The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
  Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now

She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?'

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,

And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st.
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild—
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. I heard her tears.)

Sudden Light.

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our loves restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

The Sea-Limits.

Consider the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible—
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's—it hath
  The mournfulness of ancient life,
  Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
  Its painful pulse is in the sands.
  Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path

Listen alone beside the sea,
  Listen alone among the woods;
  Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
  Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
  Surge and sink back and surge again—
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
  And listen at its lips: they sigh
  The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
  And all mankind is thus at heart
  Not anything but what thou art;
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MINOR EIGHTEENTH CENTURY POETS.

Elizabeth Barrett, born in 1809, began verse-making at a very early age, and her father published a volume of hers when she was but sixteen. The version of "Prometheus Bound," published in 1853, she afterwards pronounced an "early failure," and substituted another. A volume issued in 1838 contained some fine short poems. Though her health was delicate, her life was a studious and happy one up to this time, when the rupture of a blood-vessel brought her to the verge of death. Her elder brother accompanied her to Torquay, and in a few days he was drowned by the capsizing of a sail-boat. Miss Barrett, filled with horror of the place, was taken back to London, and there, in a darkened room, continued her studies and composition. Few friends were admitted, but Robert Browning called to thank her for a graceful compliment to him in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." The acquaintance ripened into intimacy and love. Her health improved, and, though her father strongly objected, she left home and was married to the poet. He took her to Italy, where they resided in Florence. The depth of her love is shown in her poems called "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Her interest in Italian affairs appears in "Casa Guidi Windows." Her longest work is "Aurora Leigh," a kind of versified novel in nine books, describing the life of an educated English lady of the time. She died in June, 1861.

The seclusion of her life, and her fondness for high study, especially of classical poetry, caused her early utterances to seem to come from a remote sphere. She was always too fluent and unrestrained in expression. She was careless about rhymes, and capricious in the use of words. Yet she excels her husband in the intelligibility and singing quality of her verses.

On the other hand, while he has filled his works with studies of numerous characters, her views of human nature are wanting in exactness and variety. The great change wrought by her marriage gave her writings more strength as well as sweetness. Her residence in Italy led her to take a special interest in social and political affairs. But her best work is seen in poems exhibiting tenderness and strong feeling, as in "The Cry of the Children," "Cowper's Grave," and "The Sonnets from the Portuguese."

Sonnet.

My own beloved, who hast lifted me
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,
And in betwixt the languid ringlets, blown
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully
Shines out again, as all the angels see,
Before thy saving kiss! My own, my own,
Who camest to me when the world was gone,
And I who looked for only God, found *thee!*
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.
As one who stands in dewless asphodel,
Looks backward on the tedious time he had
In the upper life—so I, with bosom-swell,
Make witness, here, between the good and bad,
That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves as well.

A Portrait.

I will paint her as I see her.
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,
  Which a trail of golden hair
  Keeps from fading off to air;

And a forehead fair and saintly,
  Which two blue eyes undershine,
  Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child,
  Though too calm, you think, and tender,
  For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,
  Frank, obedient, waiting still
  On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all young things,—
  As young birds, or early wheat
  When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings
  Of loud mirth that scorneth measure,
  Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasure for the rest,
  Which come softly, just as she
  When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,
  In a bower of gentle looks,
  Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,
  As a silver stream may run,
  Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,
  As if drawn from thoughts more far
  Than our common jestings are.

And, if any poet knew her,
  He would sing of her with falls
  Used in lovely madrigals.

And, if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo round the hair.

And, if reader read the poem,
He would whisper, "You have done a
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him
That same picture) would exclaim,
" 'Tis my angel, with a name!"

And a stranger, when he sees her
In the street even, smileth stilly,
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her
Soften, sleeken every word,
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth wheron she passes,
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her!"
Ay, and always, in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth.

The Best Thing in the World.

What's the best thing in the world?
June-rose, by May-dew impearled;
Sweet south wind that means no rain;
Truth, not cruel to a friend;
Pleasure, not in haste to end;
Beauty, not self-decked and curled
Till its pride is over plain;
Light, that never makes you wink;
Memory, that gives no pain;
Love, when, *so*, you're loved again.
What's the best thing in the world?
—Something out of it, I think.

The Romance of the Swan's Nest.

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure;
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward, and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, ay, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!'
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say:
Nathless, maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet;
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting;
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon;
And the second time, a glove:
But the third time I may bend
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run;
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee;
'I am a duke's eldest son,
Thousand serfs do call me master,
But, O love, I love but *thee!*'

"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds.
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops, and stops.
Lo, the wild swan hath deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow;
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

The Cry of the Children.

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
  Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
  And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
  The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
  The young flowers are blowing toward the west:
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
  They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
  In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
  Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his tomorrow
  Which is lost in long ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest;
  The old year is ending in the frost;
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest;
  The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
  Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
  In our happy fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces;
  And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
  Down the cheeks of infancy.
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
  Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary;
  Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children;
  For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without in our bewildering,
  And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time:
Little Alice died last year; her grave is shapen
Like a snowball in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her:
Was no room for any work in the close clay;
From the sleep wherein she lieth, none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries.
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes;
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! They are seeking
Death in life, as best to have.
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city;
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty;
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through.
But they answer, "are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coalshadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine.

"For oh!" say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap:
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow;
For all day we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
'Stop! be silent for to-day.'"

. . . . . .

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom;
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm;
Are worn as if with age, yet retrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap;
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly—
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see.
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O goldheaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

JEAN INGELOW.

JEAN INGELOW was born in 1820 and died in 1897. Her first poems were published in 1850 and the collection best known in 1875.

Possessing greater poetic genius than Felicia Hemans or Letitia Landon, she holds a place prominent in the little circle of English women who wrote poetry in the nineteenth century. As a novelist she was less successful. Directness and simplicity of style characterize her work. Within a rather limited scope her pictures are vivid and reveal a true observance of nature. A certain graceful fancy pervades her poems.

In America Jean Ingelow has been greatly appreciated and a large number of copies of her poems have been in demand.

SONGS OF SEVEN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
  That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one today.

Seven Times Two.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortunes of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover;
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather;
O, children take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring could go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

Seven Times Three.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters grow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee tonight."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover.
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Then e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

Seven Times Four.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall;
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
And dance with the cuckoobuds slender and small:
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's lassies,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups!
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain:
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the house be but narrow"—
Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing in measure,
God that is over us all!

Van Dyck Room.—Windsor Castle.

Wishing.

When I reflect how little I have done,
  And add to that how little I have seen,
Then furthermore how little I have won
  Of joy, or good, how little known, or been;
I long for other life more full, more keen,
  And yearn to change with such as well have run—
Yet reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,
Granted her choice would dare to change with none—
No, not to feel, as Blondel when his lay
  Pierced the strong tower, and Richard answered it—
No, not to do, as Eustace on the day
  He left fair Calais to her weeping fit—
No, not to be,—Columbus, waked from sleep
When his new world rose from the charmed deep.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

William Ernest Henley (1849-1903), poet and critic, was born in Gloucester, England. In 1877 he became the editor of a London magazine; in 1882 he associated himself with the *New Review.* Besides various volumes of verses he wrote several plays. All his life an invalid, he pursued a literary career under conditions that would have been impossible for one of less dogged perseverance and intellectual force. His poem beginning: *A late lark twitters from the quiet sky,* was written upon the death of his sister. The one concluding with the stanza following is perhaps best known:

> It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate:
> I am the captain of my soul.

I.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, grey city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine, and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished, and the long day done,
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

II.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

III.

Crosses and troubles a-many have proved me,
One or two women (God bless them!) have loved me.
I have worked and dreamed, and I've talked at will;
Of art and drink I have had my fill.
I've comforted here and I've succored there.
I've faced my foes, and I've backed my friends;
I've blundered, and sometimes made amends.
I have prayed for light, and I've known despair.

Now I look before, as I look behind,
Come storm, come shine, whatever befall,
With a grateful heart and a constant mind,
For the end I know is the best of all.

IV.

The wind on the wold,
With sea-scents and sea-dreams attended,
Is wine!
The air is gold
In elixir—it takes so the splendid
Sunshine!

O, the larks in the blue!
How the song of them glitters, and glances,
And gleams!
The old music sounds new—
And it's O, the wild Spring, and its chances
And dreams!

There's a lift in the blood—
O, this gracious, and thirsting, and aching
Unrest!
All life's at the bud,
And my heart, full of April, is breaking
My breast.

V.

Friends . . . old friends . . .
One sees how it ends:
A woman looks
Or a man tells lies,
And the pleasant brooks
And the quiet skies
Ruined with brawling
And caterwauling,
Enchant no more
As they did before.
And so it ends with friends.

Friends . . . old friends . . .
And what if it ends?
Shall we dare to shirk
  What we live to learn?
It has done its work,
  It has served its turn;
And, forgive and forget
Or hanker and fret,
We can be no more
As we were before.
When it ends, it ends
With friends.

Friends . . . old friends . . .
So it breaks, so it ends.
There let it rest!
  It has fought and won,
And is still the best
  That either has done.
Each as he stands
The work of its hands,
Which shall be no more
As he was before.
What is it ends
With friends?

CHAPTER XIX.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

ONE of the most popular and powerful of contemporary poets and prose writers, was born in 1865 in India of English parents, and educated partly there and partly in England, though he is not a graduate of any university. Bombay was the city of his birth; his father, John Lockwood Kipling, was principal of the School of Industrial Art at Lahore. After some years of schooling in Devonshire, Rudyard, in 1880, returned to India, and worked as sub-editor of a newspaper in Lahore. Here he learned the art of writing the terse and telling prose which enables him at once to plunge into the heart of his subject, and to keep there throughout. His experience in this respect resembles that of Bret Harte, and the results are also similar; though Kipling is inevitably original —a strong and new force in literature. The subjects he treats are of his own discovering; and his insight into human nature is both broad and deep; he is earnest, straightforward and massive: there is in all he does a rank, masculine flavor, sometimes amounting to brutality, but often admitting the finest and tenderest touches. Nothing seems too high or too low for him to possess a sympathetic comprehension of it; he enters imaginatively even into wild animals in the jungle, and presents us with what we feel are true pictures of their thoughts and instincts. His power of observation is as rapid as that of Dickens, and never betrays him into the exaggerations and caricature of the latter; his style and manner were from the first singularly mature; and the facility with which he familiarizes himself with the nature and details of new subjects is a constant source of surprise to his readers. He passed through America in 1889, writing descriptive letters as he went; and these contain more accurate observation and just comment than any cognate articles that have been published. His novel, "Captains Courageous," deals with the life and character of the New England cod-fishermen, and shows a remarkable command of their character and speech, as well as of the industry in which they are engaged. He seems no less at home with all forms of dialect, English and American, and with the brogue of Irishmen and the broken English of Ger-

mans and Frenchmen; and he represents these in his own way, from the testimony of his own senses. But signal though are these external and obvious merits, they are the least of Kipling's gifts as a writer. He goes to the centre of things; he knows what to say and what to leave unsaid; he always controls his theme; his imagination generates forms which have the hues and substance of truth; his motives are vital and suggestive. In spite of the strength of his effects, he always gives the impression of keeping in reserve more than he has displayed; he never disappoints expectation, but often surpasses it; and nowhere in his work are to be found traces of carelessness or ignorance. His poems are quite as original and powerful as his prose. Such ballads as "Danny Deever," such lyrics as "The Recessional," are surpassed, if at all, only by the best products of the great masters of English song.

THE DERELICT.

I was the staunchest of our fleet
Till the Sea rose beneath our feet
Unheralded, in hatred past all measure.
Into his pits he stamped my crew,
Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw;
Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure.

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still,
Whom now the currents con, the rollers steer—
Lifting forlorn to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky,
Falling afraid lest any keel come near.

Wrenched as the lips of thirst,
Wried, dried, and split and burst,
Bone-bleached my decks, wind-scoured to the graining;
And, jarred at every roll,
The gear that was my soul
Answers the anguish of my beams' complaining.

For life that crammed me full,
Gangs of the prying gull
That shriek and scrabble on the riven hatches.
For roar that dumbed the gale

My hawse-pipes guttering wail,
Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted watches.

Blind in the hot blue ring
Through all my points I swing—
Swing and return to shift the sun anew.
Blind in my well-known sky
I hear the stars go by,
Mocking the prow that can not hold one true!

White on my wasted path
Wave after wave in wrath
Frets 'gainst his fellow, warring where to send me.
Flung forward, heaved aside,
Witless and dazed I bide
The mercy of the comber that shall end me.

North where the bergs careen,
The spray of seas unseen
Smokes round my head and freezes in the falling;
South where the corals breed,
The footless, floating weed
Folds me and fouls me, strake on strake upcrawling.

I that was clean to run
My race against the sun—
Strength on the deep, am bawd to all disaster—
Whipped forth by night to meet
My sister's careless feet,
And with a kiss betray her to my master!

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still—
To him and his, our peoples at their pier:
Lifting in hope to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky;
Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

The Ballad of East and West.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's Judgment Seat;

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
'Is there never a man of all my men that can say where Kamal hides?'
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are,

'At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
'But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,
'So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
'By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai,

'But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
'For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
'There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
'And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen.

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell, and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort hath won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack,

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now if ye can ride.'
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
''Twas only by favour of mine,' quoth he, 'ye rode so long alive:
'There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
'But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.

'If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
'The little jackals that flee so fast, were feasting all in a row:
'If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
'The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly.'

Lightly answered the Colonel's son:—'Do good to bird and beast.
'But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
'If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
'Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.

'They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
'The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
'But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren wait to sup,
'The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn—howl, dog, and call them up!

And if thou thinkest the price be high. in steer and gear and stack,
'Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!'
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and grey wolf meet.

'May I eat dirt if thou has hurt of me in deed or breath;
'What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?'
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'I hold by the blood of my clan:
'Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!'

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and muzzled against his breast,
'We be two strong men,' said Kamal then, 'but she loveth the younger best,
'So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
'My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.'

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he; 'will ye take the mate from a friend?'
'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight; 'a limb for the risk of a limb.
'Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!'

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, 'who leads a troop of the Guides,
'And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

'Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
'Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
'So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
'And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,

'And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
'Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.'
They have looked the other between the eyes, and there they have found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
'Ha' done! ha' done!' said the Colonel's son. 'Put up your steel at your sides!
'Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—tonight 'tis a man of the Guides!'

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the two shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth.

MANDALAY.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"
Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from
Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,
An' her name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,
An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er
where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay.

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,
She'd get 'er little banjo an' she'd sing *"Kullalo-lo!"*
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin my cheek
We uster watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf
afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay.

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the tenyear sodger tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed nothin' else."
No! you won't 'eed nothing else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the
tinkly temple bells!
On the road to Mandalay.

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin' stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! wot *do* they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land!
On the road to Mandalay.

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there ain't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we
went to Mandalay!
Oh, the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

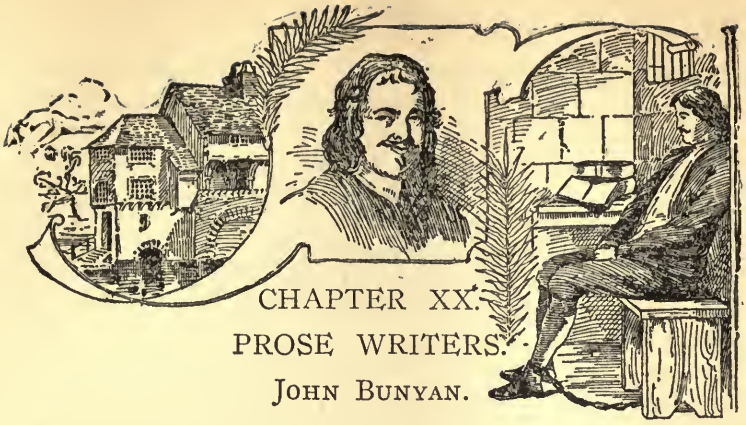
The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.



CHAPTER XX.

PROSE WRITERS.

John Bunyan.

The literary genius of Bunyan has long been obscured by his peculiar fame as a religious writer. His character is largely misunderstood to-day, even by his readers, though the "Pilgrim's Progress" is said to circulate in larger numbers than any book next after the Bible. He was not a tinker, nor a reprobate in youth, nor a fanatical pietist; nor was he twelve years in prison as we understand it, nor did he originate the religious allegory. Bunyan was born in 1628, the son of a plumber, established in a prosperous business, which John carried on for many years in the town of Bedford with marked success. Under religious conviction he took to earnest preaching of Baptist doctrines, against the law suppressing Dissenters. His fervor and homely wit gained him popularity, which was not lessened by the spice of persecution. After five years of this illegal course, he was sentenced for contumacy, yet the agents of the law used every means of persuasion to induce their distinguished prisoner to liberate himself by a simple promise to abstain from preaching.

Bunyan rather chose the jail, in which for twelve years, off and on, he dwelt as a prisoner on parole, preaching regularly to his fellow-prisoners, attending to his business and family affairs, and finding leisure to cultivate literature as it came to him in the form of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," sundry romances of the period, as "Sir Bevis of Hampton," and perhaps versions of allegories like the "Faery Queen." The mediæval French production of Guillaume de Guileville, "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," is thought by some literary investigators to have suggested the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Bunyan regained full freedom under the act of Charles II., of 1671, annulling the penal statutes against Catholics and non-conformists, on which he printed his thanks to the king for the return to toleration. The "Pilgrim's Progress," written mostly in jail, was not printed until 1678, and the second part in 1684, though other of his sixty separate publications had appeared as early as 1650, being mostly sermon-pamphlets. His secular and racy "Life and Death of Mr. Badman," interspersed with preaching, published in 1680, shows his power of laying bare the heart of a debased man of the world, and his perfect acquaintance with the tricks of trade. He combined the duties of a stated ministry with itinerancy during his last years, without neglecting his town business, and died in 1688, leaving his affairs prosperous and well-ordered.

Bunyan's mastery of "the well of English undefiled," is his sure title to fame, quite independently of his theme. Few great writers approach him in clearness, strength, simplicity and humorous suggestion. He knew human nature through and through. His "Pilgrim's Progress" is a portrait gallery in which each character labels itself in the frankest manner, and in words so clear-cut that they are grasped at once by the least literate of any generation or nationality. He did not write the doggerel lines which were so long credited to him. His verse is homely, but true and direct. He has no superior in the use of English at its best, rich because unadorned.

The Pilgrims at Vanity Fair.

They presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long: it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity, and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are;

and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity; and that it should last all the year long. Therefore, at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And, moreover, at this fair there are at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain-row, the French-row, the Italian-row, the Spanish-row, the German-row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair: only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day too; yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities; yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town: yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities:

but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now, these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved; and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons; for,

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools; some, they were bedlams; and some, they were outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan; but they that kept the fair were the men of this world: so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;" and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, said, We buy the truth. At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more, some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last, things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the Great One of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them

asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb? The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let [hinder] them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them, and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the object of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge; the Great One of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But, the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair, that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in angry manner, let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied, that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm: and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak

in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.

WITH serene consciousness of future fame, Bacon nobly said in his will: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and the next ages." No better summary of his literary merits can be made than that of his friend Sir Tobie Matthew, who wrote thus: "A man so rare in knowledge of so many several kinds, endued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all in so elegant, so significant, so abundant, and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors, of allusions, as perhaps the world hath not seen since it was a world." This estimate has been endorsed by each successive generation as regards Bacon's style in the "Essays" and the lighter writings, such as the "New Atlantis." A different, but not less emphatic, stamp of approval has been put upon his contributions to philosophy and science, allowing for defects in his own vast intellectual powers as well as in his character. Burke fairly interprets the judgment of mankind when he asks, "Who is there that upon hearing the name of Lord Bacon does not instantly recognize everything of genius the most profound, everything of literature the most extensive, everything of discovery the most penetrating, everything of observation of human life the most distinguished and refined?" Yet the world will not forget the pithy character given by the satirist Pope when he styles Bacon "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Francis Bacon, afterwards Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, was born in London, January 22, 1561, son of Queen Elizabeth's lord keeper of the seals. His studies at Cambridge satisfied him that the methods of scientific investi-

gation were all wrong. The system as applied to sciences, "many mechanical arts, . . . and even moral and civil philosophy and logic, rises but little above the foundations, and only skims over the varieties and surfaces of things." Hence his advocacy of the inductive method, to which progress owes so much. His philosophic temper brought him into early favor with his seniors, and through his uncle, Lord Burleigh, with the queen. Leaving the university in 1576, he became a law student, and spent some time abroad. His resolve to devote his life to the discovery of truth through study of natural law, and also to serve his country in some public capacity, was early frustrated for a time by the sudden death of his father in 1579, which left Bacon restricted in means. He took up the practice of law, but was under the necessity of borrowing money, a necessity which became a habit, possibly a vice, and it never left him. The powerful Cecils were not of much service to him at first. After his abilities had brought him success, and his parliamentary gifts made him prominent before he was twenty-five, patronage added to his fortune. At thirty Burleigh gave him the reversion of the clerkship to the Star Chamber, though it did not fall vacant till nearly twenty years had lapsed. In 1597 the publication of his "Essays" added to his fame, but political promotion was refused. His order of mind was too radical to suit the temporizing devices of the politicians, who distrusted his principles. They were afraid of their wisest and greatest man of state, and doubted his moral honesty. His share in the religious controversy, and especially his opposition to a measure directed against a certain conspiracy, damaged him as a good patriot in the eyes of the country. These matters and personal enmities militated against his advancement. The quarrel between the queen and Essex led many to blame Bacon for influencing Elizabeth, and for a time his life was in danger from popular violence. After her death he published a statement to allay that prejudice, and claimed the knighthood which his status had earned.

In 1605 Bacon published in English his "Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human." It formed an introduction to the larger work in Latin, which was

issued seventeen years later. By dedicating this to King James he hoped to gain substantial honors, but that realization was deferred. Two years had passed, during which he married, before he was appointed solicitor-general. The king would not act upon Bacon's counsels, coldly wise as they mostly were. It illustrates the fatal weakness which vitiated Bacon's moral nature, that he set about ingratiating himself with the king by complying with the royal whims against which his intellect rebelled. More promotions came in due course, for which he had to pay by such acts of dishonor as conniving at the torture of suspected persons, one a clergyman of seventy, for the purpose of humoring the king's revengeful designs against any who dared to criticise his schemes for extorting money from Parliament. He obtained more promotions and rewards by this lamentable subserviency, including the humiliation of great men who stood in his way. In 1617 Bacon held the lord-keepership, formerly the office of his father, and in 1618 he became lord chancellor, with the peerage. At last no fewer than twenty-eight charges were brought against Bacon for having taken bribes, and for other acts of corruption, to which he pleaded guilty in May, 1621. His confession was in writing, most abject in its completeness. It failed in its object, the remission of penalties, as Bacon was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000, to remain in prison until it was paid, and be forever excluded from office. After four days in the Tower he was set free, and the rest of his life was spent in seclusion and comparative poverty. He busied himself with writing his "History of Henry VII," the "Apothegms," a partial translation of the Psalms, and with the revision of his "Essays." He died in April, 1626.

His great work, the "Instauratio Magna," which includes the "Novum Organum," was left incomplete. Of the value and influence of the sections issued it is superfluous to speak. It has been well said of his accomplishment in this, the worthier fruit of Bacon's strangely checkered life-work, that "it was he above all who gave dignity to the slow and patient processes of investigation, of experiment, of comparison, to the sacrifice of hypothesis to fact, to the single aim after truth, which was to be the law of modern science."

Of Marriage and Single Life.

(From the "Essays," No. VIII.)

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men; which, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Some there are, who, though they lead a single life, yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account future times impertinences; nay, there are some other that account wife and children but as bills of charges; nay more, there are some foolish rich covetous men that take a pride in having no children, because they may be thought so much the richer; for, perhaps, they have heard some talk, "Such an one is a great rich man," and another except to it. "Yea, but he hath a great charge of children;" as if it were an abatement to his riches: but the most ordinary cause of a single life is liberty, especially in certain self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint, as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles.

Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects, for they are light to run away; and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find the generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and children; and I think the despising of marriage among the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base.

Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they may be many times

more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Grave natures, led by custom, and therefore constant, are commonly loving husbands, as was said of Ulysses, "vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati" [he preferred his old woman to immortality]. Chaste women are often proud and froward, as presuming upon the merit of their chastity. It is one of the best bonds, both of chastity and obedience, in the wife, if she think her husband wise; which she will never do if she find him jealous.

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a quarrel [reason] to marry when he will; but yet he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question when a man should marry:—"A young man not yet, an elder man not at all." It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives; whether it be that it raiseth the price of their husband's kindness when it comes, or that the wives take a pride in their patience; but this never fails, if the bad husbands were of their own choosing, against their friends' consent, for then they will be sure to make good their own folly.

Solomon's House.

(From the "New Atlantis.")

Ye shall understand, my dear friends, that amongst the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the pre-eminence. It was the erection and institution of an order or society which we call Solomon's House, the noblest foundation, as we think, that ever was upon the earth, and the lantern of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God. Some think it beareth the founder's name a little corrupted, as if it should be Solomona's House. But the records write it as it is spoken. So as I take it to be denominate of the King of the Hebrews, which is famous with you, and no stranger to us; for we have some parts of his works, which with you are lost; namely, that Natural History which he wrote of all plants, "from the cedar

of Libanus, to the moss that groweth out of the wall," and of all things that have life and motion. This maketh me think that our king, finding himself to symbolize [agree] in many things with that king of the Hebrews which lived many years before him, honored him with the title of this foundation. And I am the rather induced to be of this opinion, for that I find in ancient records this order or society is sometimes called Solomon's House, and sometimes the College of the Six Days' Works; whereby I am satisfied that our excellent king had learned from the Hebrews that God had created the world, and all that therein is, within six days; and therefore he, instituting that house for the finding out of the true nature of all things, whereby God might have the more glory in the workmanship of them, and men the more fruit in the use of them, did give it also that second name.

When the king had forbidden to all his people navigation into any part that was not under his crown, he made nevertheless this ordinance: that every twelve years there should be sent forth, out of this kingdom, two ships appointed to several voyages; that in either of these ships there should be a mission of three of the fellows or brethren of Solomon's House, whose errand was only to give us knowledge of the affairs and state of those countries to which they were designed; and especially of the sciences, arts, manufactures and inventions of all the world; and withal to bring unto us books, instruments and patterns in every kind; that the ships, after they had landed the brethren, should return; and that the brethren should stay abroad till the new mission. These ships are not otherwise fraught than with store of victuals and good quantity of treasure to remain with the brethren, for the buying of such things and rewarding of such persons, as they should think fit. Now, for me to tell you how the vulgar sort of mariners are contained [kept] from being discovered at land; and how they that must be put on shore for any time color themselves under the names of other nations; and to what place these voyages have been designed; and what places of rendezvous are appointed for the new missions, and the like circumstances of the practique, I may not do it; neither is it much to your desire. But thus you see we main-

tain a trade, not for gold, silver, or jewels; not for silks; nor for spices; nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God's first creature, which was light; to have light, I say, of the growth of all parts of the world.

ATALANTA, OR GAIN.

(From "The Wisdom of the Ancients.")

ATALANTA, who was reputed to excel in swiftness, would needs challenge Hippomenes at a match in running. The conditions of the prize were these: that if Hippomenes won the race, he should espouse Atalanta; if he were outrun, that then he should forfeit his life. And in the opinion of all the victory was thought assured of Atalanta's side, being famous as she was for her matchless and inconquerable speed, whereby she had been the bane of many. Hippomenes therefore bethinks him how to deceive her by a trick, and in that regard provides three golden apples or balls, which he purposely carried about him. The race is begun, and Atalanta gets a good start before him. He, seeing himself thus cast behind, being mindful of his device, throws one of his golden balls before her, and yet not outright, but somewhat of the one side, both to make her linger and also to draw her out of the right course; she, out of a womanish desire, being thus enticed with the beauty of the golden apple, leaving her direct race, runs aside and stoops to catch the ball. Hippomenes the while holds on his course, getting thereby a great start, and leaves her behind him; but she, by her own natural swiftness, recovers her lost time and gets before him again. But Hippomenes still continues his sleight, and both the second and third time casts out his balls, those enticing delays; and so by craft, and not by his activity, wins the race and victory.

This fable seems allegorically to demonstrate a notable conflict between art and nature; for art, signified by Atalanta, in its work if it be not letted and hindered, is far more swift than nature, more speedy in pace, and sooner attains the end it aims at, which is manifest almost in every effect; as you may see in fruit trees, whereof those that grow of a kernel are long ere they bear, but such as are grafted on a stock a

great deal sooner. You may see it in clay, which, in the generation of stones, is long ere it becomes hard, but in the burning of bricks is very quickly effected. Also in moral passages you may observe that it is a long time ere, by the benefit of nature, sorrow can be assuaged and comfort attained; whereas philosophy, which is, as it were, art of living, tarries not the leisure of time, but doth it instantly and out of hand; and yet this prerogative and singular agility of art is hindered by certain golden apples, to the infinite prejudice of human proceedings; for there is not any one art or science which constantly perseveres in a true and lawful course, till it come to the proposed end or mark, but ever and anon makes stops after good beginnings, leaves the race, and turns aside to profit and commodity, like Atalanta.

"Declinat cursus, aurumque volubile tollit."

Who doth her course forsake,
The rolling gold doth take.

And therefore it is no wonder that art hath not the power to conquer nature, and by pact or law of conquest to kill and destroy her; but, on the contrary, it falls out that art becomes subject to nature, and yields the obedience as of a wife to her husband.

Of Travel.

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young man travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little.

It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use.

The things to be seen and observed are: the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the

courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours; antiquities and ruins; libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities; armouries, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, burses, warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes, cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go: after all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masques, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected.

If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do: first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long. Nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

Of Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels,

and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth, to use them too much for ornament is affectation, to make judgment only by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience. For natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtile, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend. "Abeunt studia in mores." Nay, there is no stone or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

THE literary partnership between Steele and Addison did much for each of these differently gifted men, and more for literature than either of them perceived. Steele was born in 1672, met Addison as a schoolmate in the Charterhouse, enlisted in the army, and was disinherited in consequence, sought pleasure as a man of the town, and then as a help in reforming himself wrote "The Christian Hero." When his comrades ridiculed him for it, he tried to retrieve his reputation as a gallant by composing comedies. These had fair success, though their moral tone was higher than had been customary on the stage. King William approved them, and in 1707 appointed the author to edit *The Gazette*. This journal was necessarily the dryest of periodicals, until it occurred to Steele to enliven it with items of political news and coffee-room gossip. In imitation of Defoe's *Review* he next issued a paper of his own, and thus the famous *Tatler* was born on April 12, 1709. His pseudonym, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., was borrowed from Swift, and the invaluable aid of Addison made the *Tatler* the mouthpiece of the leading wits, politicians, and social censors of the time. The credit of originating and establishing the new organ belongs solely to Steele, as Addison did not contribute until seventeen numbers had appeared, and wrote only in forty-two of the two hundred and seventy-one numbers that had appeared when Steele's political patrons went out of office, and he lost his appointment. Within two months appeared the *Spectator*, March 1, 1711, projected by Addison. In this Steele wrote the first sketch of Sir Roger de Coverley, but Addison took it up and transformed it from the commonplace into the exquisitely sympathetic and humorous study of

quaint character which still delights all readers. A stamp-tax extinguished the *Spectator*, but its place was filled by the *Guardian*, March, 1713, of which Steele wrote eighty-two and Addison fifty-three numbers, and with its short career ended the journalistic association of the two friends.

Steele was a sympathizer with the Revolution of 1688, and being as versatile as he was unbusinesslike he launched many periodicals, political and social, without regard to probabilities of success. It is interesting to note some of the titles he originated: *The Englishman*, *The Lover*, *The Reader*, *Town Talk*, *Chit Chat*, *The Tea Table*, *The Plebeian* and *The Theatre*. Paine's famous pamphlet during the American Revolution, "The Crisis," was anticipated by the one so named by Steele, which led to his expulsion as a member of Parliament because of its seditious character. After years of struggle with self-inflicted poverty, the death of Queen Anne led to a change in his fortunes; lucrative offices were given him, and he was knighted by King George in 1715. When he was fifty years of age he wrote the best and most successful of his comedies, "The Conscious Lovers." Still money troubles pursued imprudent and generous Steele, so that in 1724 he retired to Wales, where he died in 1729. "His temper," says Macaulay, "was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak." It is no less true that Steele was the first of our entertaining writers (as Thackeray points out) who really seemed to admire and respect principles.

The Spectator's Club.

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or

obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies; but this is looked upon by his friends rather as a matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay and hearty; keeps a good house, both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich; his servants look satisfied; all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is Justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great ability; and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorous father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land,

and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his most intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business they are most of them fit for publication. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in. He has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic; and the time of the play is his hour of business. Exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins. He has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's, as you go in to the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

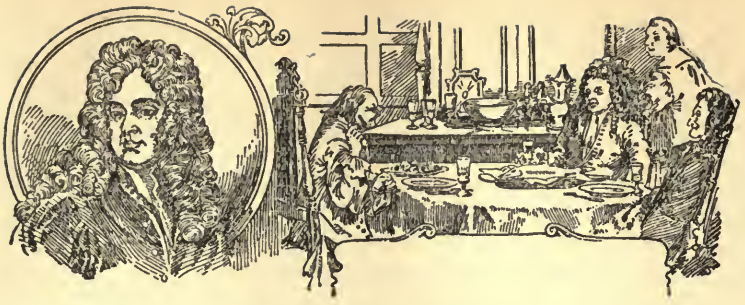
The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man), he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than

valor; and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though, at the same time, I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew Freeport in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but of invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him. Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be

backward in affecting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, Time has made but a very little impression upon him, either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces on his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, or that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered with such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten; another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or blow of the fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one.



JOSEPH ADDISON.

THOUGH the early years of the eighteenth century were not entitled to be regarded as the Augustan age of literature, as claimed, they enjoy the honor of marking the transition from the licentious characteristics of the Restoration period to the purer taste, ethical and literary, which owes so much to the influence of Addison. His standing is not merely that of a poet, nor even of an essayist. In both capacities he has left an enviable record, yet there is a personal quality which towers above the graceful charm of his literary creations; an Addisonian influence, to sum it briefly, which distinctly raised the tone of public writing to the courtly level as to style, and to that of gentlemanliness in spirit. He owed his rise to his poetry, but his fame rests on his dignified yet easy prose.

Addison, born in 1672, came from a clerical stock, and spent his earliest efforts in penning Latin and English verse, beginning with an address of homage to Dryden. This he followed with "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," interesting only as showing how little even educated people then knew or cared about old English poetry. An opportune laudatory ode to the king won him a pension of £300 a year, on which he went traveling on the Continent. The "Poetical Letter from Italy" narrowly escaped being a great poem, and is the most pretentious of all he wrote. "The Campaign," his poem on the victory of Blenheim, has been justly called "a rhymed gazette," yet it won him a political office of emolument as a solace for the stoppage of the pension on the king's death. Addison was now launched on the sea of politics. He became Under-Secretary of State in 1706, entering Parliament in 1708, where he failed as a debater, though he held his seat for life. Next year he went to Ireland as secretary to

the lord-lieutenant, where he met Swift. He wrote but little until his friend Steele brought out *The Tatler*, in 1709, to which Addison contributed largely, and raised its character to the highest pitch of literary excellence. "Never, not even by Dryden, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace and facility." It was by these dainty essays that Addison won Dr. Johnson's hackneyed tribute, counseling, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." *The Tatler* fluctuated in quality and appearance, and *The Spectator* took its place; the pair of friends writing the papers, each in his characteristic vein, the most famous of their creations being "Sir Roger de Coverley," forever the typical "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time." Steele struck the outline, but to Addison the full-length portrait owes its exquisite fidelity and charm. This and the gallery of companion portraits, be it remembered, were produced before the novel had made its appearance.

In the *Tatler*, *Spectator* and *Guardian* the contributions of Addison numbered nearly four hundred, not counting those written in collaboration with Steele. These form the body of his best work. In 1713 his tragedy of "Cato" was produced, its marked success being due to the Whigs, who hailed it as a timely argument for an extension of constitutional freedom. Its merits lie solely in the smooth diction and the loftiness of its moral reflections. Addison's critical articles on Milton are among his strongest essays. After Queen Anne's death, in 1714, Addison accepted another political appointment. His secretary was Tickell, a poet of some note, who published a translation of the "Iliad," disclaiming in his preface any rivalry with that of Pope. Addison had expressed his preference for Tickell's as the more faithful version, which enraged Pope into perpetrating the severe attack on Addison in the well-known lines on "Atticus." In 1716 Addison married the dowager Countess of Warwick, but it proved an unhappy venture. A handsome pension was given him in 1718, but in the next year he died, aged forty-seven, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Despite the moral

weakness which ruined his latter years (over-indulgence being a fashionable vice of the day) Addison lived a pure life in a corrupt age, and his "noble numbers" could not have emanated from a heart untuned to noble aspirations. The favorite hymns, "When all Thy mercies, O my God," and "The Spacious Firmament on high," with the paraphrases of the Psalms, are of themselves no ordinary monument to an exalted poetical taste expressing itself on sublime themes.

A Country Sunday.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship the immortal gods.—*Pythagoras.*

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger [de Coverley], being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave

every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father, do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year, and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

Sir Roger de Coverley in Love.

Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.
—*Virgil.*

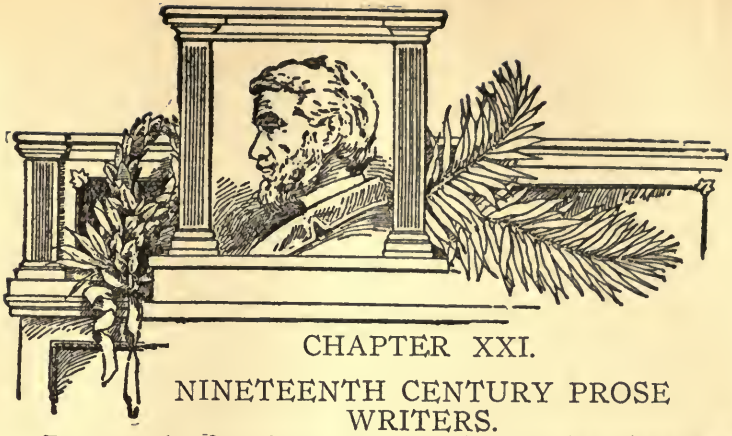
It may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth, which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this

evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year, I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man, who did not think ill of his own person, in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rode well and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me,

a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature, who was born for the destruction of all who beheld her, put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed, like a great surprised booby; and, knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf, as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court, was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.



CHAPTER XXI.

NINETEENTH CENTURY PROSE WRITERS.

During the first forty years of his long life, Carlyle was practically unknown. He was born in a little Scotch village in 1795, the son of poor peasants, with no visible likelihood of ever making himself heard of ten miles beyond his native parish. But there were, it appeared, a brain and a heart in the child, and its parents were able to afford it a grammar-school education; and the boy afterwards attended Edinburgh University, and obviously did not misuse his time there. At the age of twenty he was teaching mathematics in Annan, and two years later was schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy, where began his friendship with young Edward Irving. It was a long journey from the Scotch pedagogue's desk to the primacy of English literature. He determined to become a barrister, and studied law for three or four years, maintaining himself the while by hammering algebra and geometry into hard Scotch heads, and contributing articles to encyclopædias. In 1822, being then twenty-seven years old, the Bullen boys hired him as tutor; and he visited the great world of London and Paris before he was thirty. At this time, all he had written was a Life of Schiller, a translation of Legendre's "Geometry," and a translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." The latter has held its place ever since, but, by itself could not be considered a hopeful basis for a reputation. But the German genius had a strong attraction for Carlyle, and influenced the central years of his life. Some specimens of the works of other German writers, and essays upon German authors, were printed by him about this time; as literature

and criticism they are in some respects among the most agreeable reading that has come from his pen. He did not at that time know the great destiny that awaited him; and he had not yet begun that whimsical, chronic quarrel with the world which grew upon him as his position in the world of letters became dominant. He had faith and enthusiasm, and the power of saying the thing he meant in such phrase as made his reader rejoice. The great new light which came into English literature with Carlyle was already shining in these early essays, with a softer and clearer lustre than in after years, when it was rendered lurid and portentous, sometimes, by the clouds and storms which assailed the giant mind which was its medium.

In 1826 Carlyle married Jane Welsh. Probably the inner life of a married couple has never been more widely published than was that of these two queer and gifted beings, who were greatly averse from publicity of that kind during their lifetime. And it is precisely because the annals of their domestic affairs is so full, that it is still difficult to arrive at any final conclusion upon it. It reads like a rugged and harrowing journey; and yet, for aught we can say, so might the story of any two other nervous and exacting persons, if described with equal minuteness by either of them. It is not improbable that they had quite as much average happiness as do most couples; their ideal was higher and their irritability greater than the ordinary, and their power of giving vivid expression to their thoughts and experiences was certainly far beyond the common. But after all allowances have been made, we cannot affirm that Jane and Thomas were an easy wife and husband to get on with. They kept each other on edge. On the other hand, it seems quite likely that his domestic jars, added to his dyspeptic tendency, may have stimulated Carlyle to write more and more poignantly, than he would otherwise have done. That the two loved and admired each other in the bottom of their hearts is unquestionable.

Seven years after his marriage Carlyle published "Sartor Resartus," and thereby conquered fame among those who know what original thought and literary faculty are. It was a great book to have been written at that time, and it still remains a high and unique example of genius and humor. It

breaks the bonds of Eighteenth Century ideas, and gives us the freedom and perception of the Nineteenth. It is a veiled autobiography of a mind, and shows on its author's part a grasp of the philosophy of creation, and of the meaning of the world, which is attained only by master intellects. No doubt he was somewhat indebted to Goethe; but Carlyle could not help being independent, and though his orbit crossed that of the great German, it never coincided with it. This first work fairly gives the measure of the writer; his "French Revolution," published in 1837 (after having been rewritten, owing to the burning of the first MS. while in the custody of John Stuart Mill), confirmed the promise of "Sartor," and is assuredly a masterpiece of forcible and picturesque narrative, and of marvellous scope and conciseness. Its abrupt and almost fantastic style repels many; but it has many passages of splendid eloquence, and is pervaded by the grim undercurrent of humor which was peculiar to Carlyle. Since the book was written further research and ampler materials have somewhat abated its value as mere history; but its worth as literature is indestructible, and it paints a picture of the great Revolution, and announces a meaning in it, such as is possible only to a mind of Carlyle's synthetic insight.

But it also gives evidence of a curious contrariety in Carlyle's view of the world, which became more accentuated as he grew older. He was a champion of the rights of man, and yet he was a hero-worshipper—a believer in the divine right of great men to rule. The distinction between the common and the superior man seems to him to be one of kind as well as of degree; and this view opposes the best thought of the race. The essential unity of the human race is a truth which did not appeal to him. He fell into contradictions and obscurities, and his mighty force wasted itself in them. He dazzles more than he convinces, and always appears somewhat sensational, in the higher sense of the word. He harangues us with almost fierce earnestness, and calls upon the verities and eternities; but somehow we seem to feel a pose and an unreality beneath it all. Doubtless Carlyle was sincere—he believed in himself; but he may have expended an energy in persuading himself so to believe which might more usefully have been expended in other directions.

The remaining forty years of his literary activity were devoted to biographical writing, and to essays on the questions of the times, usually of a warning or denunciatory character. His "Oliver Cromwell," "John Sterling," and "Frederick the Great" are impressive works; but in reading them for information we must bear in mind the powerful predilections of the writer. In truth, Carlyle's works are more interesting and valuable as portrayals of his own trenchant and singular judgments upon men and life, than as trustworthy pictures of life and men themselves. Even so, his books are an awakening and an educating force of which every intelligent mind should avail itself. Carlyle's career ended sadly; the message which he so strenuously proclaimed failed to win the assent of his generation. Yet he was, upon the whole, the greatest man of letters of his time in England, great even in his errors, and modern thought, without his influence, would have been less independent and honest than it is to-day.

THE ATTACK UPON THE BASTILLE.

(From "The French Revolution.")

ALL morning, since nine, there has been a cry everywhere, "To the Bastille!" Repeated "deputations of citizens" have been here, passionate for arms; whom De Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through port-holes. Towards noon Elector Thuriot de la Rosiére gains admittance; finds De Launay indisposed for surrender; nay, disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements: heaps of paving-stones, old iron, and missiles lie piled: cannon all duly levelled; in every embrasure a cannon—only drawn back a little! But outwards, behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *générale:* the suburb Sainte-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly as one man! Such vision (spectral, yet real) thou, O Thuriot! as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment: prophetic of other phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering spectral realities which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt. "Que voulez-vous?" said De Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace.

"Monsieur," said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, "what mean you? Consider if I could not precipitate both of us from this height"—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon De Launay fell silent.

Woe to thee, De Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, rule circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grape-shot is questionable; but hovering between the two is as questionable. Ever wilder swells the tide of men; their infinite hum waxing ever louder into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry, which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new deputation of citizens (it is the third and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the outer court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, De Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter; which has kindled the too combustible chaos; made it a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire), into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration; and overhead, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grape-shot, go booming, to show what we could do. The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never over nave or felloe did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious; and yet, alas! it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers with their Invalides' musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths still soar

aloft intact: ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its back towards us: the Bastille is still to take!

Work.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that: for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge: a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone." . . .

Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work;—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him, the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful

grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old Graves, with their long mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdom—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, lecturer, essayist, and distinguished art critic, was born in London in 1819, dying the last year in the past century. His father was fond of books, and ample means enabled him to give his son excellent opportunity to cultivate a literary taste manifest from childhood. For years Ruskin spent his summers driving with his parents through England and Scotland, thus cultivating his powers of observance of all natural scenery and beauty. This training developed his love of nature, so evident in his writings. In later years when engaged in critical study of artists and paintings his criterion of judgment was the fidelity each showed in imitating and copying natural objects. One of his favorite sayings was: "Whenever people don't look at nature, they always think they can improve her."

Ruskin was graduated from Oxford and then traveled extensively in France, Switzerland and Italy. The master paintings of Italy held his attention and he gained much by studying them. At this time Turner's unusual paintings were being assailed and in defense of them Ruskin began his "Modern Painters." This work has been declared far greater than the paintings he therein championed.

In 1851 the so-called Pre-Raphaelite movement began, Ruskin taking a deep interest in it—as did also Morris, Rossetti, Swinburne and Burne-Jones. Briefly stated, this was a movement tending to the revival of peculiarities characteristic of early Christian and mediaeval art. Symbolism, so typical of the catacomb paintings; devotion to detail, so true of early Italian painting, these were now revived with other features distinctive of pre-Raphael art. The general public was perplexed and baffled by the result. For any understanding of Burne-Jones' and Rossetti's paintings, some knowledge of the teachings of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood is necessary.

Ruskin's interest in social conditions almost outweighed his absorption in art during his later life. He was filled with dismay as he became better acquainted with the ugliness and barren lot of the laboring people, to whom existence soon re-

duced itself to mechanical drudgery. He realized that present-day ideals are mistaken and that they must radically change before the great body of laboring people can come into their own rightful inheritances. Occupied with prolific writing, a lecturer at Oxford, nevertheless he gave bounteously of his time and vitality in lecturing before working men.

Among his principal works are: Modern Painters, Seven Lamps of Architecture, Stones of Venice, Queen of the Air, Sesame and Lilies and Mornings in Florence.

Many today read Ruskin for his excellent art criticism. This does not mean that in all particulars his ideas have been accepted. On the contrary, in his later life Ruskin himself modified some of his earlier views. Such will always be the case; standards are ever changing and the mind sweeps on, never at rest while life and clear vision remain. Others today read Ruskin because they are lovers of nature and few others have been able to bring mountains before a reader with such ever-varying aspects; few others have so vividly pictured clouds and skies for the ones who learn of them in books rather than glorious panoramas of living light. Most perhaps read Ruskin for his incomparable use of language. He possessed sufficient poetical genius to transmit to his prose a certain lyrical quality. With a mastery of English rarely equalled, his sentences flow on with the musical rhythm of a silvery stream.

Of Queens' Gardens.

It will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The question specially proposed to you in the first, namely, How and What to Read, rose out of a deeper one, which it was my endeavor to yourselves, namely, *Why* to Read. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided

and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly;* conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous. Spectral, that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the "Likeness of a kingly crown have on;" or else tyrannous —that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave this idea with you, I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship; an inevitable and eternal kind, crowned or not: the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others; enabling you, therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word "State;" we have got into a loose way of saying it. It means literally the standing and the stability of a thing; and you have the full force of it in the derived word "statute"—"the immovable thing." A king's majesty or "state," then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both—without tremor, without quiver of balance; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter or overthrow.

Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me further, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned, as "Queens' Gardens."

And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect and virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man; as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave.

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigor and honor, and authority of both.

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help; to appeal to them, when our knowledge and power of thought failed; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point; let us hear the testimony they have left respecting

what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

And first let us take Shakespeare. Note broadly at the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice around him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Caesar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities; Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; The Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in "King Lear," is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless in purpose; Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, all are faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

Then observe secondly.

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman; and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale; nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error: "Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool do with so good a wife?"

In "Romeo and Juliet," the wise and entirely brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In "Winter's Tale," and in "Cymbeline," the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In "Measure for Measure," the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamantine purity of a woman. In "Coriolanus," the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer at last granted, saves him—not, indeed from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child? Of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth? Of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify even when they cannot save.

. . . . . .

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of

the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; each completes the other, and is completed by the other; they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle, and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their places. Her great function is Praise; she enters into no conquest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial; to him, therefore, the failure, the offense, the inevitable error; often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light, shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfills the praise of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always around her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

This, then, I believe to be—will you not admit it to be—the woman's true place and power? But do not you see that to fulfill this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation; wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fall from his side; wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—"La donna è mobile," not "Qual piùm' al vento;" no, nor yet "Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made;" but variable as the *light,* manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power, of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of an education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this is a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The Mountain Glory.

I have dwelt, in the foregoing chapter, on the sadness of the hills with the greater insistence that I feared my own excessive love for them might lead me into too favorable interpretation of their influences over the human heart; or, at least, that the reader might accuse me of fond prejudice, in the con-

clusions to which, finally, I desire to lead him concerning them. For, to myself, mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers, and woods, and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory or reading a pleasant book; and if the scenery be resolutely level, insisting on the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, as in Holland, or Lincolnshire, or Central Lombardy, it appears to me like a prison, and I cannot long endure it. But the slightest rise and fall in the road—a mossy bank at the side of a crag of chalk, with brambles at its brow, overhanging it—a ripple over three or four stones in the stream by the bridge—above all, a wild bit of ferny ground under a fir or two, looking as if, possibly, one might see a hill if one got the other side of the trees, will instantly give me intense delight, because the shadow, or the hope, of the hills is in them.

And, thus, although there are few districts of Northern Europe, however apparently dull or tame, in which I cannot find pleasure, through the whole of Northern France (except Champagne), dull as it seems to most travelers, is to me a perpetual Paradise. . . There is not a wave of the Seine but is associated in my mind with the first rise of the sandstones and forest pines of Fontainebleau; and with the hope of the Alps, as one leaves Paris with the horses' heads to the southwest, the morning sun, flashing on the bright waves of Charenton.

If there be *no* hope or association of this kind, and if I cannot deceive myself into fancying that perhaps at the next rise of the road there may be seen the film of a blue hill in the gleam of sky at the horizon, the landscape, however beautiful, produces in me a kind of sickness and pain; and the whole view from Richmond Hill or Windsor Terrace—nay, the gardens of Alcinous, with their perpetual summer—or of the Hesperides (if they were flat, and not close to Atlas), golden apples and all—I would give away in an instant, for one mossy granite stone a foot broad, and two leaves of lady-fern.

I know that this is in great part idiosyncrasy; and that I must not trust to my own feelings, in this respect, as representative of the modern landscape instinct; yet I know it is not idiosyncrasy, in so far as there may be proved to be indeed an increase of the absolute beauty of all scenery in exact proportion to its mountainous character, providing that character be *healthily* mountainous. I do not mean to take the Col de Bon Homme as representative of hills, any more than I would take Romney Marsh as representative of plains; but putting Leicestershire or Staffordshire fairly beside Westmoreland, and Lombardy or Champagne fairly beside the Pays de Vaud or the Canton Berne, I find the increase in the calculable sum of elements of beauty to be steadily in proportion to the increase of mountainous character; and that the best image which the world can give of Paradise is in the slope of the meadows, orchards, and corn-fields on the sides of a great Alp, with its purple rocks and eternal snows above; this excellence not being in any wise a matter referable to feeling, or individual preferences, but demonstrable by calm enumeration of the number of lovely colors on the rocks, the varied grouping of the trees, and quantity of noble incidents in stream, crag, or cloud, presented to the eye at any given moment.

For consider, first, the difference produced in the whole tone of landscape color by the introductions of purple, violet, and deep ultramarine blue, which we owe to mountains. In an ordinary lowland landscape we have the blue of the sky; the green of grass, which I will suppose (and this is an unnecessary concession to the lowlands) entirely fresh and bright; the green of trees; and certain elements of purple, far more rich and beautiful than we generally should think, in their bark and shadows (bare hedges and thickets, or tops of trees, in subdued afternoon sunshine, are nearly perfect purple, and of an exquisite tone), as well as in ploughed fields, and dark ground in general. But among mountains, in *addition* to all this, large unbroken spaces of pure violet and purple are introduced in their distances; and even near, by films of cloud passing over the darkness of ravines or forests, blues are produced of the most subtle tenderness; these azures and purples passing into rose-color of otherwise wholly unattainable deli-

cacy among the upper summits, the blue of the sky being at the same time purer and deeper than in the plains. Nay, in some sense, a person who has never seen the rose-color of the rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what *tenderness* in color means at all; *bright* tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill-purples he cannot conceive.

Together with this great source of pre-eminence in *mass* of color, we have to estimate the influence of the finished inlaying and enamel-work of the color-jewellery on every stone; and that of the continual variety in species of flower; most of the mountain flowers being, besides, lovelier than the lowland ones. The wood hyacinth and wild rose are, indeed, the only *supreme* flowers that the lowlands can generally show; and the wild rose is also a mountaineer, and more fragrant in the hills, while the wood hyacinth, or grape hyacinth, at its best cannot match even the dark bell-gentian, leaving the light-blue star-gentian in its uncontested queenliness, and the Alpine rose and Highland heather wholly without similitude. The violet, lily of the valley, crocus, and wood anemone are, I suppose, claimable partly by the plains as well as the hills; but the large orange lily and narcissus I have never seen but on hill pastures, and the exquisite oxalis is pre-eminently a mountaineer.

To this supremacy in mosses and flowers we have next to add an inestimable gain in the continual presence and power of water. Neither in its clearness, its color, its fantasy of motion, its calmness of space, depth, and reflection, or its wrath, can water be conceived by a lowlander, out of sight of sea. A sea wave is far grander than any torrent—but of the sea and its influences we are not now speaking; and the sea itself, though it *can* be clear, is never calm, among our shores, in the sense that a mountain lake can be calm. The sea seems only to pause; the mountain lake to sleep, and to dream. Out of sight of the ocean, a lowlander cannot be considered ever to have seen water at all. The mantling of the pools in the rock shadows, with the golden flakes of light sinking down through them like falling leaves, the ringing of the thin currents among the shallows, the flash and the cloud of the cascade, the earth-

quake and foam-fire of the cataract, the long lines of alternate mirror and mist that lull the imagery of the hills reversed in the blue of morning—all these things belong to those hills as their undivided inheritance.

To this supremacy in wave and stream is joined a no less manifest pre-eminence in the character of trees. It is possible among plains, in the species of trees which properly belong to them, the poplars of Amiens, for instance, to obtain a serene simplicity of grace, which, as I said, is a better help to the study of gracefulness, as such, than any of the wilder groupings of the hills; so also, there are certain conditions of symmetrical luxuriance developed in the park and avenue, rarely rivalled in their way among mountains; and yet the mountain superiority in foliage is, on the whole, nearly as complete as it is in water; for exactly as there are some expressions in the broad reaches of a navigable lowland river, such as the Loire or Thames, not, in their way, to be matched in the rock rivers, and yet for all that a lowlander cannot be said to have truly seen the element of water at all; so even in his richest parks and avenues he cannot be said to have truly seen trees. For the resources of trees are not developed until they have difficulty to contend with; neither their tenderness of brotherly love and harmony, till they are forced to choose their ways of various life where there is contracted room for them, talking to each other with their restrained branches. The various action of trees rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand in hand among the difficult slopes, opening in sudden dances round the mossy knolls, gathering into companies at rest among the fragrant fields, gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges—nothing of this can be conceived among the unvexed and unvaried felicities of the lowland forest; while to all these direct sources of greater beauty are added.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

William Morris (1834-1896) was born in Walthamston, England. He was educated at Oxford and later studied art and architecture. In 1863 he started the manufacturing of artistic house decorations. He lectured and wrote on art and the application of it for practical uses. Impressed with the barren lot of the average laborer, Morris made a study of labor and its attendant evils and in time became a socialist. He felt that before it would be possible for the working man to come into his own, the organization of society must change. On this account he lectured more upon socialistic matters than upon art in his later life. In his *Hopes and Fears for Art, The Decorative Arts,* etc., he tried to interest people generally in making their homes more attractive.

William Morris is remembered as the first designer of the Morris chair, making the first one of the type himself. It is hardly necessary to say that there has been a sad degeneracy in Morris chairs, so that many today only slightly resemble the ones made in William Morris' factory.

THE BEAUTY OF LIFE.

I have spoken of the popular arts, but they might all be summed up in that one word Architecture; they are all parts of that great whole, and the art of house-building begins it all: if we did not know how to dye or to weave; if we had neither gold, nor silver, nor silk; and no pigments to paint with, but half-a-dozen ochres and umbers, we might yet frame a worthy art that would lead to everything, if we had but timber, stone, and lime, and a few cutting tools to make these common things not only shelter us from wind and weather, but also express the thoughts and aspirations that stir in us.

Architecture would lead us to all the arts, as it did with earlier men: but if we despise it and take no note of how we are housed, the other arts will have a hard time of it, indeed.

ABBOTSFORD.—HOME OF SCOTT

Now I do not think the greatest of optimists would deny that, taking us one and all, we are at present housed in a perfectly shameful way, and since the greatest part of us have to live in houses already built for us, it must be admitted that it is rather hard to know what to do, beyond waiting till they tumble about our ears.

Only we must not lay the fault upon the builders, as some people seem inclined to do: they are our very humble servants, and will build what we ask for; remember, that rich men are not obliged to live in ugly houses, and yet you see they do; which the builders may be well excused for taking as a sign of what is wanted.

Well, the point is we must do what we can, and make people understand what we want them to do for us, by letting them see what we do for ourselves.

Hitherto, judging us by the standard, the builders may well say, that we want the pretence of a thing rather than the thing itself; that we want a show of petty luxury if we are unrich, a show of insulting stupidity if we are rich: and they are quite clear that as a rule we want to get something that shall look as if it cost twice as much as it really did.

You cannot have Architecture on those terms: simplicity and solidity are the very first requisites of it: just think if it is not so: How we please ourselves with an old building by thinking of all the generations of men that have passed through it! Do we not remember how it has received their joy and borne their sorrow, and not even their folly has left sourness upon it? It still looks as kind to us as it did to them. And the converse of this we ought to feel when we look at a newly-built house if it were as it should be: we should feel a pleasure in thinking how he who had built it had left a piece of his soul behind him to greet the new-comers one after another long and long after he was gone:—but what sentiment can an ordinary modern house move in us, or what thought—save a hope that we may speedily forget its base ugliness?

But if you ask me how we are to pay for this solidity and extra expense, that seems to me a reasonable question; for you must dismiss at once as a delusion the hope that has sometimes been cherished, that you can have a building which is a work of art, and is therefore above all things properly built, at the same price as a building which only pretends to be this: never forget when people talk about cheap art in general, by the way, that all art costs time, trouble, and thought, and that money is only a counter to represent these things.

However, I must try to answer the question I have supposed put, how are we to pay for decent houses?

It seems to me that by a great piece of good luck the way to pay for them, is by doing that which alone can produce popular art among us: living a simple life, I mean. Once more I say that the greatest foe to art is luxury, art cannot live in its atmosphere.

When you hear of the luxuries of the ancients, you must remember that they were not like our luxuries, they were rather indulgence in pieces of extravagant folly than what we today call luxury; which perhaps you would rather call comfort: well, I accept the word, and say that a Greek or Roman of the luxurious time would stare astonished could he be brought back again, and shown the comforts of a well-to-do middle-class house.

But some, I know, think that the attainment of these very comforts is what makes the difference between civilization and uncivilization, that they are the essence of civilization. Is it so, indeed? Farewell my hope then!—I had thought that civilization meant the attainment of peace and order and freedom, of good-will between man and man, of the love of truth, and the hatred of injustice, and by consequence the attainment of the good life which these things breed, a life free from craven fear, but full of incident: that was what I thought it meant, not more stuffed chairs and more cushions, and more carpets and gas, and more dainty meat and drink—and therewithal more and sharper differences between class and class.

If that may be what it is, I for my part wish I were well out of it, and living in a tent in the Persian desert, or a turf hut on the Iceland hillside. But whatever it may be, and I think my view is the true view, I tell you that art abhors that side of civilization, she cannot breathe in the houses that lie under its stuffy slavery.

Believe me if we want art to begin at home, as it must, we must clear out houses of troublesome superfluities that are for ever in our way: conventional comforts that are no real comforts, and do but make work for servants and doctors: if you want a golden rule that will fit everybody, this is it:

"Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful."

And if we apply that rule strictly, we shall in the first place show the builders and such-like servants of the public what we really want, we shall create a demand for real art, as the phrase goes; and in the second place, we shall surely have more money to pay for decent houses.

Perhaps it will not try your patience too much if I lay before you my idea of the fittings necessary to the sitting-room of a healthy person: a room, I mean, which he would not have to cook in much, or sleep in generally, or in which he would not have to do any very litter-making manual work.

First a book-case with a great many books in it: next a table that will keep steady when you write or work at it: then several chairs that you can move, and a bench that you can sit or lie upon: next a cupboard with drawers: next, unless either the book-case or the cupboard be very beautiful with painting or carving, you will want pictures or engravings, such as you can afford, only not stopgaps, but real works of art, on the wall; or else the wall itself must be ornamented with some beautiful and restful pattern: we shall also want a vase or two to put flowers in, which latter you must have sometimes, especially if you live in a town. Then there will be the fire-place of course, which in our climate is bound to be the chief object in the room.

That is all we shall want, especially if the floor be good; if it be not, as, by the way, in a modern house it is pretty certain not to be, I admit that a small carpet which can be bundled out of the room in two minutes will be useful, and we must also take care that it is beautiful, or it will annoy us terribly.

Now, unless we are musical and need a piano (in which case, as far as beauty is concerned, we are in a bad way), that is quite all we want: and we can add very little to these necessaries without troubling ourselves, and hindering our work, our thought, and our rest.

If these things were done at the least cost for which they could be done well and solidly, they ought not to cost much; and they are so few, that those that could afford to have them at all, could afford to spend some trouble to get them fitting and beautiful: and all those who care about art ought to take great trouble to do so, and to take care that there be no sham art amongst them, nothing that it has degraded a man to make or sell. And I feel sure, that if all who care about art were to take this pains, it would make a great impression upon the public.

This simplicity you may make as costly as you please or can, on the other hand: you may hang your walls with tapestry instead of whitewash or paper; or you may cover them with mosaic, or have them frescoed by a great painter; all this is not luxury, if it be done for beauty's sake, and not for show: it does not break our golden rule: *Have nothing in your house which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful.*

All art starts from this simplicity; and the higher the art rises, the greater the simplicity. I have been speaking of the fittings of a dwelling-house; a place in which we eat and drink, and pass familiar hours; but when you come to places which people want to make specially beautiful because of the solemnity or dignity of their uses, they will be simpler still, and have little in them save the bare walls made as beautiful

as may be. St. Mark's at Venice has very little furniture in it, much less than most Roman Catholic churches: its lovely and stately mother, St. Sophia of Constantinople, had still less, even when it was a Christian church: but we need not go either to Venice or Stamboul to take note of that: go into one of our own mighty Gothic naves (do you remember the first time you did so?) and note how the huge free space satisfies and elevates you, even now when window and wall are stripped of ornament: then think of the meaning of simplicity, and absence of encumbering gew-gaws.

Now, after all, for us who are learning art, it is not far to seek what is the surest way to further it: that which most breeds art is art; every piece of work that we do which is well done is so much help to the cause; every piece of pretence and half-heartedness is so much hurt to it; most of you who take to the practice of art can find out in no very long time whether you have any gifts for it or not: if you have not, throw the thing up, or you will have a wretched time of it yourselves, and will be damaging the cause by laborious pretence: but if you have gifts of any kind you are happy indeed beyond most men; for your pleasure is always with you, nor can you be intemperate in the enjoyment of it, and as you use it, it does not lessen, but grows: if you are by chance weary of it at night, you get up in the morning eager for it: or perhaps in the morning it seems folly to you for a while, yet presently, when your hand has been moving a little in its wonted way, fresh hope has sprung up beneath it and you are happy again. While others are getting through the day like plants thrust into the earth, which cannot turn this way or that but as the wind blows them, you know what you want, and your will is on the alert to find it, and you, whatever happens, whether it be joy or grief, are at least alive.

Now, when I spoke to you last year, after I had sat down I was half afraid that I had on some points said too much, that I had spoken too bitterly in my eagerness; that a rash word might have discouraged some of you: I was very far

from meaning that: what I wanted to do, what I want to do to-night is to put definitely before you a cause for which to strive.

That cause is the Democracy of Art, the ennobling of pleasure in the place of fear and pain, as the forces which daily and common work which will one day put hope and move men to labour and keep the world going.

If I have enlisted any one in that cause, rash as my words may have been, they have done more good than harm; nor do I believe that any words of mine can discourage any who have joined that cause or are ready to do so: their way is too clear before them for that, and every one of us can help the cause, whether he be great or little.

I know indeed that men, wearied by the pettiness of the details of the strife, their patience tried by hope deferred, will at whiles, excusably enough, turn back in their hearts to other days, when, if the issues were not clearer, the means of trying them were simpler; when so stirring were the times one might even have atoned for many a blunder and backsliding by visibly dying for the cause: to have breasted the Spanish pikes at Leyden, to have drawn sword with Oliver; that may well seem to us at times amidst the tangles of to-day a happy fate: for a man to be able to say, I have lived like a fool, but now I will cast away fooling for an hour, and die like a man—there is something in that certainly: and yet 'tis clear that few men can be so lucky as to die for a cause, without having first of all lived for it. And as this is the most that can be asked from the greatest man that follows a cause, so it is the least that can be taken from the smallest.

So to us who have a Cause at heart, our highest ambition and our simplest duty are one and the same thing: for the most part we shall be too busy doing the work that lies ready to our hands, to let impatience for visibly great progress vex us much; but surely since we are servants of a Cause, hope must be ever with us, and sometimes perhaps it will so quicken our vision that it will out-run the slow lapse of time, and show us the victorious days when millions of those who now sit in

darkness will be enlightened by an *Art made by the people and for the people, a joy to the maker and the user.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, story-writer, essayist and poet, was born in Edinburg in 1850 and died in the Samoan Islands in 1894. From babyhood he was delicate in health, having a tendency to throat and lung affections. Unfortunately these ailments were not understood at that time and for years the boy was kept shut up in houses, as far from fresh air as it was possible to enclose him. For the nurse, who was tireless in caring for her frail charge, Stevenson always had deepest affection. To her his Child's Garden of Verse was dedicated, for he said she was the only one he knew who would appreciate it. They together in his childhood had enjoyed many of the experiences to which he therein gave verbal expression.

Stevenson's father's family had produced celebrated engineers and it was his wish that his only son should follow the same profession. However, he found it impossible to become interested in lighthouses—the particular branch of engineering in which his relatives had won distinction. Reluctantly his father consented to let him follow his natural bent. Stevenson had one desire: to be able to write well. By dint of perseverance and repeated attempts, he finally gained a masterly command of language. During his mature years he was often conceded to be the greatest word artist in the world.

The later years of his life were spent in a vain search for health. By an out-of-door life he managed to prolong his career a few years. When he died he was living in southern islands, where climatic conditions seemed to be particularly favorable.

In spite of this long struggle for existence there is nothing morbid in the writings of this gifted man. Quite the reverse. As he inherited from his mother this frail constitution, he likewise inherited from her a sunny disposition which refused to look upon the dark side. He found joy everywhere and loved the healthy, wholesome things of life. His best known writings are: Travels with a Donkey, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Treasure Island, Merry Men, and a Child's Garden of Verse.

His sustained courage, resignation to the inevitable fate of

an early death and his habitual cheerfulness are best shown by the lines he himself wrote:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie;
Glad did I live and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
'Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.'"

A Night Among the Pines.

From Bleymard after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozere. An ill-marked stony drove road guided me forward; and I met nearly half a dozen bullock-carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water-tap. "In a more sacred or sequestered bower . . . nor nymph, nor faunus, haunted." The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade: there was no outlook, except north-eastward upon distant hill-tops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed *Modestine,* the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead, monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps a-field. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her

rest, she turns and smiles and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and the houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in this arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighbourhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastile of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stockstill. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see *Modestine* walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we

call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasserades and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not more often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had discovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists; at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And even while I was exulting in my solitude, I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high-road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good-will than grace in his performance; but he trolled with ample lungs; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities; some of them sang; one, I remember, played

loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double: first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.

When I awoke again (Sunday, 29th September), many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glowworm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for *Modestine,* filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked around me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and it set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in someone's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

"Virginibus Puerisque."

Hope, they say, deserts us at no period of our existence. From first to last, and in the face of smarting disillusions, we continue to expect good fortune, better health and better conduct; and that so confidently that we judge it needless to deserve them. I think it improbable that I shall ever write like Shakespeare, conduct an army like Hannibal, or distinguish myself like Marcus Aurelius in the paths of virtue; and yet I have my by-days, hope prompting, when I am very ready to believe that I shall combine all these various excellences in my own person, and go marching down to posterity with divine honours. There is nothing so monstrous but we can believe it of ourselves. About ourselves, about our aspirations and delinquencies, we have dwelt by choice in a delicious vagueness from our boyhood up. No one will have forgotten Tom Sawyer's aspiration, "Ah, if he could only die *temporarily!*" Or, perhaps, better still, the inward resolution of the two pirates, that "so long as they remained in that business, their piracies should not again be sullied with the crime of stealing." Here again we recognize the thoughts of our boyhood; and our boyhood ceased—well, when?—not, I think, at twenty; nor perhaps altogether at twenty-five; nor yet at thirty; and possibly, to be quite frank, we are still in the thick of that arcadian period.

. . The unfading boyishness of hope and its vigorous irrationality are nowhere better displayed than in the questions of conduct. There is a character in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, one *Mr. Linger-after-Lust*, with whom, I fancy, we are all on speaking terms; one famous among the famous for ingenuity of hope up to and beyond the moment of defeat; one who, after eighty years of contrary experience, will believe it possible to continue in the business of piracy and yet avoid the guilt of theft. Every sin is our last; every first of January a remarkable turning point in our career. Any overt act, above all, is felt to be alchemic in its power to change. A drunkard takes the pledge; it will be strange if that does not help him. For how many years did Mr. Pepys continue to make and break his little vows? And yet I have not heard that he was discouraged in the end. By such steps we think to fix a momentary resolution; as a timid fellow hies him to the dentist's while the tooth is stinging.

But, alas, by planting a stake at the top of flood, you can neither prevent nor delay the inevitable ebb. There is no hocus-pocus in morality; and even the "sanctimonious ceremony" of marriage leaves the man unchanged. This is a hard saying, and has an air of paradox. For there is something in marriage so natural and inviting, that the step has an air of great simplicity and ease; it offers to bury forever many aching preoccupations. It is to afford us unfailing and familiar company through life; it opens up a smiling prospect of the blest and passive kind of love, rather than the blessing and active; it is approached not only through the delights of courtship, but by a public performance and repeated signatures. A man naturally thinks it will go hard with him if he cannot be good and fortunate and happy within such august circumvallations.

. . . And goodness in marriage is a more intricate problem than a mere single virtue; for in marriage there are two ideals to be realised. A girl, it is true, has always lived in a glass house among reproving relatives, whose word was law; she has been bred up to sacrifice her judgments and take the key submissively from dear papa; and it is wonderful how swiftly she can change her tune into the husband's. But in

the case of a bachelor who has enjoyed some measure both of privacy and freedom, his moral judgments have been passed in some accordance with his nature. His sins were always sins in his own sight; he could then only sin when he did some act against his clear conviction; the light that he walked by was obscure, but it was single. Now, when two people of any grit and spirit put their fortunes into one, there succeeds to this comparative certainty a huge welter of competing jurisdictions. It no longer matters so much how life appears to one; one must consult another; one, who may be strong, must not offend the other, who is weak. . . .

And yet, when all has been said, the man who should hold back from marriage is in the same case with him who runs away from battle. To avoid an occasion for our virtues is a worse degree of failure than to push forward pluckily and make a fall. It is lawful to pray God that we be not led into temptation; but not lawful to skulk from those that come to us. The noblest passage in one of the noblest books of this century, is where the old pope glories in the trial, nay, in the partial fall and but imperfect triumph, of the younger hero.[1] Without some such manly note, it were perhaps better to have no conscience at all. But there is a vast difference between teaching flight, and showing points of peril that a man may march the more warily. And the true conclusion of this paper is to turn our back on apprehensions, and embrace that shining and courageous virtue, Faith. Hope is the boy, a blind, headlong, pleasant fellow, good to chase swallows with the salt; Faith is the grave, experienced, yet smiling man. Hope lives on ignorance; open-eyed Faith is built upon a knowledge of our life, of the tyranny of circumstance and the frailty of human resolution. Hope looks for unqualified success; but Faith counts certainly on failure, and takes honourable defeat to be a form of victory. Hope is a kind old pagan; but Faith grew up in Christian days, and early learnt humility. In the one temper, a man is indignant that he cannot spring up in a clap to heights of elegance and virtue; in the other, out of a sense of his infirmities, he is filled with confidence because a year has come and gone, and he has still preserved some rags

[1] Browning's *The Ring and the Book.*

of honour. In the first, he expects an angel for a wife; in the last, he knows that she is like himself—erring, thoughtless, and untrue; but like himself, also filled with a struggling radiancy of better things, and adorned with ineffective qualities. You may safely go to school with hope; but ere you marry, should have learned the mingled lesson of the world; that dolls are stuffed with sawdust, and yet are excellent playthings; that hope and love address themselves to a perfection never realised, and yet, firmly held, become the salt and staff of life; that you yourself are compacted of infirmities, perfect, you might say, in imperfection, and yet you have a something in you lovable and worth preserving; and that, while the mass of mankind lies under this scurvy condemnation, you will scarce find one but, by some generous reading, will become to you a lesson, a model, and a noble spouse through life. So thinking, you will constantly support your own unworthiness, and easily forgive the failings of your friend. Nay, you will be wisely glad that you retain the sense of blemishes; for the faults of married people continually spur up each of them, hour by hour, to do better and to meet and love upon a higher ground. And ever, between the failures, there will come glimpses of kind virtues to encourage and console.

CHAPTER I.

General Survey.

The city of Rome spreading over the world invaded Gaul, and that country became thoroughly romanized after the conquest by Julius Caesar, from 58 to 51 B. C. It remained Latin in its civilization, although the Germanic tribe of the Franks had vanquished the Gallo-Romans, and Gaul had become France. Clovis is a Frankish chief at the end of the fifth century, and Charlemagne becomes the successor of the Roman emperors in the year 800. His dynasty is weak in the kingdom of the Occidental Franks, and in 987 Hugh Capet becomes king of France with Paris as his capital. It is the period of feudalism, and we see the proud baron in history and in legend. In the eleventh century appears the "Song of Roland," a beautiful story of devotion to honor, to the fatherland and to religion; and when the spirit of the crusades has carried the French to the Orient we admire in history Philip Augustus, the rival of Richard of the Lion Heart, and Louis IX, the brave and saintly monarch.

During the Middle Ages the kings of France strive to establish their power over the whole country, and for a hundred years they fight to repel the English invasions. Joan of Arc saves the monarchy of Charles VII, and Louis XI frees the country from the domination of the feudal lords. The literature of that period comprises, besides the "Song of Roland," lyric poems, histories, allegories such as the "Romance of the Rose," miracles and mysteries, folk-tales, such as the "Romance

of Renard," moralities, and farces, such as the remarkable "Avocat Pathelin."

The sixteenth century is the age of the Renaissance, and comprises principally the reigns of the last Valois: Francis I, Henry II, and the three sons of the latter. Inspired by the civilization of Italy the French, Latin from the time of Caesar, sought their inspiration in literature from Rome and from Greece, and while Francis and his son were defending their country from the despotism of Charles V and Philip II, the men of letters were producing classic odes and classic tragedies and comedies. Clement Marot was the greatest poet of the time of Francis I, whose sister, the charming Margaret of Navarre, was also a graceful writer.

Of great influence on literature was the "Pléiade," the school of Ronsard, to which belonged also DuBellay. Both wrote charming poems, which we admire in this volume in the translations of Spenser and Andrew Lang. Greater than the poets of the 16th century were the prose writers: Rabelais, with his inimitable "Pantagruel and Gargantua," and Montaigne, the author of the philosophical and profound, although somewhat pessimistic "Essays." In the year 1589 died Henry III, the last of the Valois, and his successor, the first Bourbon, Henry IV, succeeded by his courage, his kindness, his ability, in restoring order and prosperity in the kingdom. During the reign of Louis XIII, Richelieu governed with skill and firmness, and when Louis XIV began his personal reign in 1661 he had sufficient power to make his kingdom, for many years, the most important in Europe. He had a high opinion of his *trade* of king and was laborious and persevering. He may not have been a great man, but he was, without doubt, a great king, for he was always majestic and dignified, energetic and courageous, even in the midst of the greatest misfortunes.

The Seventeenth century, the age of Louis XIV, is known as the classic age of French literature. It is marked by a sense of order, of clearness, of the artistic, and represents the highest point to which rose French tragedy. Corneille, in his sublime plays, gives admirable lessons of energy, and Racine moves us deeply by his perfect verses. Their tragedies are a forceful and accurate study of a human passion, a psychological study of the highest order. Molière, in his comedies, represents human life

with its faults and its virtues, and is the greatest comic writer of all times. La Fontaine writes witty and amusing Fables in most versatile verse; Boileau is the arbiter of taste; Bossuet, the sublime orator; and Mme. de Sévigné presents in her Letters an interesting and correct picture of her times.

The reign of Louis XIV had been often glorious and often unfortunate but never dishonorable. He had increased the boundaries of his kingdom and had placed his grandson on the throne of Spain, in spite of the victories of Marlborough and of Prince Eugene, after Condé, Turenne, and Luxembourg had disappeared. During the reign of Louis XV there were few glorious deeds, and France lost her colonial empire, but never was the influence of her language and of her literature greater than in the eighteenth century. We see then the many-sided Voltaire and the profound Montesquieu, the extraordinary Rousseau, and the great poet Chénier. There are no comedies as true to life as Molière's, but plays which are witty and amusing. The end of the century sees the fall of the monarchy, the upheaval of society, the rise of Bonaparte and a new regime. For nearly fifteen years Napoleon spreads the principles of the Revolution over Europe, and when he falls he leaves on France the imprint of his extraordinary genius. The Bourbons are restored, but are no longer kings by divine right. Louis-Philippe reigns from 1830 to 1848 and is a democratic monarch. There is a republic for four years, then Napoleon III becomes emperor in 1852. He gives for a time to France glory and prosperity, but no liberty, and falls after the terrible defeat of Sedan in 1870. The Third Republic has succeeded the Empire and has given to France forty years of peace and of prosperity.

During the nineteenth century the literature of France was as great as during the seventeenth century. There were Hugo and Lamartine, Vigny and Musset, Balzac and Daudet, Guizot and Thiers, and many other great writers of verse, of comedy, of history, of romance; and to-day the charming poetry of Rostand, the strong dramas of Bataille and Hervieu, indeed works of all kinds testify to the everlasting genius of the French people.

The history of France is that of one monarchy becoming stronger and stronger with the centuries until its destruction by revolutions and the establishment of a democracy. The his-

tory of Italy is very different; it tells of independent states and of diverse forms of government, which disappear with the ages and are succeeded by one strong monarchy.

After the fall of the Roman Empire of the West we see in Italy the Ostrogoths and the Lombards, and the Franks of Charlemagne, and the Normans and the Saracens, and then the government by the cities. In Rome is the Pope who disputes the power of the Emperor of Germany; in Milan are the Viscontis and the Sforzas; in Florence are the Medici, and in Venice are the doges. There is excellence in art and in literature in the sixteenth century, but no political unity, and for many years the French and the Spaniards struggle for supremacy in Italy.

In the seventeenth century the house of Savoy begins its successful career on Italian soil, and to the end of the eighteenth century we see the country ruled, part of it by Spaniards, part by Austrians, part by the Pope, part by Savoy, and part by independent republics or oligarchies. In 1796 Bonaparte begins his wonderful campaigns, and after Marengo, in 1800, Italy forms part of the French Republic which, in 1804, becomes the Empire of Napoleon. Eugene de Beauharnais is vice-roy of Italy, of which the French emperor is the king, and Joseph Bonaparte and then Murat are feudatory kings of Naples.

After the fall of Napoleon the unity of Italy disappears and it is finally accomplished by the house of Savoy with the immense help of Napoleon III and of the French. Victor Emmanuel II becomes king of all Italy in 1870 and establishes his capital in Rome. The Pope loses his temporal power and secludes himself in the Vatican. In 1911 Victor Emmanuel III resides in the Quirinal and reigns over united Italy.

Italian history is interesting but intricate, and Italian literature is so vast that it is best to restrict it to a few great authors and to a few great works, as has been done in this book. The first name which presents itself to us, and which is the greatest in Italian literature and one of the five or six greatest in the literature of the world is that of Dante. Born in 1265, Dante wrote in the dialect of his city and made of the Tuscan dialect the Italian language. His work is sublime and admirable, and we follow him with awe and interest when, guided by Virgil, he explores the regions of Hell, of Purgatory, and of

Paradise, and meets his beloved Beatrice and is conducted to the presence of the "Good Itself." Philosophical, scientific, historical, poetical, the work of Dante is indeed a *Divine* Comedy. It is called a comedy because the poet ends his journey in the presence of God; but it is in reality a tragedy, where we see all the human passions mercilessly exposed. A great lesson is taught, one of courage, of fortitude, of hope. Dante is a great epic poet and is also lyric in some parts of his wonderful work. Petrarch is essentially subjective and therefore lyric, and is a poet of love. His *canzoniere,* inspired by Laura, may be compared with some of the best lyrics of Lamartine, inspired by Elvire. They are charming poems.

In the fourteenth century a contemporary of Petrarch carried Italian prose to perfection. Boccacio wrote his "Decamerone," which is so remarkable for its freshness and variety.

In the fifteenth century we see the epic of Pulci, "Morgante Maggiore," where appears Roland or Orlando, who is also the hero of Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato." The nephew of Charlemagne, the brave knight of the French epic, the "Song of Roland," revives again in the sixteenth century in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." The genius of the poet is rich and luxuriant, and the verse is wonderfully fluent. Greater, however, than the poems in which Roland and Charlemagne perform colossal achievements is Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata." It is a "poem of civilization," and we are carried by it to the Holy Land, where we meet the brave Crusaders, the beautiful and heroic Clorinda and the enchantress Armida.

A great prose writer is Machiavelli, and an interesting one is Benvenuto Cellini. In comedy Goldoni stands highest and has deserved to be called the Molière of Italy, and in tragedy Alfieri is no unworthy rival of Corneille and Racine. In the nineteenth century appeared Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi" ("The Betrothed"), the greatest Italian novel, a work which we read with unabated interest from the beginning to the end. Let us mention Leopardi and Carducci, the poets, and our contemporary, Gabriele d'Annunzio, and we shall end this review of Italian literature, which one may appreciate in the beautiful translations given in this volume of "The World's Progress."

From the time of Caesar and of the Roman empire the Germans excite our admiration and our interest. They are brave

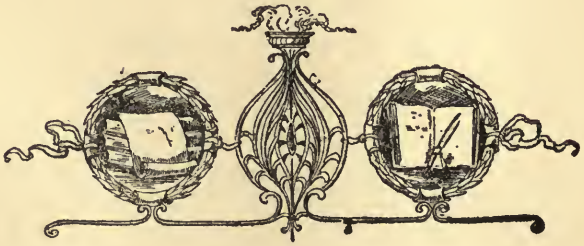
in battle and poetic in disposition, and their legends form the basis of many epics in German and in French literature. The Germanic tribes spread over the empire of the West, and we see them, in the fifth century, in Gaul, in Spain, in Great Britain, and in Italy. Charlemagne, the Frank, is emperor in the ninth century, and his successors claim to be the heirs of the Roman Caesars. However, in spite of their claim to supremacy, the German emperors have no great power, for there is no unity in the country. Nevertheless Frederick Barbarossa interests us greatly and is a hero of romance as well as of history. There are many other important personages in Germany in the Middle Ages, and in the sixteenth century Charles V is the central figure in the history of Europe. The house of Hapsburg is the rival of the house of Valois and of the house of Bourbon, and that rivalry brings about long and disastrous wars.

For many centuries Austria was the dominant power in Germany, but in the eighteenth century Prussia rose to great importance under Frederick II. Napoleon destroyed the German empire at Austerlitz in 1805, and almost annihilated Prussia in 1806; nevertheless all Germany stood against him in 1813, and the attacks of the Germans contributed to the fall of the colossus. Defeated by France in Italy, in 1859, Austria was defeated by Prussia in 1866, and in 1871 the Prussian king was proclaimed German emperor at Versailles, after the French had been vanquished in a terrible war. Germany is now united and has Austria for an ally. William II is a powerful monarch, but he has been peaceful. During his reign the empire has greatly prospered, and it is to be hoped that an enlightened people like the Germans will continue to be at peace with the rest of the world, so as to continue to contribute their share, which has ever been most important, to the civilization of the world.

We have referred briefly to the literature of France and to that of Italy. They are interesting and great, but not more so than German literature. In the Middle Ages we see the rude and powerful "Nibelung Lay," then the graceful poems of Hartmann von Aue; of Wolfram von Eschenbach and of Gottfried von Strassburg, inspired principally by the charming romances of knighthood of Chrétien de Troyes. We notice also the songs of the Minnesingers, the poets of love, and in the sixteenth century we see the poems and the dramas of Hans

Sachs. In the seventeenth century and in the first part of the eighteenth German literature was influenced greatly by French literature, but it became national with Klopstock, the author of the "Messiah." Wieland is also an important writer in the eighteenth century, and having established his residence at Weimar, "he was the first of the group" says Professor Calvin Thomas, "that was to render the little Thuringian city for ever illustrious."

Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm" represents for the first time on the stage and with real art, genuine German life. The "Laocoön" is a great study in art, and "Nathan the Wise" is an admirable plea in favor of religious tolerance. Lessing is somewhat unjust in his criticism of the French tragic writers, but he has the merit of discarding the imitation of the French and of striving after an ideal of his own. Greater than he, however, were the two illustrious friends, Goethe and Schiller. In the book devoted to German literature the lives and works of the two greatest German writers are presented in a very comprehensive manner. We follow with interest the career of Goethe and Schiller at Weimar, and we read with pleasure translations of extracts from their works. How touching is the story of Werther, how philosophical and poetic is Faust, how artistic in her Greek simplicity and grandeur is Iphigenia! In his long life Goethe wrote many great works, and we may well compare him with the five or six greatest poets in the history of the world: Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Calderon, and Hugo. Schiller is probably not as great as Goethe, but he has a noble ideal which he expresses beautifully in his "Maid of Orleans," in his "William Tell," and his other tragedies.



RÉSUMÉ OF FRENCH HISTORY

CHAPTER II.

Formation of France.

THE conquest of Gaul by the Romans began in 121 B. C. Besides modern France, Gaul included what is now Switzerland, Alsace, and Belgium. In other words, it included the territory enclosed by the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Ocean. During the centuries that Roman armies occupied this region and while the inhabiting tribes paid tribute to Rome, those living in the southern part, visited most frequently by traders, became Romanized to some extent while the northern tribes, more remote from immediate influences, remained less affected by Latin civilization.

When Roman armies were recalled to defend Italy and particularly when the defeat of Roman soldiers by the Teutons set in motion Germanic nations, Gaul was invaded by Visigoths, Burgundians, and Franks. In 481 A. D. Clovis was acknowledged chieftain of the Salian Franks. During his leadership he succeeded in overcoming the Visigoths and placing the Burgundians under tribute. Henceforward the Franks were the most powerful nation in the West. Certain parts of later France were not won at this time, however. Brittany was left undisturbed and Aquitaine for centuries remained independent.

Unlike many of the Teutons, the Franks did not destroy the civilization they found already existing. On the contrary there are towns in France today that were founded while Rome

was supreme. The language of the country was not crushed out but survived in a modified form. By adopting the Christian religion, Clovis won the loyalty of earlier Roman subjects to a far greater extent than was usual among conquering Germans.

The Merovingian line of kings ruled for a considerable period. Gradually weakening, they were in time set aside by the Mayors of the Palace, and the Carolingian dynasty followed. By accepting the Christian faith Clovis had won the support of the Papacy, which served his successors in good stead on many occasions.

When the Pope needed assistance against the Lombards, he called upon the king of the Franks; when Pippin wished to win popular sentiment in his favor and have the sanction of the Church for setting aside the weak Merovingian king and taking the crown of the Frankish nation he appealed to the Pope, who returned the desired reply: That he who in fact performed the duties of king should in justice bear the title. Thus during the early history of the Papacy, the Popes and Frankish kings and later, the emperors, extended mutual aid. Only when the Popes began to put forward claims to supremacy over emperors was there conflict between them.

Under Charlemagne the kingdom of the Franks merged into a new empire. This fell apart immediately upon the death of the great king, and after the civil war the whole territory was divided among Charlemagne's three sons by the Treaty of Verdun in 843 A. D.

From the Verdun treaty until the election of Hugh Capet as king of France the condition of the country was deplorable. The land was held in large feudal estates by lords who desired merely to increase each his own power. Indeed, when elected king, Hugh Capet found himself but "first among peers," differing from his vassals only in possessing a kingly title. Fortunately, for more than three hundred years each ruler of the Capetian line was able to leave his crown to a son, thus allowing no occasion for dispute to arise regarding succession. This circumstance did much to strengthen the power of the monarch. Gradually, too, by one means and another, the ruling house managed to gain possession of more territory.

Four events, transpiring under the Capetian kings, aided greatly in consolidating the country: the acquisition of French territory hitherto held in vassalage by English kings; the Crusades; the destruction of the Templars; the winning of the Third Estate to the support of the king rather than the nobles.

It will be remembered that William the Conqueror, who won the battle of Hastings and appropriated the English crown, was already Duke of Normandy. He continued to hold this dukedom as vassal of the French king. When Henry II. became England's ruler, he was possessed of large French holdings, Anjou important among them. By his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine he joined this valuable territory to his own. Naturally the French kings did not look complacently upon the accumulation of so much French territory in the hands of English sovereigns and watched for the first opportunity to lay claim to it. An excellent chance presented itself in the reign of King John, who refused to obey the summons of the king of France to appear before his French peers and answer certain charges against him—one being the murder of his nephew, Arthur. Realizing that popular feeling was against John, at once the French king seized the greater portion of these holdings. By this increase in territory the French ruler's power was considerably augmented and he thus acquired decided advantage over his vassal lords.

As was true of all western European countries, France gained much through contact with the East during the period of the Crusades; in a greater degree than elsewhere popular sympathy was enlisted in the cause of the Christian against the Turk. So far as the expansion of royal power was concerned, most significant was the loss of many feudal lords with the consequent reversion of their estates to the monarch. Of those who set out for the Holy Land, comparatively few returned, and those who lived to come back frequently found themselves ruined. At a time when the growth of royal prestige counted for much, the destruction of a large number of feudal lords proved important.

Philip the Fair brought the Third Estate into prominence to aid him in his struggle against the Papacy. The situation was that Boniface VIII. occupied the Papal chair and laid

urgent claims to the supremacy of the Pope. He even went so far as to forbid ecclesiastical persons from paying taxes levied by lay rulers. Philip summoned the States-General to support him in his position that the king of France was answerable to God alone and that the Pope had no control over temporal matters within his realm. The nobles comprised the First Estate; the clergy, the Second; without the Third Estate—the tradesmen and citizens—the orders would be equally divided. Thus for the first time the Third Estate was given representation.

The suppression of the Order of Knights Templar was also the work of Philip IV. He coveted the vast wealth which this order of knighthood had acquired; upon charges largely false the condemnation of the Pope was secured and upon a certain day Templars were seized everywhere, many of them being put to death. Their property was confiscated and the greater portion of it found its way into royal coffers.

By various means then, some fair, some foul, the Capetian kings exalted the position of the king of France from one differing slightly from that of the feudal lords, to one of security and prestige.

In 1328 the house of Capet was succeeded by the house of Valois. The period of the Mediaeval Valois—to 1498—was occupied for the most part by the Hundred Years' War. The immediate cause of this long drawn out struggle was the invasion of France by Edward III. in support of his claim to the French crown. The actual causes were industrial rivalry and resentment of French assistance rendered Scotland in her war with England. In the development of the French monarchy, the important result of this war was the destruction of French knights on the battle fields of Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt. The king's power increased in proportion as the feudal lords disappeared. To be sure, short-sighted kings created a new nobility which compromised the authority of later rulers; nevertheless the old feudal aristocracy was well nigh exhausted by the English wars. Moreover, danger engendered by a foreign enemy tended to weld the nation together in spite of striking examples of treasonable conduct on the part of certain factions. This new-born feeling

of nationality, fostered still more by the later rivalry with Charles V., marks the beginning of the modern state of France.

During the reign of Louis XI., Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, attempted to make his dukedom independent. Nevertheless, upon his sudden death in battle, the French king, without right or justice, seized a large part of his dominion. Thus again was the state increased in resources and extent. During the same reign the boundary was extended to the Pyrenees.

Danger from England being at an end, for the first time in many years the king of France was free to turn to other concerns. As soon as internal affairs were somewhat adjusted, Charles VIII. set out upon the first of several wars waged by France in Italy for the purpose of extending power and territory. With a wild dream of making France, rather than Germany, the head of the empire and then, intending to gain distinction by undertaking a new crusade into Asia, Charles marched into Italy and in Naples had himself crowned King of Naples, Sicily and Jerusalem. Hostile forces allied against him were soon in pursuit and he could only retreat to France as quickly as possible—his ambitious plan frustrated.

The first half of the sixteenth century was filled with wars made for the sole purpose of crippling the Emperor Charles V. This rivalry with the powerful king of Spain and Austria brought little gain to France, although it unquestionably prevented the emperor from achieving all his ambitions and thus helped to preserve the balance of power—from this time forward a vital interest among European nations. By preserving the balance of power is meant the preventing of any nation acquiring so much territory that the safety of other nations may be endangered. For example, the balance of power was entirely destroyed by the Napoleonic wars, these being waged for the purpose of uniting all Europe into a great empire. By the treaty of 1815 the balance of power was again restored. For years, in recent times, Turkey has been kept alive for the sole object of preventing certain nations from seizing all or part of it; for were this done the balance of power might be destroyed or, at least, threatened.

When attention reverted from foreign to domestic affairs, the Reformation movement, started in Germany and permeat-

ing all Europe, was making itself felt in France. Here as elsewhere an attempt to root it out led to civil wars. The French kings followed a vacillating policy, sometimes persecuting the Huguenots, sometimes granting them temporary protection. They occasionally stooped to base deceptions, most notably the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when a secret uprising of the Catholics, incited by Catherine de Medici, led to the merciless butchery of more than twenty thousand Protestants throughout the realm.

To understand the age of the Reformation in any country, one must take into consideration the attitude of the rulers, who were seldom pious men and rarely struggled to perpetuate doctrines they held sacred. Rather they were actuated by fears for the maintenance of their realms. Nations were young and both rulers and subjects had only begun to realize their possibilities. For centuries there had been one universal Church. Almost as soon as the Reformation movement was started, disunion among the Reformers manifested itself, the hostilities between different sects being quite as intense as between Catholics and Protestants. If people were to split into factions in this way, kings could not see how political unity was to be preserved. They felt that the future welfare of nations hinged upon the crushing out of all new and independent creeds. Long and bloody wars were undertaken for the accomplishment of this purpose; dissenters from the Catholic faith in France were put to death and cruelly persecuted. Large numbers of Huguenots escaped into England, Holland and the colonies, thus depriving the country of skilled workmen whose secrets became the property of their newly adopted lands. Civil wars are always the most bitter. "Face to face with the religious question, men forgot their own nationality, they lost all sense of the real meaning of their actions, they endangered the independence and very existence of France by their mutual antagonisms."

It was finally plain that rulers were battling against irresistable forces. Mind could no longer be held in bondage and freedom of worship became the right of the humblest. The struggle ended in France, as in Germany and England, in liberty to all in the matter of religion.

The period of rivalry in colonization and trade next oc-

cupied the attention and energies of statesmen. In India the fall of a great Mongol empire gave opportunity for outside countries to establish trading posts and gain territory. In America several European countries were making settlements and putting forth claims to wide possessions. For some reason the French failed to hold their own with the English in the matter of colonial expansion. There was always a sentiment against the planting of colonies, many holding that in this way the mother country was weakened. More important was the fact that the government at home was not established upon a solid financial basis and when periods of stress arrived, when quick action and a decisive policy might have turned disaster into victory, conditions at home prevented further outlays, statesmen being absorbed in vital problems, upon the solution of which hung the very existence of the nation.

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.

CHAPTER III.

The House of Bourbon.

In 1589 the Valois kings were followed by the House of Bourbon. This dynasty was destined to become deeply involved with the fortunes of modern European states. Henry of Navarre, or Henry IV., was first of the line. Being leader of the Protestant faction, his accession to the throne was watched with eagerness by the Huguenot party, with consternation by the Catholics who had always been in great majority in France. Opposition was so great to the succession of a Protestant prince that Henry IV. finally conceived it to be his duty to become a Catholic, rather than throw his country once more into civil war. His first act upon being crowned, however, was to issue the Edict of Nantes, whereby the Protestants were given almost the same privileges as the Catholics. This was the first formal recognition of religious toleration in Europe.

Henry IV. was succeeded by his son, Louis XIII. The famous Richelieu ruled as prime minister during his minority. His two objects—to make the king absolute in France and to make Franch supreme in Europe, were later adopted by Louis XIV. By systematic endeavor he deprived the Huguenots of all political power. In foreign affairs he worked to curtail the power of the Austrian House of Hapsburg and to give France leadership in place of Austria.

Grandest of the Bourbons was Louis XIV. He brought into prominence the theory of divine right of kings—promulgated in England by the Stuarts. Indeed no English monarch ever set forth the absolutism of kings and the abject obedience of subjects so forcefully as did Louis XIV.

"Kings are absolute lords; to them belongs naturally the full and free disposal of all the property of their subjects, whether they be churchmen or laymen. . . . For subjects to rise against their prince, however wicked and oppressive he may be, is always infinitely criminal. God, who has given kings to men, has willed that they should be revered as his

INNOCENCE.—MILLAIS.

lieutenants, and has reserved to Himself alone the right to review their conduct. His will is that he who is born a subject should obey without question."

Louis XIV. was but five years old when his father died and to Mazarin was entrusted the management of affairs until his death. He carried out the policy of Richelieu and gave the House of Bourbon power abroad. When Louis was twenty-three years of age Mazarin died, whereupon the king announced to his counsellors that henceforth he should act as his own prime minister. Seldom has a sovereign given such constant attention to details of government as did Louis XIV. With tireless energy he controlled even minute matters which rulers almost invariably entrust to others. To make himself absolute and to make France powerful among the nations were his aims and in both he was successful—at how great a cost it was left for future years to understand.

For several years he adhered to Colbert's peace policy but this at length was abandoned for one of conquest. Four wars were waged for the purpose of extending French borders. The first was made against the Spanish Netherlands, Louis invading this country to substantiate a claim he had made in the name of his wife to territories in it. A Triple Alliance forced him to relinquish this territory, at the same time allowing him to retain a few towns on the border of France which he had seized at the outbreak of hostilities. The second war was made against the Protestant Netherlands, to retaliate for assistance rendered against France in the earlier war, but more particularly because Louis hated everything in connection with Holland—a country that possessed free thought and free government, both abhorred by him. Half of Europe was involved before this war ended. Franche-Comte was ceded to France by the peace treaty.

Before entering upon further plans for conquest, Louis revoked the Edict of Nantes, thereby causing approximately 300,000 Huguenots to escape to other lands. The industrial loss of this emigration told heavily upon the country.

Desiring to precipitate matters so that he might cripple the League of Augsburg—a league brought into being to restrain the ambitious French monarch—Louis laid claim to lands in the Palatinate in behalf of his sister-in-law. Many cities were

laid waste with wanton destruction—Heidelberg and Spires among them. For nearly ten years Europe became a battle ground. The Grand Alliance gradually checked the high-handed policy of Louis; yet, while the close of the war saw nearly all conquered territory returned, he retained several important places, Strassburg among them.

Three years later the Spanish king, Charles II. died, leaving his crown to Louis XIV.'s grandson, Philip. Louis' exclamation: "The Pyrenees no longer exist!" filled Europe with alarm. Spain at this time held extensive colonial possessions, and it was feared that, through Spain, France might build up a strong colonial empire. A new Alliance sprang into being, championing the cause of Charles of Austria for Spanish king. For thirteen years the war of Spanish Succession tore Europe into factions. Marlborough and Prince Eugene won splendid victories for the allies. Finally Charles of Austria was elected emperor, whereupon, by surrendering his claims to the French crown, Philip V. was acknowledged king of Spain.

No other French monarch ever put forth bolder efforts in the cause of colonization than Louis XIV. It was during his reign that French explorers brought the whole Mississippi valley under the domination of France. Unfortunately the same tyranny was exercised over the colonists as over subjects at home and conditions in the New World were little understood by the king.

For years the expenses of war had told sadly upon the nation. For mere personal jealousies, countries had been plunged into long periods of strife. "War had become the pastime of gentlemen." When every energy was being put forth in foreign battle fields, little thought could be expended upon the development of national resources. The people were grievously taxed to defray expenses of wars in which they took no interest—save in the glory of French arms. The court was hopelessly extravagant and the wanton waste of triflers reduced the common people and the peasantry to sore straits. Men of genius were given patronage by the king, and literature of all kinds flourished. Upon the death of the "Great Monarch" his great-grandson was crowned as Louis XV., then a mere child. When he became old enough to reign in his own right Louis was under the influence of Madame de Pom-

padour, whose caprices controlled for many years the destinies of the country and the fate of statesmen. All that had been won by Louis XV.'s illustrious, though selfish, predecessor was soon lost until abroad the name of France shrunk to small importance.

FRANKISH FOOT SOLDIER.

CHAPTER IV.

Causes Leading to the French Revolution.

From early times there had been glaring defects in the organization of the French State. To be sure, the monarch had gathered into his own control the various administrative departments and was no longer hampered by a nobility that could dispute his authority; but from the start the financial system had not been on a stable basis. Although the nobility had ceased to be a political factor they still retained their privileges. One of these was exemption in the main from taxation. So while at least one-fifth of the land of France was owned by the noblesse, they bore little or no part in supporting the government. The clergy likewise were possessed of wide territories—one-third of all France, which was also free from taxation. This threw the burden of public expense upon the common people—the tradespeople, artisans, and peasantry. Nor was this the worst. The taille, a land tax, and the tithe, a church tax, had been inadequate to meet the needs, and duties had been levied upon commodities. Particularly hated was the gabelle, or tax on salt; this was not imposed equally but each province had its own regulation for the gabelle. In one province the duty on salt would amount to little; in a neighboring province, much. Moreover one was obliged to buy his salt in his own province even though it could be bought for much less in the adjoining one. Every householder was required to buy so many pounds annually for each member of his family. Yet this could be used for cooking only and he who would salt his fish or meat for winter use must needs purchase other salt sold for that purpose alone.

To add to the general misery, taxes were farmed out in France. That means that certain individuals would guarantee the government a given amount as the sum total of the yearly tax and proceed to collect as much as possible in addition to that amount—the difference being their gain. Needless to say, these tax gatherers were cruel in their extortions. Yet

this was only a portion of the story, being but the exactions made by the State. The feudal dues were yet to be met.

In England only the eldest son was noble; in France all children of the noblesse were themselves noble. While the protection once provided the peasant by his lord was no longer given, the feudal dues and services were still required. The peasant was still obliged to work so many days each year for his lord as tenure for his holdings; he was still obliged to labor upon the highways so many days as a duty to the State. He must press his grapes in the lord's wine-press and bake his bread in the lord's bake oven, paying toll for each service. Tolls were demanded of him on roads and bridges; he could not even put his produce on the market until his lord's share had been disposed of. The peasant could not kill the rabbits and deer that destroyed his crops nor had he redress when a party of gay nobles came tearing across his fields in pursuit of game, even though the labor of a year might thus be wiped out. The noblesse even went so far as to farm out the administration of justice. In the courts the peasants obtained no justice and it is small wonder that they grew to hate the nobility, who thus lived upon the fruits of their toil, with deep hatred.

Severe drains upon the treasury and consequently upon the people, had reduced the country so that many of the lesser nobles lived in actual poverty; as many as could afford to do so moved to Paris and enjoyed the gay life of the capital, while upon their neglected estates the peasants toiled to supply their luxuries. Among the Churchmen the case was the same; the work was done by the poor curés, while the upper clergy passed profligate lives.

Trade within the State was seriously hampered by internal duties. Custom houses were stationed on the borders of each province and several months were frequently consumed in getting a consignment of goods across France. Industry suffered on this account and many districts fell into decay.

The social conditions gave rise to a class of revolutionary writers, Voltaire first among them. His particular attack was made upon the Church, the abuses of which were flagrant. Rousseau wrote instead on the organization of society and

the rights of man. Such writings set men to agitating the abuses of the times before a revolution was dreamed of.

When Louis XVI. came to the throne in 1774 France was practically bankrupt. There was no money to pay the interest on the national debt and the treasury was empty. The wars of Louis XIV. and the riotous living of Louis XV. had drained the country to the utmost. Louis XVI. called Turgot to his aid. Turgot was a statesman and the reforms he quickly put into operation would ultimately have relieved the situation considerably. He removed restrictions on internal trade and abolished the forced labor upon the highways, paying for this and levying a new land tax on all classes alike to make up for the deficiency. He planned to abolish the gabelle and apportion a new taille which should fall on nobility and clergy as well as common people, but before he had accomplished much the clergy and noblesse and various classes of tax collectors raised such a storm that the king felt obliged to dismiss this able minister. With the dismissal of Turgot the possibility of quiet reorganization of the government with necessary reforms was removed.

In 1776 Necker, an efficient banker, was called to take the place of Turgot. He made loans to relieve the immediate situation. Many of the nobles and particularly the queen disliked Necker and in 1781 he resigned, while Calonne was called to assume control of the finances. His theory was to spend money freely and so establish a reputation for plenty which would strengthen the credit abroad. The king and queen each bought estates they did not care for in accordance with the theory and money was squandered freely. In 1788 Necker was recalled, but in spite of frequent changes of ministers, the resources of the government remained the same.

There was a general feeling that the States-General should be summoned. This representative body of the three orders had not met since early in the seventeenth century. Several generations having elapsed since the last convening of the body, no one knew just how members had been chosen or what formalities preceded their convocation. Towns were asked to search their archives for data concerning the past meetings of the States-General. Heretofore the three orders had deliberated and voted separately. This allowed the privileged orders

to carry their measures against the Third Estate. Now there was much agitation upon the justice of votes being cast by head instead of by order.

The court expected the States-General to levy new taxes to make up the great deficit, and since the people were already taxed to the utmost, this would be so unpopular a measure that all preferred a representative assembly to institute it. It is needless to say that had the king and his advisers been able to see how powerful this body was to become it would not have been convened.

The king, with characteristic indifference, decided that the States-General should meet at Versailles rather than Paris because it would be more convenient for him in view of a hunting party he had planned. On the fifth of May, 1789, representatives of nobility, clergy, and the people assembled, and Louis XVI. and his ministers and attendants, with much pomp, appeared before the delegates. There were three hundred nobles, three hundred clergymen and six hundred representatives of the Third Estate.

The Third Estate had expected that some form of constitutional government would be proposed, that reforms needed throughout the country would be considered and that the old abuses would be corrected. When Necker made an address occupying a couple of hours and yet mentioned none of these issues, the commoners were filled with amazement. At the close of the meeting the king asked the orders to confer separately, then left the hall, followed by the nobles and clergy. Mirabeau, destined to wield great influence among the people, made a rousing appeal to the Third Estate in a pamphlet circulated the following day. The Third Estate refused to begin deliberations until they should be joined by the privileged orders. These continued to meet alone, and for several weeks nothing was accomplished. At length on June 17 the Third Estate declared itself the National Assembly and sent word to the other orders that unless they joined them at once the National Assembly would proceed to business. On June 20, convening as usual for debate, the Third Estate found the hall closed to them, it being stated that preparations were in progress for the king's royal sitting to be held on June 23. Expecting that they would be dissolved, the Third Estate adjourned

to a neighboring tennis court and took the famous Tennis Court Oath: not to disband until they had given France a constitution.

Louis XVI. might even at this time have won the common people to his support but he was lacking in the ability to see a crisis and to act promptly. He appeared before the three orders on June 23, and one of his ministers announced that it was the king's will that the three bodies should meet separately. After Louis XVI had left the hall the Third Estate remained and when an officer asked them to leave one replied that they would do so only at the point of the bayonet. Shortly after the king quietly asked the nobles and clergy to meet with the Third Estate. This was their first great victory—it was not destined to be the last.

Meanwhile the whole country had followed with intense interest the attitude taken by the people's delegates. Their firm stand was applauded everywhere, although the privileged orders condemned it and the court was filled with indignation at the audacity of the people. A spirit of unrest swept over the lower classes, this being by no means quieted when it was known that the king was beginning to collect troops.

On July 11 Louis XVI. dismissed Necker. This minister was very popular for it was believed that he favored reforms favorable to the people. In Paris meetings were held and incendiary speeches made the next day, which happened to be Sunday. With a daring born of the hour the mobs rifled some gun shops and pillaged several baker shops. Realizing that the tradespeople must suffer if this spirit of lawlessness once got started, private citizens immediately armed themselves and patrolled the streets. The next day the National Guard was organized—composed of militiamen from the various districts of Paris in the first instance.

All day July 13 preparations were going on prior to some movement—none knew what. Some said that the crowds were going to Versailles to demand the restoration of Necker to office. Others credited still wilder rumours. On the following day, July 14, the mobs being refused arms at the Bastile, an old prison where a garrison was stationed, they stormed the fortress and took it.

The Bastile had been built as a fortress. In recent times it had been used as a prison, particularly a prison for political offenders. By a system of secret letters, anyone who was deemed unsafe could be imprisoned upon no stipulated charge. Men sometimes spent the greater portion of their lives in confinement without knowing for what they were detained. It was said that the king supplied favorites with these letters signed by himself, so that they might use them against personal enemies. On this account the Bastile was regarded as a menace to liberty, and this association with it doubtless moved the mob on a moment's impulse to make that the object of their pent-up animosity.

When the matter was reported to the king he is said to have exclaimed: "Why, this is a revolt!" "No, sire," his messenger replied, "it is a revolution."

A FRENCH NOBLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.

The Progress of the Revolution.

After the fall of the Bastile on the 14th of July, 1789, uprisings occurred in various parts of the country. Castles were burned, tax collectors were killed and violence manifested itself in a variety of forms.

On the night of August the fourth occurred the so-called Abolition of Privileges, when nobles and clergy vied with each other in the National Assembly in renouncing those rights and privileges which had largely brought about the serious situation. Feudal dues and obligations, fees and tithes were cast aside in a frenzy of excitement. This done, for days the assembly concerned itself in framing a declaration of the Rights of Man. In vain did certain clear-headed individuals entreat the representatives to get speedily about the re-organization of government, and if they must declaim about man's rights, do it at the close, rather than the beginning, of their deliberations, but such wholesome suggestions were lost amid the clamor for equality and liberty. Finally the famous declaration was finished; it set forth that all men were born equal in rights, that they possessed the right of resisting tyranny, that the press should be free and freedom of worship should prevail. Much more was declared, to be sure, but these were the vital rights proclaimed. This done, the work of making a constitution for the country was begun.

The idle of Paris continued to increase in numbers. As always happens during periods of unrest, large numbers congregated in the great centers; bread was scarce and work was not available, all operations having ceased until peace and order should be firmly established. The masses were densely ignorant and those who addressed them, while frequently better informed, were quite willing to excite them to any action, however misdirected. As the hunger grew it was said that if the royal family would but come into Paris from Versailles circumstances would change and food be forthcoming. This

was nonsense, of course. Economic conditions were governing the food supply but it was not to be expected that the thousands of Paris' poor that thronged the streets would divine the true cause of their misery.

On October fifth, thousands of hungry people, many of them coarse, crude fishwomen, set out upon a tramp to Versailles to bring the king to the capital. Heavy rain fell all day and when the long march was made the women were tired, excited by hunger and even more wretched than before. They burst into the hall where the Assembly was in session with the cry: "Bread, bread and less talk!" At midnight Lafayette and his soldiers, 20,000 strong, reached the palace but at daybreak a company of rioters broke into the queen's bed-chamber and riddled the bed with spears. The queen had escaped none too soon. That day the carriage bearing the king, queen and the royal children was escorted to Paris by the mob, crying: "We are bringing the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's boy to Paris." They were taken to the Tuileries and in a few days the Assembly followed, finding quarters in a nearby building that had been used as a royal riding school.

For an understanding of the progress of events during these years one must follow closely the action of the representative body. Indications were given in the Assembly of developments later brought to pass. The composition of the National Assembly was from the first significant. It fell into four general divisions: *the reactionary right,* made up of the mass of nobles and upper clergy; this division had opposed at the start the idea of meeting as one body, and had only tolerated the course of events and waited for the first chance to restore the land to former conditions. *The right center,* not a numerous division but containing men from the three orders, wished to have wealth as the basis of political rights; they desired above all to maintain order and to set aside only the idle noblesse and clergy. The largest division by far was *the left center,* containing the majority of the Third Estate, the lower clergy and some nobles. These men wished for a constitutional government with the king at the head, while power, as in England, was to be centered in the middle class. Finally, *the extreme left* was composed of a few extremists

who believed in a republican form of government, although they did not hope to institute one at this time. In order to secure better organization these men met regularly in an old building belonging to some friars, who were known as the Jacobins because they had been connected with the Church of St. Jacques. This was the beginning of the Jacobin movement. In a comparatively short time Jacobin clubs sprang up in every town of any size and these branch clubs maintained a close communication with the one in Paris. Here questions which had been debated at the Assembly were again debated and, held down by no restraint, the most radical sentiments were freely expressed. There can be no doubt but that the extreme measures of the revolution were mainly due to the influence of these hot-beds of socialism. Liberty of the press allowed journalists to circulate the most revolutionary ideas of these rabid members.

On the 14th of July, 1790, the king and the people assembled on the site of the old Bastile to take an oath to support the new form of government. The people were friendly to the king but their distrust of the queen they never took pains to conceal. For years France had followed a policy of hostility to Austria. For various reasons this relation was changed to one of alliance about 1756 and in 1770 Marie Antoinette, daughter of Maria Theresa, was married to the Dauphin of France, later Louis XVI., to make the alliance stronger. She had never carried the goodwill of the people. for, generally speaking, the new treaty was not popular. Then too, the young princess who grew up at the frivolous court of France did not win popular approval by any discretion in the matter of conduct. She was beautiful and attractive and interested in her own diversions and pleasures, which dominated her after becoming queen.

To have expected that this young woman, removed from her mother's supervision when a mere girl, could realize the true situation in France and act accordingly was absurd. There is little doubt but that she was more sinned against than sinning, but suffice it to note that she continued to make the breach wider between herself and the people. They believed that her influence dominated the king and led him to act against his

better judgment—which was perfectly true. They believed that she hated with all her being every tendency toward popular government, and that was true also. Her attitude in this was not unusual; all strong monarchs had for ages opposed any assertion on the part of the people. The difference was that Marie Antoinette failed to realize the changes that were taking place right in her midst, failed to see that the attitude of the nation was not a mere outbreak which would eventually be put down and the old regime restored, failed to appreciate that she and her royal husband were letting golden opportunities slip by to win the masses to themselves.

At length the Constitution was completed. France was divided into eighty-three departments or provinces and each was to be governed by an elective administrative body. Each department contained a given number of communes, to be governed similarly. The courts were entirely reorganized and many details had been worked out in theory for the administration of the country. To defray the urgent expenses the property of the clergy had been confiscated. This brought great wealth into the treasury.

From the standpoint of the king and queen, affairs were taking a hopeless form. Soon the new legislative assembly, elected in accordance with the newly adopted constitution, would convene. Desiring to regain their lost power, they could only look forward to aid from outside. Many nobles had already fled from France and Marie Antoinette believed that if once the king could securely establish himself, they would flock back to his standards. She also looked to Austria for help. Finding their position intolerable, a flight was planned. Had it not been so clumsily carried out it might have succeeded. As it was, the king felt himself beyond danger too soon and was recognized as he leaned out of the carriage. Instantly the country was alarmed, particularly as a statement was found at the palace explaining his flight by setting forth that the constitution was unsatisfactory in many particulars and indicating that he never had seriously intended to carry out its provisions. The royal family were brought back as prisoners to the Tuileries five days after their departure, their fate being practically sealed. Never again was the king trusted by any considerable part of the people.

The only legislature convened in accordance with the new constitution met the first day of October, 1791. It consisted of 740 representatives, the majority in favor of the revolutionary measures. The Girondists now came into view, the name of the department in which Bordeaux was located —Gironde—being given them because three of the great democratic orators came from this department. One of the first matters demanding attention was war, imminent since the Allies led by Austria were making preparations to invade France. Liberty was so new in France and so dear to the hearts of men that they had little or no tolerance for anything that might in the end deprive them of that liberty. Some felt that the welfare of the country depended upon the provisions of the constitution being carried out in every particular; to this end they wished the king to remain at the head of the government. Others believed that peace and order would never come to France so long as the king lived. For this reason they tried in every way to discredit him. There was no question but that the king and queen awaited anxiously the approach of a foreign army, and that alone was thought by many to be sufficient proof of their treason. The leader of this distrustful faction was Robespierre. The Girondists supported the constitutional government with the king at the head. While a war of words waged between the Girondists and Robespierre, backed by the Jacobins, the Assembly was obliged to make provision for the raising of an army to meet the army of the Allies, already on the march. So slack was the control of government in Paris that on the twentieth of June the mob broke into the Tuileries and for three hours marched through the palace, bullying and insulting the king and more particularly the queen, neither of whom was harmed.

In September, 1792, began the reign of terror in Paris—indeed in all France. Hired assassins were allowed to make the rounds of the prisons, butchering all the inmates. Shortly after the king was declared a traitor and publicly beheaded. For months no one trusted his neighbor and such massacres took place as might have been witnessed in Rome during the civil wars. No one was safe. If by a word or look one

were thought to disapprove of even the most extreme acts he might be summoned before a tribunal of the people where injustice rather than justice was administered. A man's fate was determined before he was heard. The *"law of suspects"* made many liable. Any one who was of noble birth or had held any office before the year 1789, or had any connection of blood or service to an émigré, any one who could not show immediately that he had done something to further the cause of the revolution, any one who was dissatisfied with the course affairs had taken—all these were liable to arrest at any moment.

In recent works bearing upon this period of French history it has been repeatedly pointed out that the earlier habit of viewing the revolution as one great era of bloodshed and slaughter was erroneous. That terrible crimes were committed in the name of liberty, as Madame Roland exclaimed, is indisputable; that mob rule prevailed at certain times with all its attendant slaughter is true. But that was not the *revolution;* the revolution was the complete political change that was brought about in France so effectually that no subsequent reaction was able to reinstate the old régime. This was a tremendous social convulsion and, while marred by much unnecessary crime, should not be identified with the crime itself. With the fall of the king the Girondists soon lost their power, for they had failed to supply an efficient government. Their leaders were summarily dispatched, while the way was left open for Robespierre and his compeers. The guillotine worked busily day and night, till even contemporary journalism grew weary of the bloody scenes and printed a cartoon of Robespierre guillotining the last man.

During this period of confusion the queen was beheaded. Her fate had been evident from the first, for many who loved their country felt bitter toward one who was willing to see it invaded by a foreign army. Each time new proscriptions were begun in Paris they spread into the provinces as well, and terror reigned everywhere. Finally, the Convention outlawed Robespierre and his followers and the reign of terror came to an end.

After a year's trial the constitution of 1791 had been found lacking and now a convention was summoned to frame a

new one. In 1795 its preparation was completed. When once again the mobs began to form for the purpose of gaining the upper hand, the Convention ordered young Napoleon Bonaparte to preserve peace. A volley of shots poured in the midst of the insurgents quelled the uprising, and the first period of the French Revolution was ended.

COSTUME OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

CHAPTER VI.

GOVERNMENT OF THE DIRECTORY—OCTOBER, 1795-NOVEMBER, 1799.

The new constitution ready for trial in 1795 vested the executive power in a Directory—a board of five men. The legislative power was given to the Council of Five Hundred and the Council of Ancients. The Directory inaugurated an aggressive foreign policy for the purpose of spreading abroad those principles already established at home: liberty and equality for men. Monarchies were to be overthrown; monarchs, whether limited or absolute, to be set aside. Republics, providing for government by the people, were to be set up after the example of the French republic.

Everywhere men were full of enthusiasm for the new doctrines, promulgated so successfully by the French at home, and those held down by firm rule felt that the time of deliverance was at hand. Already they had been won to the *ideas* of the revolution, and as Hugo wrote: "An invasion of armies can be resisted; an invasion of ideas cannot be resisted." Because the countries of Europe were ready for it, this revolution spread rapidly. The French armies were hailed as deliverers from oppression.

England and Austria had been the two strong nations to refuse to recognize the new republic; consequently the first efforts were directed against them. Napoleon took part of the army and marched into Italy to strike a blow to Austria. His address to his soldiers before the passage of the Alps is well known. In it he dwelt less upon the grandeur of ideas for which France was fighting than upon the opportunity open for plunder. This was one of the first indications of that Napoleonic spirit which was to transform a noble undertaking, made in behalf of humanity, into something sordid and intensely selfish.

The Austrians suffered repeated defeats and were driven out of Northern Italy, which was organized as the Cisalpine Republic. As Napoleon marched toward Vienna the Em-

peror of Austria sued for peace and the treaty of Campo Formio was negotiated, October, 1797. By this treaty Austria acknowledged the loss of Northern Italy, recognized the Rhine as the eastern boundary of France and ceded the Belgium provinces to the French Republic.

Upon this signal victory Napoleon hastened home, where he was welcomed by such an ovation as recalled the triumph of a Roman general. Nevertheless, members of the Directory could not get the young conqueror out of France too quickly, and proposed that he should now strike a blow at England, suggesting an invasion of the island. Napoleon saw at once what should be done and rapidly indicated a campaign in Egypt, for the purpose of acquiring this territory from the English and interfering with the eastern trade. England would be seriously crippled should she be cut off from the trade of the orient.

In a remarkably short time Napoleon had plunged into Egypt and won the battle of the Pyramids, after which Lower Egypt fell into his control and the trade with the East was effectively controlled. Yet even at the time of triumph, news came that Nelson had won the naval battle of the Nile and had destroyed the French fleet.

In the spring of 1799 the Turks sent an army to re-take Egypt. Thereupon Napoleon took his army into Western Asia and seized Gaza and Jaffa. Acre held out against him. Turning back, in Egypt he again won a great victory.

Meanwhile his generals had been accomplishing considerable in Europe. A republic had been set up at Rome, known as the Tiberine Republic; Switzerland had been converted into the Helvetian Republic; Naples, into the Parthenopean Republic.

Early in 1799 the powers of Europe formed a coalition against France. Italy was quickly recovered. These defeats brought the Directory into disfavor. It was said that Napoleon had been sent away against his judgment; unrest began to manifest itself and the royalists began to talk of a recovered kingdom. Napoleon suddenly appeared in Paris; the Directors accused him of intending to overthrow the government. He, now master of France, drove them from the council chamber, and thus ended the second period of the revolution.

The Consulate—1799-1804.

A fourth constitution was now drawn up, this time vesting the executive power in three consuls, elected for ten years. One was to possess supreme power; the other two were to confer with him. It is needless to say that Napoleon was to be First Consul. France was in name still a republic; in fact it was the kind of republic Rome had been under Augustus Cæsar. Local self-government was abolished and all was made to depend upon the Consul.

Napoleon now wanted peace, but both England and Austria refused to consider it. England was dominated by intense jealousy of the trade thrown in favor of France by the ceding of Austria's Belgian provinces by the treaty of Campo Formio. Having no choice, Napoleon made forced marches to Italy and immediately won back the north, which was again organized as the Cisalpine Republic. On the same day the French army in Egypt surrendered to the English.

By the battle of Marengo, Napoleon's army opened the way to Vienna and the Austrian Emperor was forced to sign the Peace of Lunéville, February, 1801. England shortly made the Peace of Amiens, colonial possessions being the point at issue.

Napoleon then turned his attention to home affairs and brought about many reforms for which he is now remembered. He made overtures to the royalists and 40,000 royal families returned to France. By the Concordat he reconciled the clergy and won the support of the devout Catholic element. Roads were repaired, public buildings erected. Education was carefully supervised and, probably most important of all, the Napoleonic Code was compiled. This was such a systematic arrangement and classification of the laws of the land as had been undertaken long before by Justinian.

In 1802 Napoleon was made Consul for life—that he might the better carry out his policy of reform. Directly after, he created the Legion of Honor, an order brought into being to replace in a way the old feudal aristocracy. Membership therein was based upon distinction won in service, either military or civil. There were many who murmured at the rise of social distinctions, swept away by the revolution.

In 1804 it was discovered that a plot had been formed to assassinate the Consul. With small investigation the Duke of Enghien was seized, it being assumed that the plot was to set him upon the French throne, and after a mock trial he was shot. Public opinion throughout the world was aghast at this outrage and probably nothing Napoleon ever caused to be done brought upon him greater censure.

On May 18, 1804, the Senate decreed that the title of Emperor of the French should be bestowed upon Napoleon, and on December the second he was coronated in Notre Dame. The Pope himself poured the holy oil upon the head of the young ruler, but when he offered to place the crown upon his head, Napoleon took it from him and crowned himself. Much was made of the "revival of the Empire of Charlemagne." The Emperor Napoleon moved into the Tuileries and created a court about him in imitation of true royalty. Within three years, the republics recently created followed the example of France and reverted to monarchies.

From 1804 to 1815 all Europe was engaged in a constant struggle with the "usurping" emperor. In 1803 occurred an event of far greater moment than was then apparent: the sale of Louisiana to the United States for $15,000,000. It was plain that France could not protect it and money was constantly needed.

Now the invasion of England was threatened, but hearing that the combined armies of Austria and Russia were on the march, Napoleon marched directly through Vienna and won the battle of Austerlitz over them both. Successful on land, the French were never able to effect much on the seas, and in 1806 Nelson won his splendid victory at Trafalgar, though it cost his life. This settled any possible invasion of England.

Napoleon had practically stripped Prussia, and Germany lay at his feet. Berlin was entered in triumph. Art treasures were purloined for the French museums, as those in Italy had been before. Russia was so crippled that in 1807 she was obliged to make peace, and by the Treaty of Tilsit became an ally of Napoleon's. Together the Emperor of France and the Czar of Russia met on a raft and discussed a partition of Europe—nay, more, part of Asia as well. Two empires were to be established, as had once been true before.

Napoleon was to be at the head of the Latin Empire—Alexander of the Greek. Prior to this accomplishment, Russia was to win Finland and the Danube territory, which task she forthwith set about.

England was left for Napoleon to subdue and he struck at her commerce. He forbade European countries—now at his mercy—from trading with her. She replied to the Continental Blockade by declaring French vessels or any trading with France prizes of war. Portugal was invaded and Napoleon's brother placed on the Spanish throne. Surely this little man from Corsica was making history during these years.

A dramatic meeting took place between Alexander and Napoleon before he entered upon his Spanish war. It occurred at Erfurt. Very splendid was this occasion when several vassal kings, together with lesser dignitaries and men of genius, did homage to him.[1]

About this time, anxious for an heir to fix the succession, Napoleon divorced Josephine and married Marie Louise of Austria. His hopes were fulfilled when a son was born to him, he being at once given the title: King of Rome.

France, the Netherlands, Austria, Russia, Italy, Germany, Spain and Portugal were now in Napoleon's power. England he never was able to conquer. Yet his tremendous undertakings were becoming a serious drain upon the country. He had raised army after army until only youths remained. The men were almost gone. The "Grand Army," comprising his picked men, were his strength, while new recruits constantly filled up the ranks. Again, Napoleon offended many factions which worked against him. With high-handed action he took the Pope prisoner and held him for three years.

The latter portion of Napoleon's control was filled with wars against states where patriotism was kindled to drive out the foreigner. Very important was the effect upon disunited Germany of a concerted stand to free the land from oppression. It gave rise to the modern German nation.

Finding the trade regulations intolerable, Russia joined the coalition against France. At once Napoleon set out to force this country, as he had already forced others, to his will.

[1] See poem "Napoleon at Gotha", by Bayard Taylor.

The Russians had learned how to fight this general who never lost a battle. After hazarding one engagement, the army began a retreat, laying waste the territory as they went. Napoleon's army found it difficult to obtain supplies. When they reached Moscow in triumph they found the city deserted, and a day or two later it suddenly began to burn, the flames spreading beyond control for several days. Napoleon lingered until fall in this desolate country and then began to retreat, but his delay had been fatal. Two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers lost their lives in the vicissitudes of a Russian winter.

Now the sixth coalition was formed against France. In spite of his terriffic losses, a new army of 300,000 was soon ready. So many different armies fought against Napoleon at the battle of Leipzig that it was called the Battle of the Nations. After three days' fighting, during which both sides lost heavily, the French were defeated. The allies now offered to make peace on the conditions that the natural boundaries of France should be her limits: the Rhine, Alps, Pyrenees. Unfortunately for himself, Napoleon refused the offer. Immediately the armies of the allies moved toward France and soon Paris surrendered to them. Upon the flight of the Emperor, the brother of Louis XVI was invited to the throne as Louis XVIII. He gave certain indications that he intended to largely ignore the fruits of the revolution and the people grew uneasy. Meanwhile Napoleon had been exiled to Elba, an island in the Mediterranean, but suddenly he appeared in France, having eluded his guards. His army went over to him and one by one his generals flocked to his standard. The new king fled and for 100 days Napoleon controlled as before. He offered peace, but no one believed that peace could long exist with him on the throne, therefore the powers made the seventh coalition against him. The defeat of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, settled the matter for all time. The English exiled Napoleon to St. Helena and guarded him during the six years that he lived. These were years of restless planning for the general; he went over his career many times and realized just where he had made fatal moves. To the end, this feature of the case alone appealed to him, and the utter uselessness of years of fighting never seemingly impressed him at all.

The career of Napoleon offers many problems to the stu-

dent. Granted the utter selfishness of his undertakings, there is a fascination surrounding his personality that all feel. When one considers from what he started, how he attained his first strength, against what tremendous obstacles he worked, how many nations contended against him, there is not in all history such a spectacle, and the towering audacity of the man who made and unmade kingdoms, terrorized kings, molded men to his inflexible will and bound his soldiers to himself, startles and amazes us today as we read the story.

A FRENCH DANDY OF 1791.

CHAPTER VII.

France Since the Downfall of Napoleon.

The crowned heads of Europe called a Congress to meet at Vienna in 1815 and readjust the map of Europe. The rights of the people were wholly lost from sight. The one question of importance to the representatives of royalty was how to manipulate matters in a way satisfactory to the princes. To illustrate the total disregard for races and inherent prejudices of the people, Belgium and Holland were thrown together and given to a prince of the House of Orange. The Belgians and Hollanders differed in race, religion and occupations; they had no sympathy with one another. Yet this was not for a moment considered. As nearly as possible, boundaries were set back as they had been before the Napoleonic wars. So far as possible all fruits of the revolution which had started in France and swept over Europe were passed over; rulers would have preferred to have reinstalled the same absolutism that had prevailed before 1795, but they did not wish to precipitate war, and in many cases made a pretense of granting constitutions. In spite of this effort to restore the power of the kings and eliminate the results of the recent struggle, the fact remained, as Lavisse said, that: "The French armies had trampled under foot much rank vegetation, which has never risen again." Equality, popular sovereignty, nationality; these were the three principles which the French revolution had taught the world.

It was at this time, when the desire to wipe out all thought of liberty on the part of subjects absorbed rulers, that the Austrian statesman Metternich came into prominence. "Let nothing be changed," was his watchword. No Stuart or Bourbon could have conceived a more complete expression of their theories than he invariably promulgated. He held that it was presumptuous in the people to attempt any part in the government and insisted that confusion alone could result from such a condition. Metternich belonged to the past; he represented the old order of things and failed to see that they could

never be permanently revived. His personal strength and force, however, enabled monarchs to reinstate their control for a time. Russia and Spain still maintain the well-nigh absolute rule re-established in 1815. Save in the countries ruled by Turkey, it has elsewhere been shaken off.

Louis XVIII returned to Paris after the exile of Napoleon. He granted the people a constitution and endeavored to rule reasonably and well. He succeeded in the main during the early part of his administration, but as he grew older he grew more arbitrary. In 1824 he was succeeded by Charles X, who had learned nothing whatever by the history of the past century. He ignored the social upheaval of recent times and disregarded the constitution. He made new laws, changed others and carried affairs with a high hand. His censorship of the press was too much for the free thought of Paris. The people revolted and the king took passage for England. No attempt was made on this occasion to abolish the monarchy and institute a republic. Instead, Louis Philippe, a member of the Bourbon family, yet one possessed of democratic tendencies, was offered the crown. A new constitution was prepared. Whereas Louis XVIII had styled himself "King of France by the grace of God," the new constitution read "King of France by the grace of God and by the will of the nation."

Thus the "Revolution of 1830" was accomplished with little bloodshed. It reminded men of the English revolution of 1688, when James II had been quietly replaced by William and Mary. Like the revolution of 1789, it spread over Europe and gave crowned heads intense anxiety. In the Netherlands it accomplished the disunion of Holland and Belgium, which have since continued along separate paths.

While the reign of Louis Philippe was by no means peaceful, still it was not marked by important happenings. The personality of the man was not such as would command the admiration of the people generally. Whether powerful or not, a king should at least be kingly, which Louis Philippe was incapable of being under most favorable circumstances. The growing element which demanded a free government made him the butt of many crude jests. Thiers said: "The king reigns but does not govern." Suffrage was limited by prop-

erty qualification and each year the petition was made for a wider extension of the rights of citizenship. In 1848 these culminated in an uprising of the people. Louis Philippe fled to England and the people made a bonfire of the throne. A second republic was established immediately, with Louis Napoleon, nephew of the great Napoleon, elected as president. By a *coup d'etat* in 1852 he made himself emperor, taking the title Napoleon III. The French people were strongly attached to him, and foreign powers tolerated this bold stroke of statecraft because they feared to stir up Europe to what might easily become a menacing condition.

Napoleon III launched upon a series of foreign wars, the Crimean and the Austro-Sardinian among them.

In 1870 the growing strength of Germany caused jealousy on the part of France; on slight pretext hostilities began between the two countries, the Germans glad of a chance to redeem their humiliating defeats encountered with Napoleon. While Emperor Napoleon did not desire to fight, the popular cry of his people compelled it and the French plunged in, firmly expecting victory everywhere. To their consternation, the Fatherland poured its soldiers forth in immense armies. Half a million Germans invaded the land, and French troops were forced to surrender. On they marched to Paris, which underwent a siege for three months and then was obliged to capitulate. The terms Germany imposed were very heavy: Alsace and half of Lorraine surrendered and approximately $1,000,000,000 indemnity, portions of French territory to be occupied until the indemnity was paid. No nation ever worked more earnestly than did France to discharge this hated war fine. Thus ended the Franco-Prussian war.

The period since 1870, while apparently unimportant in French history, has been the time of preparation for what was to come. It is illuminating to read again, in the light of recent events, the tales of changing ministries, struggles with monarchists, red revolutionists and clerics, political intrigues and scandals, which made up the story of the period. For here, in a welter of facts and circumstances which have seemed irrelevant heretofore, is to be found the true secret of that sublime France which rose in 1914 to a martyrdom which saved the world.

France has, of all countries of modern times, fought longest and most valiantly for liberty. Not only foes without, but foes within, have delayed her progress. Much that England had accomplished with the downfall of the Stuarts, what America achieved in the few brief years of the Revolution in the way of political freedom, France has fought for from the days of Catherine de Medici to now, in a struggle so involved that few could discover the thread of the main issue in the gorgeous and terrible fabric of her history. Certain liberties were achieved in a greater degree at an earlier day in England, largely by reason of two facts: first, that the British Isles were farther from the seat of world power at Rome; second, because the English, being essentially a sea-going people, as all Islanders are, early developed the resources of foreign trade.

France, on the other hand, depended more upon her own resources. She developed manufactures, trades and arts to a high degree, cultivated her soil and produced very largely her own wealth. The struggle of life in such a country narrows down to one, for possession of the riches which the land produces. Autocracies spring up to fatten on the people; parties develop and embrace opposite views with the idea of fighting each for the possession of the other's goods and lands. This was the real issue, in fact back of most of the so-called religious wars between Catholics and Huguenots in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; for while a sincere enough difference existed between the followers of these faiths, the leaders were not infrequently bent upon obtaining power and wealth; and the unscrupulous of smaller calibre, with the same ends in view, helped fan the flames of civil strife. To relieve this strain monarchs resorted to schemes of conquest with varying fortunes until the awakening conscience and intelligence of the people let loose the avalanche of the Revolution, which, gaining fury and momentum, swept away alike the evil and the good of the old systems, to establish, for a brief period, a bloody and unstable republic.

Following this came Napoleon, emperor by the force of natural gifts, whose victorious campaigns held the nation at his side, dazzled by the glory it might achieve with such a leader. The restoration of the Bourbons in the person of Louis

XVIII, whose reign extended less than ten years, the revolution of 1830, the eighteen-year reign of Louis Phillipe, all led up to the revolution of 1848 and the short-lived second republic under Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte who, after being elected president for a term of ten years, brought the republic to an end in 1852 by having himself proclaimed emperor.

Following the time-honored policy of monarchs whose domains adjoin other countries on several sides, the new emperor formed alliances and engaged in wars designed to increase his territory and thereby his power and prestige with his own people. In his alliance with England in the Crimean war, and with Italy against Austria, he was successful, adding to France the provinces of Savoy and Nice. His attempt to establish Maximilian in Mexico as emperor was a failure and his quarrel with the Hohenzollerns, which, through the duplicity of Bismarck, resulted in the Franco-Prussian war, plunged both him and his people into disaster.

The underlying cause of this war was the general suspicion of each nation toward the other, the ambition of Prussia to supplant France as a world power of first importance, and unify the German states in one empire as the result of a successful war of aggression. The cunning of Bismarck sought to bring the declaration of war from Napoleon III, and his diplomacy, backed by the thorough organization of the army under von Moltke, attained practically every objective sought by Prussia. German victory was proclaimed at Versailles and France weakened and impoverished. Her true place as a world power, however, depended upon her genius and her spirit, and no one could deprive her of her sovereignty in the kingdom of the world's thought. The Franco-Prussian war was indeed a tragedy; yet, with all its crushing defeats, humiliation and indemnities, this struggle, which cost France Alsace and Lorraine, nevertheless resulted in a moral gain, the greatest ever made by this mercurial yet magnificent people.

The establishment of the third republic was, in itself, a thing worthy the struggle and the loss entailed. The crushing of the commune, whose bloody ten weeks in 1821 threatened the stability of the central government, had, however, achieved another moral victory for the land of Gaül in definitely estab-

lishing the fact once and for all that "Paris is not France." For it was rural France that saved the day when the unstable but brilliant capital went mad with red revolution, and it has been this power of the people of the soil that helped sustain the government through the reconstruction period and prepare the nation for its stand in this last great fight for liberty. It was the common people of the republic, too, who raised the war debt, the funds being subscribed by popular investment in government bonds of small denomination instead of by borrowing from foreign bankers. Here the famed thrift of the middle class and the peasantry asserted itself as a great national asset, enabling France to liquidate the indemnity of five milliards of francs, or about one billion dollars, in less than two years. This cleared her soil of the hated German soldiery remaining to insure the payment of the debt, and left her free to heal the wounds of war and gather strength for the day of retributive reckoning when her lost lands in Alsace and Lorraine should be restored to her.

The great names of the last phase of the Franco-Prussian war and the first years of the third republic are those of Thiers and Gambetta, men fired with zeal for their country and gifted with an unusual capacity for directing governmental affairs. Both of these men had opposed the steps that helped bring on the Franco-Prussian war; and, having failed to prevent that disastrous struggle, both, after the fall of Napoleon, strove valiantly to keep together the national forces and bring victory out of defeat.

Gambetta will be remembered as the man who, as minister of the interior under the government, formed for national defense in 1870, escaped from beleaguered Paris in a balloon, and, taking up his headquarters at Tours, organized a determined defense against the Germanic invader. He held various offices in the short-lived ministries which succeeded the war, and in 1881, as premier, proposed such sweeping reforms as to bring about his own defeat and force his resignation.

Thiers was an old man at the close of the war, being in his seventy-fifth year; nevertheless he proved to be the man of the hour. As chief of the executive power in 1871 it had been his

painful duty to assist in the drawing up of that humiliating peace treaty which lost Alsace and Lorraine and assessed the five milliards of francs. He it was who suppressed the commune and maintained the new government against all obstacles. Under his wise management the great war indemnity was paid, and yet his downfall from popular favor came as a result of his declaring himself for the republic as a definitive form of government for France.

Indeed, it is surprising that the definite establishment of the republic should have taken so long in its accomplishment. Yet one must remember that the monarchists, consisting of the Legitimists and the Bonapartists, and the Red Republicans, were continually threatening a sane and sensible republicanism, and to their power that of the church was often added. But for the jealousies between the Legitimists and the Bonapartists republicanism might have been lost forever. These foes of free government often incited or combined with the Reds to gain their ends, so that between monarchy and anarchy the republic had much with which to contend.

These struggles have resulted in the prosecution and banishment of the Bourbons and Bonaparte princes from time to time when some crisis showed them as menaces. They have, however, been allowed to return and much insolence has been tolerated from them during periods of leniency. The church, ever favorable to monarchy, often threw its influence against the cause of the republic, so that it is little short of a marvel that France should have been able to maintain a middle course and conduct a free and intelligent government favorable to the best interests and development of her people.

The expulsion of the Jesuits, the regulation of all churches and religious societies to conform with state laws, and the placing of education entirely under the supervision of the minister of public instruction are among the reforms that strengthened the French republic. These reforms are all the more surprising in view of the fact that France is very largely Catholic. That people who remain loyal to the old faith as a matter of conscience should still be sufficiently clear-thinking to abolish special privileges to its established organization, deprive it of political power and maintain free and nonsectarian

education, is, to say the least, amazing. It speaks volumes for that incisive quality of French perception, that remorseless logic which characterizes the Gallic mind despite the emotional excitability of the Latin temperament. Perhaps in this connection we might pay a tribute to the iconoclasts and agnostics who, in France as elsewhere, have done so much for freedom of thought and conscience.

Another phase of French politics, since 1871, which is at first sight amusing and incomprehensible to the minds of English-speaking people, is the rapid formation and dissolution of ministries, which, during the whole history of the third republic, have not averaged a year's duration.

The French republican constitution, as established in 1875, provides for a legislative authority composed of two chambers in the National Assembly. The Chamber of Deputies, consisting of five hundred eighty-four members, chosen to represent the arrondissements in the various departments, somewhat corresponds to our House of Representatives. Its members are elected for four years by universal suffrage. The Senate consists of three hundred members, forty years of age or over, and elected by special bodies of delegates for a period of nine years, one third retiring every three years.

The head of the government is, as with us, the president, elected by a majority of votes of the members of the two chambers and holding office for seven years. Under him, with the premier at their head, are eleven ministers corresponding somewhat to our presidential cabinet, these being appointed and privileged, even expected, to resign in the face of any election where returns show a general disagreement of the public with their policies. To us the formation of a new cabinet every few months would, indeed, seem a sign of instability. Political philosophers, however, regard this constant reorganization of the ministry as a sign rather of mobility and see in it the closest approach yet made to securing a government which responds almost instantly to the will of the people as expressed at the polls or through other agencies for registering public opinion.

The premiers of France occupy the public attention and have played a part in French history scarcely secondary to that

of her presidents, it being their duty to form the ministry which carries on the government in an executive capacity.

The presidents of the Republic of France, under the third republic, have been as follows: The great Thiers till 1873; MacMahon from 1873 to 1879, when he resigned; Grevy from 1879 to 1887, who, though re-elected in 1886, was forced to resign on account of the scandals in which his son-in-law had become involved; Sadi-Carnot succeeded him, but was stabbed by an Italian anarchist while attending the exposition at Lyons in 1894; Casimir-Perier was elected to succeed the martyred president, but resigned the next year, to be followed by Faure who died in 1899. Then came Emile Loubet, 1877-1906, Falliers from 1906 to 1913, and next, the great war president, Poincare, elected to the office the year before the outbreak of hostilities. It will thus be seen that only four presidents under the third republic have completed a full term or more. The forced resignation of four of them has no parallel in our history and indicates more clearly than anything else the difference in temperament of the world's two greatest republics. Evidently, with the language, we have inherited a little of the English abhorrence of change, an inclination to take our institution seriously and proceed with extreme caution.

The impetuosity of the French, however no doubt serves a good end, for a hopelessly incompetent or dangerous executive can at least be gotten rid of with dispatch. The popular hero and demagogue have proven a detriment and danger here as in all republics, ancient and modern. General Boulanger had his day, a dashing soldier and a public idol, denouncing the government roundly for all manner of abuses. He was, however, himself convicted of embezzlement, treason and conspiracy in 1879, and ended in exile and suicide—a character difficult to analyze or comprehend, yet ever dramatic and picturesque. This indeed often is one characteristic of French public men, a dramatic quality, lacking with us in martyrs and rogues alike.

Our political scandals are almost invariably matters of money; while theirs usually involved the misleading of public sentiment or some element of personal romance. Gambetta, shot by a jealous mistress; Boulanger, disgraced and exiled, ending his own life on his sweetheart's grave; Captain Drey-

fus, deprived of his rank, convicted of treason on perjured evidence and confined in an iron cage in the tropic sun on Devil's Island for four years until the subsequent scandal revealed the Austrian-born Major Esterhazy as the betrayer of French military secrets to Germany; the anti-Jewish demonstration; the espousal by Zola of Dreyfus' cause, his vindication and the disgrace and suicide of Esterhazy,—what passionate human dramas they all are!

French political rogues indeed are by far more picturesque if no more villainous than the plain and unromantic breed of grafters who chiefly afflict our republican institutions. *"Cher chez la femme"* is a usual enough formula for unraveling many of the political stir-ups in that country, whereas in our own it is merely necessary to look for the graft. However, even such scandals as the Caillaux case no more throw discredit upon the French republic than do congressional investigations cast upon ours. In each case it is a bringing to light of abuses and to justice of scoundrels, which, under an autocracy, would find the encouragement and protection of special prerogatives. That is scandal in a republic which is the sport of a prince in a monarchy, and that is graft which is a noble's legitimate revenue.

One cannot but remark, in passing, the freedom of English politics from either graft or treason. This can perhaps be accounted for upon two grounds: the special privileges long accorded the hereditary nobility, and the tendency of the common Englishman to play always according to the rules, worship convention, laws and ideals. Republics are not established by conservatives, and the peoples thereof tend toward iconoclasm, a submitting of all questions to reason, a lack of reverence for authority, an appreciation of opportunism, and an overemphasis on personal liberty. To achieve morality and honesty on a basis of pure reason requires a great mind and a far-seeing one. The average mind requires principles, rules and regulations, conventions, ideals and superstitions to keep it within bounds. This perhaps explains why all republics produce, side by side, the greatest, purest statesmen and the meanest and most corrupt of politicians. It shows too why the highest possible degree of general education is essential to the successful

maintenance of a republic. When everyone is wise enough to see that honesty is not only the best but the only policy the perfect republic will be established.

In this respect France has, since 1870, pursued the wisest course possible, for French education, in all its branches, has long been taken under the special cognizance of the State. A minister of public instruction is one of the high dignitaries of the government. Education is free and compulsory, the public schools being entirely under the charge of laymen. The educational establishments are classed as primary, secondary and superior, with the university embracing the faculties of colleges all over France at its head.

Religion also is taken under the cognizance of the State, falling within the province of a special minister. All forms of religion are placed upon an equal footing by the State which deals impartially with all by paying salaries to their ministers, only concerning itself to know that the creed is not openly subversive of social order or morals.

Another official of the French whom we may envy them is a minister of fine arts. When may we have a department of fine and decorative art in our cabinet with a secretary of art at its head? Ever the cradle of the arts, France, since 1879, has maintained her ancient supremacy. To her the entire civilized world looks for design in all things elegant. What her studios and small shops produce in the way of exquisite individual creations the factories of Germany have imitated and brought out in large quantities and cheaper make for general consumption, after the élite have enjoyed the originals, as novelties of the latest fashion. She is the wizard of exquisite textiles, notably silks and laces, the great inspirer of new modes in gowns, millinery and jewelry. To her we look for taste in all things from cookery to fine art. Her vineyards produce the rarest wines, her literature the rarest wit, her artists are the world's masters in painting and sculpture.

In France, during this period, the pace was set by Paris for world's fairs, that of 1889 being the most gorgeous and exquisite event of the kind which the old earth had to that time ever witnessed, the inspiration for our own Columbian Exposition and of the various events of the kind which have since

been staged in our largest cities. The exposition of 1900 was likewise a success and the mark to be recorded in the annals of such displays.

This period witnessed also the passing of the Barbizon painters and the attainment of their greatest fame. It saw the rise and fall of the school of Bouguereau, the contest for recognition by the Impressionists and the development of the stupendous gifts of the sculptor Rodin.

In music it has given us Gounod, Saint Saens, Massanet, Du Bois, Alexander Guilmant, Charles Marie Widor, Cecile Chaminade, Vincent Dindy, Faure, Charpentier, Pierne and deBussy. In literature Hugo, Jules Verne, the younger Dumas, Zola, Daudet, Bourget, Loti, Rostand, Anatole France, Leconte de Lisle, Donnay and Bergson are names that shed lustre on the period. It has coyered the triumphant career of Madame Bernhardt, Coquelin, Rejane, Monnet and Fully on the stage, and of Patti, Jean and Edouard de Reske, Muratore and Dalmores in opera.

The years since 1870 have been a constant struggle for individual and national improvement, even the low birth rate which so alarmed scientists and statesmen merely betokening a higher state of civilization and an awakened family conscience which forbade the bringing into the world of children who could not be properly cared for and educated. This resulted in raising the standard of the French race mentally, physically and financially, thus enabling France to take that active place in world affairs to which she is so justly entitled.

CHAPTER VIII.

German Unity.

The story of German unity, accomplished in the last half century, involves the story of the rise and progress of Prussia.

The word *Prussia* has been derived from *Borussi,* the name of a Lithuanian tribe that once inhabited a region along the Baltic, east of the Vistula, in the kingdom of Poland. In the thirteenth century Teutonic Knights conquered these uncivilized people, and in time the district became largely German. In 1611 Prussia, as it was now called, was united with Brandenburg. This union paved the way for future increase of territory, but the state was not yet important. Frederick William came to the direction of affairs in 1640 and gave particular attention to the establishment of an army. Later his son, Frederick III, wished to assume the title of King of Prussia. In order to gain the permission of the Emperor to this end he promised to aid the imperial cause in the war of Spanish Succession. By this agreement he remained Elector of Brandenburg and became King of Prussia.

Frederick William I, son of Prussia's first king, is remembered as a man of eccentric habits, possessed of a violent temper and a mania for tall soldiers. His country failing to supply a sufficient number of giants, he sent far and wide for them. Accumulating them at great pains and cost, he took care that they should not be exposed to danger. Judging from the writings of his daughter, one is led to believe that Frederick William I. was not always rational, and was at best brutal and erratic. Nevertheless he contributed a share in the upbuilding of a future power. A full treasury and a well disciplined army were left to his son, Frederick II, often called Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great acted with a high hand in foreign affairs. His first affront was to plan with Russia for the dismemberment of Poland. When Charles VI. died, having

exacted solemn promises from the powers to respect the rights of his daughter, Maria Theresa, Frederick was the first to march an army into Silesia, regardless of his father's pledge. This was simple robbery, yet by the treaty that settled the war of Austrian Succession he was left in possession of this slice of Austrian land. By a second partition of Poland. Prussia gained control of the Vistula trade. By levying heavy toll upon it, a considerable revenue was raised.

Utterly unscrupulous in foreign relations, at home Frederick ruled according to another moral code. By a series of internal improvements he facilitated commerce and easy communication. Posing in the light of a poet, he gathered around his court men of gift and merit. Voltaire was long his ideal in the realm of literature, and he persuaded him to come to the Prussian court. However, as might have been expected, the friendship between the two was not lasting. Systematic plans, passed on from father to son, resulted in the rapid growth of the new kingdom, and when Frederick the Great died in 1786 Prussia had become the equal of Austria.

For generations there had been efforts made to make Austria the nucleus around which German unity might be built up. These efforts had uniformly failed. Now it was slowly becoming apparent that Prussia might also serve as a center around which the various states could bind themselves together. Austria was firmly Catholic; Prussia was Protestant. That fact alone was to prove significant in the unification of Germany.

Napoleon's victories during the period of foreign wars for personal aggrandizement brought deep humiliation to the German states. Austrian troops melted away before him. Twice the way opened for his soldiers to march to Vienna, and once troops were dispatched straight through the Emperor's city. The German armies were made up of conscript peasants officered by nobles who treated them with severity and scorn. Repeatedly the results experienced on battle fields demonstrated that armies of this sort were not effectual. A racial resentment was aroused when Teutons were found wanting in battles waged by a people largely Latin. A latent feeling of nationality asserted itself and found expression in sentiments of patriotism. In Prussia particularly was this true. Clear-sighted men saw that the

whole social body must be reconstructed if Germans were to prove their real worth. Among all classes this new realization was felt and measures were immediately undertaken toward its accomplishment. In 1807 Stein was appointed chief minister of home and foreign affairs. Knowing well that a strong nation cannot be molded out of serfs, he asked at once for their liberation. It is difficult today to understand how so recently two-thirds of Prussia's population could have been held in serfdom. While not mere slaves and chattels, they were not free men. Bound to the soil, they were not at liberty to direct the course of their lives, but were largely at the will of feudal masters. The Edict of Emancipation changed this at a stroke, and grateful men throughout the land were transformed from malcontents to loyal subjects. Class distinctions had been very binding. Nobles could not engage in trade or occupation without compromising their positions. Men could not pass from one social class to another. Stein caused all social privileges and distinctions to be swept away, to the permanent benefit of his country. Towns were allowed a part in local government, and above all, the army was reorganized throughout. Efficiency became the criterion for advancement. The lot of the common soldier was dignified and made responsible and creditable.

Responding with wonderful alacrity to social reform, Prussia became a new country. In the final resistance made by the concerted European powers against the great Napoleon, no country put forth braver efforts. It will be remembered that Prussia bore her share in the last battles and that her timely reinforcements won the day at Waterloo.

In the settlement made by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, when princes and kings apportioned lands and fixed boundaries according to their pleasure, Prussia was given territory that made her still more important. Furthermore, all the states of Germany were organized as a Confederation, the Austrian Emperor being made president of the league. The Confederation consisted of four kingdoms—Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and Würtemberg—of several principalities, free cities, etc., to the number of thirty-nine states. Delegates from all thirty-nine were to form a Diet which should meet from time

to time at Frankfort-on-the-Main, for the consideration of matters of mutual interest. Local concerns were to be managed entirely by each state. Each state was still wholly independent and could carry on foreign wars, but could do nothing that might work the injury of the Confederacy or any state belonging to it.

A few years made plain the weaknesses of this league. It possessed all the faults of the government of the United States under the Articles of Confederation, and others peculiar to itself. For example, a unanimous vote was required to carry any measure of weight. The requirement alone settled that no such measure should ever be passed. The Diet could recommend but could not enforce its decrees. States gave heed to its decisions only when they fitted in with their original plans. Worst of all, there were two rival states—Prussia and Austria—each jealous of the other, each so fearful that the other might get the lead that the common good was lost sight of. Prussia had one signal advantage: her population was for the most part German. Austria's population was then, as now, heterogeneous in the extreme—Slavs, Magyars, and a motley array of petty peoples who had been gradually brought under her sway. Speaking different languages, possessing different inherent tendencies and traditions, it was impossible to inspire them with a common spirit of nationality. Even today subjects of Austria in one district cannot converse with those of another. The Emperor himself is called by a variety of titles by his various subjects.

For a half-century matters went on in this way. Rivalry between Austria and Prussia was constant. Austria's great statesman, Metternich, did his utmost to maintain the despotic rule of kings. Some princes in the west had yielded to popular demand and granted constitutions to their people. By persistent arguments Metternich persuaded them to revoke these constitutions and rule as before. Responsive to the electric current of freedom and liberty, each revolution begun in France spread through these alert and eager states. In 1830 a few constitutions were granted by lesser states. In 1836 Prussia prevailed upon the Confederation to adopt internal free trade. This removal of trade restrictions between the German states did much to facilitate economic

progress. In 1850 Frederick William IV. yielded to the excitement and popular demands and gave Prussia a constitution.

The death of the king, in 1861, brought William I. to the Prussian throne. He called Otto von Bismarck to his side as first minister. Bismarck was a man of commanding personality and tremendous power. He believed it to be the mission of Prussia to accomplish German unity, and for this object he worked incessantly. So far as the strife between Austria and Prussia was concerned, he saw that Austria was not German and that before unity could be realized she must be thrust out of the Fatherland. Again, Bismarck did not believe that popular sovereignty could ever bring about the unification of various German states. Hence he believed firmly in the royal power of Prussia, and through the early years of his service he was fervently hated by the liberal faction.

Quarrels were not long to seek. Schleswig and Holstein were claimed by both Denmark and Germany. Austria and Prussia acted together in gaining these territories from Denmark, but quarreled over the possession of them when the Danish king resigned his claim. Now occurred the Austro-Prussian war—called sometimes the Seven Weeks War—in 1866. The majority of German states sided with Austria, and it looked at first as though Prussia was rushing on to ruin. But all the fruits of reforms were now to be realized. Fortunate in having a fine army and a capable general—von Moltke—Prussia soon forced her rival to sue for peace. By the Treaty of Prague, Austria withdrew from the Confederacy, consented to its dissolution and conceded Prussia's right to reorganize the German states as she would. Thus was one of Bismarck's cherished hopes accomplished.

The following year the North German Confederacy was formed, including all states north of the Main. A Diet of two houses was provided, delegates to the lower being elected directly by the people. France urged the states south of the Main to form a South German Union, which should look to her for assistance in withstanding the aggressions of the Northern Confederacy. There was considerable feeling of resentment that France should thus try to interfere in German

affairs. The defeats of the Napoleonic wars still rankled in the hearts of the Germans. France, too, remembered her glorious victories and was inclined to be a little overbearing.

In 1869, the throne of Spain being vacant, the Spanish crown was offered to a relative of the Prussian king, a member of the Hohenzollern family. France was pleased to see in this a plan for the ultimate union of Prussia and Spain and made much of it. Leopold, the candidate in question, finally withdrew his name, whereupon France asked King William of Prussia to give his assurance that he would never consent to a future consideration of the Hohenzollern dynasty in Spain. This he refused to give.

Bismarck and other German statesmen believed that German unity would never be complete until France and "Das Vaterland" had settled their scores on a battlefield. Prussia was well equipped for war and there was a strong sentiment of resentment against France. However, the king was of a conciliatory nature and wished above all to avoid war. King William was at this time spending a brief while at one of the German watering places. The French ambassador sought him out and the king conferred with him while the candidacy of Leopold was being entertained. When it was plain that he had withdrawn, King William declared the matter settled and courteously dismissed it, whereupon the French diplomatist urged the new stand his country had taken: that the Prussian king bind himself for the future. This King William refused politely and dismissed the minister. Annoyed greatly that France should pursue him thus, the king ordered the affair to be telegraphed to Bismarck—which was done to the length of several hundred words. Furthermore, the king suggested that he might publish such portions of it as he chose. This was sufficient for the Iron Chancellor. Without changing the facts he published the following, which threw a rather different light upon it, making it appear that King William had been insulted and had curtly dismissed the Frenchman.

"After the news of the renunciation of the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern had been officially announced by the royal Spanish to the imperial French government, the French ambassador made the further demand upon his Majesty, the king, in Ems, that he should authorize him to telegraph to

Paris that his Majesty, the king, would bind himself for all future time never again to give his consent should the Hohenzollerns revert to their candidature. His Majesty, the king, thereupon refused to receive the French ambassador again, and caused his aide-de-camp to say that his Majesty had nothing further to impart to the ambassador."

In both countries this message published had the effect Bismarck expected. The Germans were indignant that the Prussian king had been disturbed during a short respite from state affairs by the overweening demands of a nation hardly longer friendly. The French, who resented the idea of a compact German nation so near them, and who wished to form a South German state as a buffer state between them and Prussia, took deep offense that their minister had been dismissed abruptly by the Prussian king. Immediately it was made known that courtesy had characterized all interviews, but neither side was inclined to be reasonable. France began to mobilize troops. Reluctantly King William gave consent to the same being done in Prussia. Even the states south of the Main flew to arms in defense of the Fatherland. "The Rhine Frontier!" was the cry of the Germans, and the rousing appeal in a moment created German unity.

Never did a nation plunge into conflict more blindly than the French in the Franco-Prussian war. In the same degree that Prussia and the North German states were prepared and in readiness, France was unprepared and distraught. Confusion characterized the days of preparation. Soldiers were sent forward without weapons; commanders could not locate their troops. With no efficient commander-in-chief, resistance to the hordes that poured over the borders was impossible. Soon Paris was under siege and the French Emperor a prisoner. Never did a nation exact such heavy terms as Germany, now victorious at the French capital. Alsace-Lorraine, $1,000,000,000 indemnity, and the occupation of certain French territory until the war fine was paid! Bismarck has often been blamed for exacting so great a price for peace. His standpoint was that without a firm stand being taken the peace would not be lasting. Unfortunately the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine were largely French in sympathy and preference. French they still remain, and it is one of the

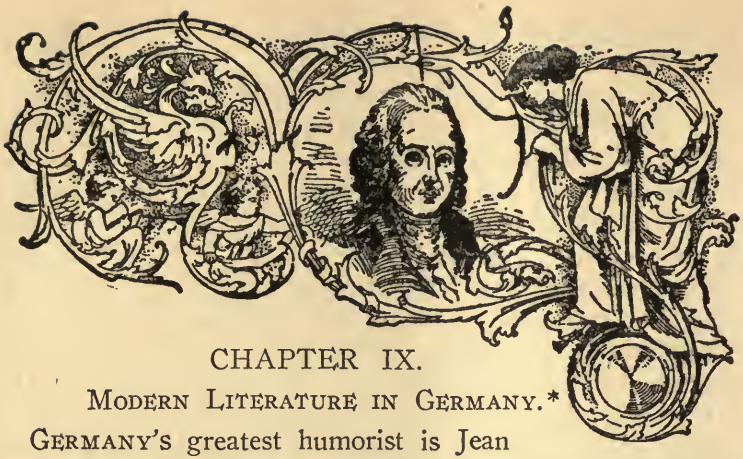
ARCHBISHOP WARHAM.—HOLBEIN.

unsettled problems of history whether or not they may not be won back at some future time.

The Southern German states announced their desire to join with the North, and in 1871, in France, King William was acclaimed *German Emperor.*

Measures for further consolidation of the empire were at once undertaken and the fine educational system of Prussia made obligatory throughout the country. The splendid king and emperor died in 1888, having lived to see one of the strongest nations of Europe built up, largely through the influence and policy of his distinguished Chancellor Bismarck. Kaiser Frederick succeeded, but lived only three months, whereupon in the same year the present Kaiser William II. was crowned. His curt dismissal of Bismarck, who had stood at the helm for so many years, did not tend to win him popularity, and there are few more touching scenes in history than that of the aged Chancellor going alone to leave a single rose upon the tomb of William I. before going into the retirement of private life. Above any slight which a young and self-sufficient ruler could offer, the unity of Germany remains the great monument to Otto von Bismarck, and his name is dear to the hearts of his countrymen.

Germany today presents the spectacle—unusual in our time—of an autocratic ruler in a land where socialism is rapidly growing. A very large vote is controlled by the socialists, and it is plain that despotic government would meet with failure were it again attempted.



CHAPTER IX.

Modern Literature in Germany.*

Germany's greatest humorist is Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825), called by his admirers Jean Paul the Unique. Heine acknowledged an inestimable debt to his influence, and Thomas Carlyle describes him, in characteristic fashion, as "that vast World-Mælstrom of Humor." In one of his incomparable essays on this strange German genius, Carlyle says: "In the whole circle of literature, we look in vain for his parallel. Unite the sportfulness of Rabelais, and the best sensibility of Sterne, with the earnestness, and, even in slight portions, the sublimity of Milton; and let the mosaic brain of old Burton give forth the workings of this strange union, with the pen of Jeremy Bentham!"

Readers of Carlyle's two essays on Richter, with their sympathetic insight into the odd twistings and solecistic peculiarities of the German's style, will see what an affinity exists betwen subject and rhapsodist. Even in diction the two are brothers; the Germans themselves read Richter by the aid of a special dictionary! Indeed, without so much license as is usually the case in literary comparison, we may style Richter the German Carlyle; or, from a strict chronological standpoint, pronounce Carlyle the British Richter. Carlyle himself confesses of Richter what many of Carlyle's readers have found true of "Sartor Resartus"—that "without great patience and some considerable catholicity of disposition, no reader is likely to prosper much with them." Richter's quips and conceits move along in an anarchy of art-form like "parti-colored mob-masses." He is a humor-

*For German dramatists, see Part VII.

ist, moreover, heartily and throughout; not only in the low provinces of thought, but in the loftiest provinces. His fantastic dreamings sport even with the transcendental. A contemporary of Goethe and Schiller, he could not "fall in with those two," and they regarded him with curious wonder. To Schiller he seemed "foreign, like a man fallen from the moon." That poet declared: "If Richter had made as good use of his riches as other men made of their poverty, he would have been worthy of the highest meed of genius." And, in spite of his extravagant and lawless style, modeled upon his favorite Sterne, his wild tissue of metaphors and similes, and his capricious conceits, no reader of Richter can fail to get a glimpse of a splendor of disordered genius, of a fertile imagination. He is one of the great nature-painters of the world. He has given us fascinating pictures of childhood, youth, friendship and love.

Himself the son of a poor country pastor, and long the slave of pinching poverty, he wrote in "Siebenkaes:" "All sins arise from poverty, but there are joys and virtues in every class. Therefore, fiction should paint joy in poverty." And in the pages of his voluminous novels—in such figures as Wuz, as Quintus Fixlein, as Siebenkaes and his friend Liebgeber, as Dr. Katzenberger and others, we truly behold the German life, domestic and civil, of a hundred years ago, with all its charms and all its foibles, its innocence and absurdity, its pedantry and its freedom, its sordid limitations not preventing generous development or sport. What an idyllic picture is that of the wedding of Fixlein and his beloved Thiennette.

"A huge, irregular man, both in mind and person, full of fire, strength, and impetuosity," Carlyle describes him, yet admiringly adds: "His thoughts, his feelings, the creations of his spirit, walk before us embodied under wondrous shapes, in motley and ever-fluctuating groups; but his essential character, however he disguise it, is that of a philosopher and moral poet, whose study has been human nature, whose delight and best endeavor are with all that is beautiful and tender, and mysteriously sublime, in the fate or history of man." The critic continues: "In him philosophy and poetry are not only reconciled, but blended together into a purer

essence, into religion." To appreciate the full significance of this verdict, one has only to read the wonderful dream (Richter is full of famous dreams) of a Godless Universe, found in the first chapter or "flower-piece" of his "Siebenkaes."

His "lawless, untutored half-savage face," which always gave forth everything (philosophical treatises, and even his Autobiography) encased in some quaint fantastic framing, was the victim of an irregular education, due to poverty. Born in the mountain district of Fichtelgebirge, four years after Schiller, the son of a debt-burdened pastor, he was obliged to endure all manner of poverty's stings. He had only water sometimes, and not even prisoners' bread; and had finally to flee from Leipzig to escape a debtor's prison. Ten years he toiled, sustained by his widowed mother's brave trust in him, until with "The Invisible Lodge" (1793) and "Hesperus" (1795) he attained fame. Later he shone at Weimar, apart from Goethe and Schiller, and enjoyed a pension during his last years in Baireuth, Bavaria.

His early satires, written in the bitterness of an empty purse and stomach, were "Lawsuits in Greenland," "Selections from the Papers of the Devil," and "Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess." Odd titles, truly, and odder style.

His quaint novels followed: "The Invisible Lodge," "The Years of Wild Oats," "Life of Fixlein," "Parson in Jubilee," "Schmelzle's Journey to the Bath," "Life of Fibel," "Hesperus," and "Titan." The three greatest of these (deemed by Richter as his masterpieces) are "Wild Oats," "Hesperus," and "Titan," evidently inspired as a reply to the too earthly realism of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. Richter tried in these novels to portray an equally roundly developed manhood, possessed, however, of a higher spirituality.

The stupendous sentimentality of Richter is seen in "Hesperus," wherein Viktor exclaims, "Give me two days or one night, and I will fall in love with whomever you choose." "Wild Oats" is the story of twin brothers, Walt and Vult, who represent Love and Knowledge, or the contrast between the dreamy and practical—"Opposite Magnets," says Richter. "Titan" represents force struggling with the divine harmony, and proving that idealism must be mingled with realism.

"Quintus Fixlein" is an idyl of family life, containing a scene of a bridal couple's visit to the graves of the loves that have gone before. Equally whimsical is his genre work, "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces, or Marriage, Death and Wedding of Lawyer Siebenkaes." Another idyl of lowly life is that of "The Happy Little Schoolmaster, Maria Wrez." His genius is at its wildest in "The Comet," the tale of Nicolaus Marggraf, who has a great chemical idea.

Of his æsthetic and educational works there is no need to speak here, and we will only mention his patriotic anti-Napoleonic "Twilight Thoughts for Germany," and "Fast Sermons during Germany's Martyr-Week."

Quintus Fixlein's Wedding.

(From "The Life of Quintus Fixlein.")

Rise, fair Ascension and Marriage day, and gladden readers also! Adorn thyself with the fairest jewel, with the bride, whose soul is as pure and glittering as its vesture; like pearl and pearl-mussel, the one as the other, lustrous and ornamental! And so over the espalier, whose fruit-hedge has hitherto divided our darling from his Eden, every reader now presses after him!

On the 9th of May, 1793, about three in the morning, there came a sharp peal of trumpets, like a light-beam, through the dim-red May-dawn: two twisted horns with a straight trumpet between them, like a note of admiration between interrogation-points, were clanging from a house in which only a parishioner (not the Parson) dwelt and blew; for this parishioner had last night been celebrating the same ceremony which the pastor had this day before him. The joyful tallyho raised our parson from his broad bed (and the Shock from beneath it, who some weeks ago had been exiled from the white sleek coverlid), and this so early, that in the portraying tester, where on every former morning he had observed his ruddy visage, and his white bedclothes, all was at present dim and crayoned.

I confess, the new-painted room, and a gleam of dawn on the wall, made it so light, that he could see his knee-buckles glancing on the chair. He then softly awakened his mother

(the other guests were to lie for hours in the sheets), and she had the city cook-maid to awaken, who, like several other articles of wedding-furniture, had been borrowed for a day or two from Flachsenfingen. At two doors he knocked in vain, and without answer; for all were already down at the hearth, cooking, blowing, and arranging.

How softly does the Spring day gradually fold back its nun-veil, and the Earth grow bright, as if it were the morning of a Resurrection!—The quicksilver-pillar of the barometer, the guiding Fire-pillar of the weather-prophet, rests firmly on Fixlein's Ark of the Covenant. The Sun raises himself, pure and cool, into the morning-blue, instead of into the morning-red. Swallows, instead of clouds, shoot skimming through the melodious air. . . . Oh, the good Genius of Fair Weather, who deserves many temples and festivals (because without him no festival could be held), lifted an ethereal azure Day, as it were, from the well-clear atmosphere of the moon, and sent it down on the blue butterfly-wings—as if it were a *blue* Monday—glittering below the Sun, in the zigzag of joyful quivering descent, upon the narrow spot of Earth, which our heated fancies are now viewing. . . . And on this balmy, vernal spot, stand amid flowers, over which the trees are shaking blossoms instead of leaves, a bride and a bridegroom. . . . . Happy Fixlein! how shall I paint thee without deepening the sighs of longing in the fairest souls?

But soft! we will not drink the magic cup of Fancy to the bottom, at six in the morning; but keep sober till towards night!

At the sound of the morning prayer-bell, the bridegroom—for the din of preparation was disturbing his quiet orison—went out into the church-yard, which (as in many other places) together with the church, lay round his mansion like a court. Here, on the moist green, over whose closed flowers the church-yard wall was still spreading broad shadows, did his spirit cool itself from the warm dreams of Earth: here his mood grew softer and more solemn; and he now lifted up by heart his morning prayer, which usually he read; and entreated God to bless him in his office, and to spare his mother's life, and to look with favor and acceptance on the purpose of today.—Then, over the graves, he walked into his fenceless

little angular flower-garden; and here, composed and confident in the divine keeping, he pressed the stalks of his tulips deeper into the mellow earth.

But on returning to the house, he was met on all hands by the bell-ringing and the Janizary-music of wedding-gladness;—the marriage-guests had all thrown off their night-caps, and were drinking diligently;—there was a clattering, a cooking, a frizzling;—tea-services, coffee-services, and warm-beer-services, were advancing in succession; and plates full of bride-cakes were going round like potters' frames or cistern-wheels.—The Schoolmaster, with three young lads, was heard rehearsing from his own house an *Arioso,* with which, so soon as they were perfect, he purposed to surprise his clerical superior.—But now rushed all the arms of the foaming joy-streams into one, when the sky-queen besprinkled with blossoms, the bride, descended on Earth in her timid joy, full of quivering, humble love;—when the bells began;—when the procession-column set forth with the whole village round and before it;—when the organ, the congregation, the officiating priest, and the sparrows on the trees of the church-window, struck louder and louder their rolling peals on the drum of the jubilee-festival. . . . The heart of the singing bridegroom was like to leap from its place for joy, "that on his bridal-day, it was all so respectable and grand."—Not till the marriage benediction could he pray a little.

Still worse and louder grew the business during dinner, when pastry-work and marchpane devices were brought forward,—when glasses, and slain fishes (laid under the napkins to frighten the guests) went round;—and when the guests rose, and themselves went round, and at length danced round; for they had instrumental music from the city there.

One minute handed over to the other the sugar-bowl and bottle-case of joy; the guests heard and saw less and less, and the villagers began to see and hear more and more, and towards night they penetrated like a wedge into the open door,—nay, two youths ventured even in the middle of the parsonage court, to mount a plank over a beam and commence seesawing.—Out of doors, the gleaming vapor of the departed Sun was encircling the Earth, the evening star was glittering over parsonage and church-yard; no one heeded it.

However, about nine o'clock, when the marriage guests had well nigh forgotten the marriage-pair, and were drinking or dancing along for their own behoof; when poor mortals, in this sunshine of Fate, like fishes in the sunshine of the sky, were leaping up from their wet cold element; and when the bridegroom, under the star of happiness and love, casting like a comet its long train of radiance over all his heaven, had in secret pressed to his joy-filled breast his bride and his mother, —then did he lock a slice of wedding-bread privily into a press, in the old superstitious belief, that this residue secured continuance of bread for the whole marriage. As he returned with greater love for the sole partner of his life, she herself met him with his mother, to deliver him in private the bridal nightgown and bridal shirt, as is the ancient usage. Many a countenance grows pale in violent emotions, even of joy: Thiennette's wax-face was bleaching still whiter under the sunbeams of Happiness. Oh, never fall, thou lily of Heaven, and may four springs instead of four seasons open and shut thy flower-bells to the sun!—All the arms of his soul as he floated on the sea of joy were quivering to clasp the soft warm heart of his beloved, to encircle it gently and fast, and draw it to his own.

He led her from the crowded dancing-room into the cool evening. Why does the evening, does the night put warmer love in our hearts? Is it the nightly pressure of helplessness? or is it the exalting separation from the turmoil of life; that veiling of the world, in which for the soul nothing more remains but souls?—is it therefore, that the letters in which the loved name stands written on our spirit appear, like phosphorus-writing, by night, *in fire,* while by day in their *cloudy* traces they but smoke?

He walked with his bride into the Castle garden; she hastened quickly through the Castle, and past its servants' hall, where the fair flowers of her young life had been crushed broad and dry, under a long dreary pressure; and her soul expanded, and breathed in the free open garden, on whose flowery soil destiny had cast forth the first seeds of the blossoms which today were gladdening her existence. Still Eden! Green flower-chequered *chiaroscuro!*—The moon is sleeping under ground like a dead one; but beyond the garden the sun's

red evening-clouds have fallen down like rose-leaves; and the evening-star, the brideman of the sun, hovers, like a glancing butterfly, above the rosy red, and, modest as a bride, deprives no single starlet of its light.

The wandering pair arrived at the old gardener's hut; now standing locked and dumb, with dark windows in the light garden, like a fragment of the Past surviving in the Present. Bared twigs of trees were folding, with clammy half-formed leaves, over the thick intertwisted tangles of the bushes.—The Spring was standing, like a conqueror, with Winter at his feet.—In the blue pond now bloodless a dusky evening sky lay hollowed out and the gushing waters were moistening the flower-beds.—The silver sparks of stars were rising on the altar of the East and falling down extinguished in the red sea of the West.

The wind whirred like a night-bird, louder through the trees, and gave tone to the acacia grove; and the tones called to the pair who had first become happy within it: "Enter, new mortal pair, and think of what is past, and of my withering and your own; and be holy as Eternity, and weep not only for joy, but for gratitude also!"—And the wet-eyed bridegroom led his wet-eyed bride under the blossoms, and laid his soul, like a flower, on her heart, and said: "Best Thiennette, I am unspeakably happy, and would say much, and cannot.—Ah, thou Dearest, we will live like angels, like children together! Surely I will do all that is good to thee; two years ago I had nothing, no, nothing; ah, it is through thee, best love, that I am happy. I call thee Thou, now, thou dear good soul!" She drew him closer to her, and said, though without kissing him: "Call me Thou always, Dearest!"

LUDWIG TIECK.

Among the German Romanticists, Ludwig Tieck is the most prominent figure. He was born at Berlin in 1773, and studied at the University of Halle. He early became an admirer of Shakespeare, a student of fairy tales, and a lover of mediæval art. After making adaptations of children's stories, such as "Blue Beard," he achieved success in his dreamy, tragical "Fair Eckbert." His love of the stage led him to translate some plays from Spanish and English, and to produce the romantic drama, "Genoveva," and the more powerful "Emperor Octavian." He changed his residence several times, and in 1805 went to Italy for the sake of his health. His new environment had the effect of drawing him from mysticism to direct criticism of life. With his descriptions and narrative comment, often ironical, was ingeniously blended. One of his striking characters is the talented painter Eulenböck, who is driven by his dissipated habits to become a forger of old masters. Shakespeare is the hero of "A Poet's Life," and the story of Camoëns is rehearsed in "A Poet's Death." In "Vittoria Accorambona" Tieck makes a notable approach to the later French style. In 1819 Tieck settled at Dresden and took charge of the royal theatre. The German translation of Shakespeare, left incomplete by Schlegel, was assigned to Tieck, but the part which bears his name was actually done by his daughter and others. He did, however, translate the plays of other Elizabethan dramatists. At the age of seventy he was called to Berlin to conduct dramatic and musical representations, but soon retired from active life. He died in 1853.

The peculiar genius of Tieck is said to have combined his father's practicability and sarcasm with his mother's pious mysticism. Though he produced the most striking work of the romantic school, he was self-distrustful, and was drawn by the suggestions of others to spend time on work apart from his natural bent.

The Christmas Festival.

In that part of the city where the trades predominated, where merchants, mechanics and citizens diffused a busy life,

there was a street which led from the Kölln district to the castle, that a considerable time before saw the erection of the common booths, which were adorned with every kind of brilliant knick-knack as the proper gift for the Christmas feast. Fourteen days before the feast the erection of these booths began. On New-Year's day the fair was closed; and the week before Christmas Eve was properly the time in which the city pressed itself into this narrow space with the liveliest spirit and the crowd was at its greatest. Even rain and snow, bad and disagreeable weather, with the most biting cold, did not suffice to banish altogether the old any more than the young. But if at this time the winter days were fresh and pleasant, at all hours the rendezvous was gladdened by people of all ages, who desired only to be gay and to enjoy things; for nowhere else in Germany or in Italy have I seen anything so bright and hearty as was at that time the celebration of the Christmas festival in Berlin.

Most beautiful was it when snow had shortly before fallen, with moderate frost, and clear weather had for a time prevailed. Then through the ceaseless steps of innumerable wanderers the common plaster of the streets and places had been transformed into a marble pavement. About the mid-day hours the better classes came out and walked up and down, examining and buying, followed by their servants, who were burdened with the gifts that had been bought; or they came together in groups, as though in a hall, to converse with each other and interchange their news.

But the place was at its brightest in the evening hours, when, at both sides, the broad street was illuminated by the many thousands of lanterns on the booths that spread around a light as clear as daylight, which only here and there, owing to the dense crowd of people, seemed darkened, and played in deep shadows. All classes then mingled gayly, and with loud talk,—in a word, surged through each other. Here an aged burgher carried his child on his arm, and showed and explained all the wonders to his loud-jubilating son. A mother lifted up her little daughter that the child might be near enough to see the waxen hands and faces of the brilliant dolls, which, in their red and white, came so closely after nature. A courier drew along his gayly-dressed lady; the

man of business was compelled to admit himself deafened by the din and confusion, and to leave his accounts and to join in it; yea, even the beggars, old and young, openly and publicly rejoiced in the masquerade accessible to everybody. And they saw without envy the treasures of the season, and sympathized with the joy and pleasure of the children, sharing the lively hope that for each little one something would be borne from this great treasure-chamber into the little play-room. So the thousands moved about, joking over their plans to buy, counting up their money, laughing and crying after the sweet-scented manifold-moulded confections, in some of which were fruits in graceful imitations, figures of all kinds, beasts and men, all shining in clear colors, smiling with lustre. Here, truly, is a bewildering exhibition of fruits,—apricots, peaches, cherries, pears, and apples,—all most artistically formed out of wax. There, in a great booth, are thousands of playthings formed in all shapes out of wood,—men and women, laborers and priests, kings and beggars, sledges and coaches, maidens, ladies, nuns, horses with bells and shining harness, whole suits of furniture, or hunters with hart and hounds; whatever thought could suggest for play is here represented; and the children, servants and parents were all excited about choosing and buying. Yonder glances a stall overflowing with bright tin (for then it was still customary to make plates and dishes of this metal), but next to it, polished and shining implements glanced and shone in red and green, and gold and blue, an innumerable multitude regularly ranged, and representing soldiers, Englishmen, Prussians and Croats, Pandours and Turks, prettily-clothed Pachas on richly-caparisoned chargers, also harnessed knights, and peasants, and forests in spring glory, huntsmen, stags, and bears, and hounds in the wild.

If one was not already absolutely deafened and bewildered with all this confusion of playthings, the lights, and the manifold surging multitude, augmented by the loud shrill cries of the itinerant venders of wares, who would not attach themselves to one particular spot, then one might have squeezed through the thickest press, with its screaming, shouting, laughing and whistling, into a part a little more open, where the pressure was of a less oppressive kind, if still the gold could

easily be spent. Here are young students, who, incapable of fatigue, ceaselessly swing about a big polygon of pasteboard, which is fastened to a staff with horsehair, a strange loud humming being produced, and at which the rogues loudly shout and cry. Now comes slowly forward a great coach with many servants. It contains the young princes and princesses of the royal house, who also will take part in the children's joy of the people. Now the citizens rejoice with a double pleasure at being so near to their sovereigns; the children are overflowing, and all draw, with new eagerness, round the now motionless carriage.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THE greatest name in German literature after Goethe is that of Heinrich Heine. His was a spirit in sharpest contrast to the Hellenic serenity of the Olympian of Weimar. Heine was fire, flame and smoke,—lover, poet and satirist. With bewildering genius he turned from jest and sarcasm to earnest invocation, from verse to prose, from the depths of mockery to the heights of sentimental lyricism. Even in his most vulgar and boisterous cynicism the greatness of his spirit and intellectuality is nevertheless so manifest that he earned for himself the title of the German Aristophanes. "God's satire," he once exclaimed, "weighs heavily upon me. The great author of the Universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, was bent on demonstrating with crushing force to me, the little earthly so-called German Aristophanes, how my weightiest sarcasms are only pitiful attempts at jesting in comparison with His, and how miserably I am beneath Him in humor, in colossal mockery." In fact, Heine was an almost hopelessly fated bundle of contradictions. He declared: "I am a Jew, I am a Christian. I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one: a Greek, a Hebrew: an adorer of despotism as incarnate in Napoleon, and admirer of communism as embodied in Proudhon; a Latin, a Teuton; a beast, a devil, a god."

This "continuator of Goethe," as he has been styled by Matthew Arnold, was born at Düsseldorf, on December 13, 1799. In humorous sport he afterwards stated the date to be the first of January following, in order that he might call

himself "one of the first men of the century." Truly enough he was destined to be "the representative of a skeptical time of ferment." Born a Jew with the soul of a Hellene, he appreciated "Goethe with his clear Greek eye," but felt himself to be of a new political era, and more modern literary activity. Goethe's calmness could not but irritate this restless protestant against the whims of life. As Matthew Arnold has written:

> "The Spirit of the World,
> Beholding the absurdity of men,
> Their vaunts, their feats, let a sardonic smile
> For one brief moment wander o'er his lips,
> That smile was Heine."

The environments of his childhood and youth served to develop and accentuate Heine's turbulently kaleidoscopic character. The grandson of the "little Jew with a big beard" was sent to a Franciscan convent and Jesuit academy, learned to kiss the hands of the monks and breathed in that Catholic atmosphere in which Romanticism was then thriving. But his lessons of French philosophy, as well as the French Revolution, stirred his young heart with a new fire. When he kissed his little sweetheart, Sefchen, the executioner's pretty daughter, he did it (he has left it on record) "not merely out of tender inclination, but also out of contempt for the old social order and all its dark prejudices; and in that moment there blazed up in me the first flames of two passions to which the rest of my life was dedicated: love for fair women, and love for the French Revolution—for that modern Frankish furor with which I was seized in the battle with the mercenaries of the Middle Ages" (the old order in politics and the Romanticists in literature). In those days, too, the French rule in Düsseldorf was a blessing for the Jews, and as Heine puts it, "to the friends of freedom Napoleon appeared as a rescuer." In such soil were sown the germs of that hero-worship for Napoleon, which later found utterance in his "Buch le Grand." At the age of eleven he saw the great emperor in the flesh. "The picture," he added years afterward, "will never vanish from my memory. I see him still, high on horseback, with those eternal eyes in his marble im-

perator face, quiet as destiny, looking down on the guards marching by; and the old grenadiers looked up to him in awful submission,—stern accomplices, deathly proud: *Te, Caesar, morituri salutant.* (Those who are about to die salute thee, Cæsar.)"

This peculiar Napoleonic sentiment was perhaps at the bottom of Heine's lack of sympathy with Germany's War of Liberation. Regarding Napoleon as the incarnation of genius and of a new age, he thought mere nationalism to be "a contraction of the heart." He wrote his "Buch le Grand" to thunder against the jailers of ideas and suppressors of hallowed rights. He claimed "a very 'extraordinary professorship' in the University of high minds," and wished that not a laurel wreath, but a sword, be placed on his coffin, because "he was a brave soldier in humanity's War of Liberation."

In literature he began as a Romanticist and ended by giving that school its death-blow. In his history of the "Romantic School," he proclaimed himself "its abdicated fable-king. . . . a disfrocked Romanticist." And yet, with that characteristic self-struggle of his entire life, he records, "there came over me once more an endless longing for the Blue Flower in the Romantic dreamland, and I seized the enchanted lute and sang a song ('Atta Troll') in which I surrendered myself to all sweet exaggerations, all moonshine intoxication, all blooming nightingale folly. It was the last free wood-song of Romanticism, and I am its last poet."

Trained as a Catholic in his youth, Heine later came in Berlin under the unsettling influence of Hegel, but after his sad years of exile in the Philistinic atmosphere of London, and after his long years of torture on his "mattress grave" in Paris, he awoke at last to the truth of his inner self. "Often," he wrote to Campe, "a doubt quivers through me whether a man really is a two-legged god as Hegel told me twenty-five years ago. I am no more a divine biped. I am no more the high priest of the Germans after Goethe, no more the Great Heathen No. 2, a Hellene of jovial life and portly person, laughing cheerfully down on dismal Nazarenes. I am only a poor death-sick Jew."

Such was the forlorn Knight of the Rueful Countenance hidden behind Heine's laughing, sneering mask of

irony, sarcasm, and mockery of bitter jests and sublime parody. A hopeless love for his cousin Amalie, the rich banker Solomon's daughter, the Molly of his early verses, clouded his whole life. "A hopeless youthful love slumbers still in the heart of the poet," declared Gerard de Nerval, his friend, long afterward in Paris. "When he thinks of it, he may weep even now, or else he presses back his tears in rancor. Heine himself has confessed to me that, after he lost this living paradise, love remained only a trade (métier) for him." Abandoning himself to dissipation and ruining his constitution, he finally became almost blind and voiceless in Paris (his city of refuge) and was brought by a spine disease to a "mattress grave" on the floor of his little attic room. Here, in the height of his fame, he lay, paralyzed and almost sightless, nursed by the faithful Matilde whom he rewarded at last by the name as well as offices of wife. It was, as he described it, "a grave without rest, death without the privileges of the departed."

Boyhood in Düsseldorf.

The Prince-Elector, Jan Wilhelm, must have been a brave gentleman, very fond of art and skillful himself. He founded the picture-gallery in Düsseldorf, and in the observatory there they show a very artistic piece of woodwork which he himself had carved in his leisure hours, of which latter he had every day four-and-twenty. In those days princes were not the persecuted wretches which they now are: the crown grew firmly on their heads, and at night they drew their night-caps over it and slept peacefully, and their people slumbered peacefully at their feet; and when they awoke in the morning they said, "Good morning, father!" and he replied, "Good morning, dear children!"

But there came a sudden change over all this. One morning when we awoke in Düsseldorf and wished to say, "Good morning, father," the father had traveled away, and in the whole town there was nothing but dumb sorrow. Everywhere there was a funeral-like expression, and people slipped silently to the market and read the long paper on the door of the Town Hall. It was bad weather, yet the lean tailor Kilian

stood in his nankeen jacket, which he generally wore only at home, and his blue woolen stockings hung down so that his little bare legs peeped out in a troubled way, and his thin lips quivered as he murmured the placard: An old invalid soldier from the Palatine read it rather louder, and at some words a clear tear ran down his white, honorable old moustache. I stood near him, crying too, and asked why we were crying. And he replied, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated." And then he read further, and at the words, "for the long manifested fidelity of my subjects," "and hereby release you from allegiance," he wept still more. It is a strange sight to see, when an old man, in faded uniform and scarred veteran's face, suddenly bursts into tears. While we read, the Prince-Electoral coat-of-arms was being taken down from the Town Hall, and everything began to appear as anxiously dreary as though we were waiting for an eclipse of the sun. The town councillors went about at an abdicating, wearisome gait; even the omnipotent beadle looked as though he had no more commands to give, and stood calmly indifferent, although the crazy Aloysius stood upon one leg and chattered the names of French generals with foolish grimaces, while tipsy, crooked Gumpertz rolled around in the gutter, singing *Ça ira! Ça ira!*

But I went home crying and lamenting, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated." My mother might do what she would, I knew what I knew, and went crying to bed, and in the night dreamed that the world had come to an end—the fair flower-gardens and green meadows of the world were taken up and rolled away like carpets from the floor; the beadle climbed up on a high ladder and took down the sun, and the tailor Kilian stood by and said to himself, "I must go home and dress myself neatly, for I am dead, and am to be buried this afternoon." And it grew darker and darker—a few stars glimmered on high, and even these fell down like yellow leaves in autumn; men gradually vanished, and I, poor child, wandered around in anguish, until before the willow fence of a deserted farm-house I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and near him an ugly, spiteful-looking woman, who held something in her apron like a human head, but it was the moon, and she laid it carefully in the

open grave; and behind me stood the Palatine soldier sobbing and spelling, "The Prince-Elector has abdicated."

When I awoke, the sun shone as usual through the window; there was a sound of drums in the street; and as I entered our sitting-room and wished my father, who sat in his white dressing-gown, Good morning, I heard the little light-footed barber, as he made up his hair, narrate very minutely that homage would that morning be offered at the Town Hall to the Archduke Joachim. I heard too that the new ruler was of excellent family, that he had married the sister of the Emperor Napoleon, and was really a very respectable man; that he wore his beautiful black hair in curls; that he would shortly enter the town, and would certainly please all the ladies. Meanwhile the drumming in the streets continued, and I stood before the house-door and looked at the French troops marching—those joyous and famous people who swept over the world—singing and playing, the merry, serious faces of the Grenadiers, the bear-skin shakoes, the tri-colored cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs* full of vivacity and *point d' honneur,* and the giant-like, silver-laced drum major, who cast his *baton* with the gilded head as high as the first story, and his eyes to the second, where pretty girls gazed from the windows. I was so glad that soldiers were to be quartered in our house—my mother was not glad—and I hastened to the market Place. There everything looked changed; it was as though the world had been new white-washed. A new coat-of-arms was placed on the Town Hall; its iron balconies were hung with embroidered velvet drapery, French grenadiers stood as sentinels, the old town councillors had put on new faces and Sunday coats, and looked at each other French fashion, and said, *"Bon jour!"* Ladies peeped from every window, inquisitive citizens and soldiers filled the square, and I, with other boys, climbed on the shining Prince-Elector's great bronze horse, and looked down on the motley crowd.

Neighbor Peter and Long Conrad nearly broke their necks on this occasion, and that would have been well, for the one afterwards ran away from his parents, enlisted as a soldier, deserted, and was finally shot in Mayence; while the other, having made geographical researches in strange pock-

ets, became a working member of a public tread-mill institute! But having broken the iron bands which bound him to his fatherland, he passed safely beyond sea, and eventually died in London, in consequence of wearing a much too long cravat, one end of which happened to be firmly attached to something, just as a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet.

Long Conrad told us that there was no school to-day on account of the homage. We had to wait a long time till this was over. At last the balcony of the Council House was filled with gay gentlemen, flags and trumpets; and our burgomaster, in his celebrated red coat, delivered an oration, which stretched out like india-rubber, or like a nightcap into which one has thrown a stone—only that it was not the stone of wisdom—and I could distinctly understand many of his phrases; for instance, that "We are now to be made happy" —and at the last words the trumpets and drums sounded, and the flags waved, and the people cried Hurrah!—and as I, myself, cried Hurrah! I held fast to the old Prince-Elector. And that was necessary, for I began to grow giddy; it seemed to me that the people were standing on their heads while the world whizzed round, and the Prince-Elector, with his long wig, nodded and whispered, "Hold fast to me:" and not till the cannon re-echoed along the wall did I become sobered, and climb slowly down from the great bronze horse.

As I went home I saw crazy Aloysius again dancing on one leg while he chattered the names of French generals, and crooked Gumpertz was rolling in the gutter drunk and growling *Ça ira, Ça ira*—and I said to my mother that we were all to be made happy, and so there was no school to-day.

The next day the world was again all in order, and we had school as before, and things were got by heart as before—the Roman kings, chronology—the *nomina* in *im,* the *verba irregularia*—Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—Lord! my head is still giddy with it!—all must be learned by heart. And much of it was eventually to my advantage. For had I not learned the Roman kings by heart it would subsequently have been a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Niebuhr had or had not proved that they never really existed. And had I not learned chronology how

could I ever in later years have found out any one in Berlin, where one house is as like another as drops of water, or as grenadiers, and where it is impossible to find a friend unless you have the number of his house in your head? Therefore I associated with every friend some historical event which had happened in a year corresponding to the number of his house, so that the one recalled the other, and some curious point in history always occurred to me whenever I met an acquaintance. For instance, when I met my tailor I at once thought of the battle of Marathon; if I saw the well-dressed banker, Christian Gumpel, I thought of the destruction of Jerusalem; if a Portuguese friend, deeply in debt, of the flight of Mahomet; if the University Judge, a man whose probity is well known, of the death of Haman; and if Wadzeck, I was at once reminded of Cleopatra. *Ach, lieber Himmel!* the poor creature is dead now; our tears are dry, and we may say of her with Hamlet, "Take her for all in all; she was a hag—we oft shall look upon her like again!" As I said, chronology is necessary. I know men who have nothing in their heads but a few years, yet who know exactly where to look for the right houses, and are, moreover, regular professors. But oh! the trouble I had at school with dates!—and it went even worse with arithmetic. I understood *subtraction* best, and for this I had a very practical rule—"Four from three won't go, I must borrow one;" but I advise every one, in such a case, to borrow a few extra shillings, for one never knows.

THE LORELEI.

I KNOW not whence it rises,
  This thought so full of woe,
But a tale of times departed
  Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
  And calmly flows the Rhine;
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
  In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold in her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair;

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above,

Till over the boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lorelei has done!

FRIEDRICK MAX MÜLLER.

Friedrick Max Müller (1823-1900) was born in Dessau. His father was a lyric poet. The son was educated in various schools of Germany but soon evinced a liking for Sanskrit, which subject he studied for years in India. He became professor of Philology at Oxford and made England his home for the greater portion of his later life. He was the recipient of many academic honors which he received with a characteristic modesty.

Max Müller possessed the rare faculty of making dull subjects absorbing to the one who knew little about them—a most fortunate gift for a teacher. His *Chips from a German Workshop* is best known of his writings. A long sojourn in India allowed him to acquire an insight into the history and life of that country, and he wrote several volumes upon the Vedic literature and other subjects pertaining to India.

School-Days at Leipzig.

It was certainly a poor kind of armour in which I set out from Dessau. My mother, devoted as she was to me, had

judged rightly that it was best for me to be with other boys and under the supervision of a man. I had been somewhat spoiled by her passionate love, and also by her passionate severity in correcting the ordinary naughtiness of a boy. So having risen from form to form in the school at Dessau, I was sent, at the age of twelve, to Leipzig, to live in the house of Professor Carus and attend the famous Nicolai-Schule with his son, who was of the same age as myself and who likewise wanted a companion. It was thought that there would be a certain emulation between us, and so, no doubt, there was, though we always remained the best of friends. The house in which we lived stood in a garden and was really an orthopædic institution for girls. There were about twenty or thirty of these young girls living in the house or spending the day there, and their joyous company was very pleasant. Of course the names and faces of my young friends have, with one or two exceptions, vanished from my memory, but I was surprised when a few years ago (1895) I was staying with Madame Salis-Schwabe at her delightful place on the Menai Straits, and discovered that we had known each other more than fifty years before in the house of Professor Carus at Leipzig. Though we had met from time to time, we never knew of our early meeting at Leipzig, till in comparing notes we discovered how we had spent a whole year in the same house and among the same friends. Hers has been a life full of work and entirely devoted to others. To the very end of her days she was spending her large income in founding schools on the system recommended by Froebel, not only in England, but in Italy. She died at Naples in 1896, while visiting a large school that had been founded by her with the assistance of the Italian Government. Her own house in Wales was full of treasures of art, and full of memorials of her many friends, such as Bunsen, Renan, Mole, Ary Scheffer, and many more. How far her charity went may be judged by her being willing to part with some of the most precious of Ary Scheffer's pictures, in order to keep her schools well endowed, and able to last after her death, which she felt to be imminent.

Public schools are nearly all day schools in Germany. The boys live at home, mostly in their own families, but they

spend six hours every day at school, and it is a mistake to imagine that they are not attached to it, that they have no games together, and that they do not grow up manly or independent. Most schools have playgrounds, and in summer swimming is a favorite amusement for all the boys. There were two good public schools at Leipzig, the Nicolai School and the Thomas School. There was plenty of *esprit de corps* in them, and often when the boys met it showed itself not only in words but in blows, and the discussions over the merits of their schools were often continued in later life. I was very fortunate in being sent to the Nicolai School, under Dr. Nobbe as head master. He was at the same time professor at the University of Leipzig, and is well known in England also as the editor of Cicero. He was very proud that school counted Leibniz among its former pupils. He was a classical scholar of the old school. During the last three years of our school life we had to write plenty of Latin and Greek verse, and were taught to speak Latin. The speaking of Latin came readily enough, but the verses never attained a very high level. Besides Nobbe we had Forbiger, well known by his books on ancient geography, and Palm, editor of the same Greek Dictionary which, in the hands of Dr. Liddell, has reached its highest perfection. Then there was Funkhänel, known beyond Germany by his edition of the Orations of Demosthenes, and his studies on Greek orators. We were indeed well off for masters, and most of them seemed to enjoy their work and to be fond of the boys. Our head master was very popular. He was a man of the old German type, powerfully built, with a large square head, very much like Luther, and, strange to say, when in 1839 a great Luther festival was celebrated all over Germany, he published a book in which he proved that he was a direct descendant of Luther.

The school was carried on very much on the old plan of teaching chiefly classics, but teaching them thoroughly. Modern languages, mathematics, and physical science had a poor chance, though they clamoured for recognition. Latin and Greek verse were considered far more important. In the two highest forms we had to speak Latin, and such as it was it seemed to us much easier than to speak French. Hebrew was also taught as an optional subject during the last four years,

and the little I know of Hebrew dates chiefly from my school-days. Schoolboys soon find out what their masters think of the value of the different subjects taught at school, and they are apt to treat not only the subjects themselves but the teachers also according to that standard. Hence our modern language and our physical science masters had a hard time of it. They could not keep their classes in order, and it was by no means unusual for many of the boys simply to stay away from their lessons. The old mathematical master, before beginning his lesson, used to rub his spectacles, and after looking round the half empty classroom, mutter in a plaintive voice: "I see again many boys who are not here to-day." When the same old master began to lecture on physical science, he told the boys to bring a frog to be placed under a glass from which the air had been extracted by an air-pump. Of course every one of the twenty or thirty boys brought two or three frogs, and when the experiment was to be made all these frogs were hopping about the lecture-room, and the whole army of boys were hopping after them over chairs and tables to catch them. No wonder that during this tumult the master did not succeed with his experiment, and when at last the glass bowl was lifted up and we were asked to see the frog, great was the joy of all the boys when the frog hopped out and escaped from the hands of the executioner. Such was the wrath excited by these new-fangled lectures among the boys that they actually committed the vandalism of using one of the forms as a battering-ram against the enclosure in which the physical science apparatus was kept, and destroyed some of the precious instruments supplied by Government. Severe punishments followed, but they did not serve to make physical science more popular.

We certainly did very well in Greek and Latin, and read a number of classical texts, not only critically at school, but also cursorily at home, having to give a weekly account of what we had thus read by ourselves. I liked my classics, and yet I could not help feeling that there was a certain exaggeration in the way in which every one of them was spoken of by our teachers, nay, that as compared to German poets and prose writers they were somewhat overpraised. Still, it would have been very conceited not to admire what our masters

admired, and as in duty bound we went in the usual raptures about Homer and Sophocles, about Horace and Cicero. Many things which in later life we learn to admire in the classics could hardly appeal to the taste of boys. The directness, the simplicity and originality of the ancient, as compared with modern writers, cannot be appreciated by them, and I well remember being struck with what we disrespectful boys called the cheekiness of Horace expecting immortality (*anon omnis Moriar*) for little poems which we were told were chiefly written after Greek patterns. We had to admit that there were fewer false quantities in his Latin verses than in our own, but in other respects we could not see that his odes were so infinitely superior to ours. His hope of immortality has certainly been fulfilled beyond what could have been his own expectations. With so little ancient history known to him, his idea of the immortality of poetry must have been far more modest in his time than in our own. He may have known the past glories of the Persian Empire, but as to ancient literature, there was nothing for him to know, whether in Persia, in Babylonia, in Assyria, or even in Egypt, least of all in India. Literary fame existed for him in Greece only, and in the Roman Empire, and his own ambition could therefore hardly have extended beyond these limits. The exaggeration in the panegyrics passed on everything Greek or Latin dates from the classical scholars of the Middle Ages, who knew nothing that could be compared to the classics, and who were loud in praising what they possessed the monopoly of selling. Successive generations of scholars followed suit, so that even in our time it seemed high treason to compare Goethe with Horace, or Schiller with Sophocles. Of late, however, the danger is rather that the reaction should go too far and lead to a promiscuous depreciation even of such real giants as Lucretius or Plato. The fact is that we have learnt from them and imitated them, till in some cases the imitations have equalled or even excelled the originals, while now the taste for classical correctness has been wellnigh supplanted by an appetite for what is called realistic, original, and extravagant.

With all that has been said or written against making classical studies the most important element in a liberal education, or rather against retaining them in their time-honoured

position, nothing has yet been suggested to take their place. For after all, it is not simply in order to learn two languages that we devote so large a share of our time to the study of Greek and Latin; it is in order to learn to understand the old world on which our modern world is founded; it is in order to think the old thoughts, which are the feeders of our own intellectual life, that we become in our youth the pupils of Greeks and Romans. In order to know what we are, we have to learn how we have come to be what we are. Our very languages form an unbroken chain between us and Cicero and Aristotle, and in order to use many of our words intelligently, we must know the soil from which they sprang, and the atmosphere in which they grew up and developed.

I enjoyed my work at school very much, and I seem to have passed rapidly from class to class. I frequently received prizes both in money and in books, but I see a warning attached to some of them that I ought not to be conceited, which probably meant no more than that I should not show when I was pleased with my successes. At least I do not know what I could have been conceited about. What I feel about my learning at school is that it was entirely passive. I acquired knowledge such as it was presented to me. I did not doubt whatever my teachers taught me. I did not, as far as I can recollect, work up any subject by myself. I find only one paper of mine of that early time, and, curiously enough, it was on mythology; but it contains no inkling of comparative mythology, but simply a chronological arrangement of the sources from which we draw our knowledge of Greek mythology. I see also from some old papers that I began to write poetry, and that twice or thrice I was chosen at great festivities to recite poems written by myself. In the year 1839 three hundred years had passed since Luther had preached at Leipzig in the Church of St. Nicolai, and the tercentenary of this event was celebrated all over Germany. My poem was selected for recitation at a large meeting of the friends of our school and the notables of the town, and I had to recite it, not without fear and trembling. I was then but sixteen years of age.

In the next year, 1840, Leipzig celebrated the invention of printing in 1440. It was on this occasion that Mendelssohn wrote his famous *Hymn of Praise.* I formed part of the

chorus, and I well remember the magnificent effect which the music produced in the Church of St. Thomas. . . .

While at school at Leipzig I had but little opportunity of travelling, for my mother was always anxious to have me home during the holidays, and I was equally anxious to be with her and to see my relations at Dessau. Generally I went in a wretched carriage from Leipzig to Dessau. It was only seven German miles (about thirty-five English miles), but it took a whole day to get there; and during part of the journey, when we had to cross the deep and desert-like sands, walking on foot was much more expeditious than sitting inside the carriage. But then we paid only one thaler for the whole journey, and sometimes, in order to save that, I walked on foot the whole way. That also took me a whole day; but when I tried it the first time, being then quite young and delicate in health, I had to give in about an hour before I came to Dessau, my legs refusing to go further, and my muscles being cramped and stiff from exertion, I had to sit down by the road. During one vacation I remember exploring the valley of the Mulde with some other boys. We travelled for about a fortnight from village to village, and lived in the simplest way. A more ambitious journey I took in 1841 with a friend of mine, Baron von Hagedorn. He was a curious and somewhat mysterious character. He had been brought up by a great-aunt of mine, to whom he was entrusted as a baby. No one knew his parents, but they must have been rich, for he possessed a large fortune. He had a country place near Munich, and he spent the greater part of the year in travelling about, and amusing himself. He had been brought up with my mother and other members of our family, and he took a very kind interest in me. I see from my letters that in 1841 he took me from Dessau to Coethen, Brunswick, and Magdeburg. At Brunswick we saw the picture gallery, the churches, and the tomb of Schill, one of the German volunteers in the War of Independence against France. We also explored Hildesheim, saw the rose-tree planted, as we were told, by Charlemagne; then proceeded to Göttingen, and saw its famous library. We passed through Minden, where the Fulda and Werra join, and arrived late at Cassel. From Cassel we

explored Wilhelmshöhe, the beautiful park where thirty years later Napoleon III was kept as a prisoner.

Hagedorn, with all his love of mystery and occasional exaggeration, was certainly a good friend to me. He often gave me good advice, and was more of a father to me than a mere friend. He was a man of the world; and he forgot that I never meant to be a man of the world, and therefore his advice was not always what I wanted. He was also a great friend of my cousin, who was married to a Prince of Dessau, and they had agreed among themselves that I should go to the Oriental Academy at Vienna, learn Oriental languages, and then enter the diplomatic service. As there were no children from the Prince's marriage, I was to be adopted by him, and, as if the princely fortune was not enough to tempt me, I was told that even a wife had been chosen for me, and that I should have a new name and title, after being adopted by the Prince. To other young men this might seem irresistible. I at once said no. It seemed to interfere with my studies, with my ideal of a career in life; in fact, though everything was presented to me by my cousin as on a silver tray, I shook my head and remained true to my first love, Sanskrit and all the rest. Hagedorn could not understand this; he thought a brilliant life preferable to that of a professor. Not so I. He little knew where true happiness was to be found, and he was often in a very melancholy mood. He did not live long, but I shall never forget how much I owed him. When I went to Paris he allowed me to live in his rooms. They were, it is true, *au cinquieme,* but they were in the best quarter of Paris, in the Rue Royale St. Honoré, opposite the Madeleine, and very prettily furnished. This kept me from living in dusty lodgings in the Quartier Latin, and the five flights of stairs may have strengthened my lungs. I well remember what it was when at the foot of the staircase I saw that I had forgotten my handkerchief and had to toil up again. But in those days one did not know what it meant to be tired. Whether my friends grumbled, I cannot tell, but I myself pitied some of them who were old and gouty when they arrived at my door out of breath.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN PART VIII

Children of Charles I.—Van Dyck.

This is one of Van Dyck's most charming child pictures. The royal birth and breeding of these little ones is at once apparent. The spaniels add something to the pleasurable aspect of the whole. One hardly wishes to remember that the prince became the dissolute Charles II., while Baby Stuart is otherwise remembered as James II., whose misrule cost him his crown.

Canterbury Cathedral.

This is one of the oldest cathedrals in England. In 597 Augustine was sent by the pope to carry the Christian religion to Britain. He was first allowed to preach in a partially ruined Roman church outside the walls of Canterbury, and later, as his influence grew, became the first Archbishop of Canterbury. The murder of Becket caused him shortly to be canonized, and it soon became the custom to make pilgrimages to the tomb of the saint at Canterbury. Thus Chaucer has his party of pilgrims en route for Canterbury—hence, the Canterbury Tales.

Choir of Westminster.

Westminster Abbey was founded by Edward the Confessor. However, very little of his remote age remains to the present day. Henry III. rebuilt the Abbey, which has become famous as the final resting place of England's most distinguished dead. Kings, queens, poets, soldiers—the great and powerful whom the nation has desired to honor, have here found a tomb. The choir is one of the most interesting features of the cathedral, the carving being quite remarkable.

Tower of London.

The great "White Tower" is the most conspicuous of the many buildings here grouped together. This was built by William the Conqueror, and was modeled after one earlier built in Normandy. Affording the safest repository for crown jewels and the state treasury, it also afforded the most secure stronghold for prisoners. The solid towers and generally substantial style at once denotes Norman architecture.

Castle of Chillon.

This old castle has been made famous by Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." See page 215.

Killarney—General View of Lakes.

This district in southern Ireland is widely celebrated for its beautiful scenery. Poets have sung its praises and each year visitors flock thither from many lands. Mountain crag and leafy dells, with continuous lakes, provide conditions favorable for abundant bird life.

"Here He loosed from His hand
A brown tumult of wings
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings."

Tintern Abbey.

This is one of the most picturesque ruins in England. It was founded in 1131 for the Cistercian monks and was long a center of monastic activity. Probably it is often remembered because of the well-known lines written by Wordsworth and entitled "A Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey." In them the poet speaks of the Wye river, on whose right bank the Abbey was built.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

This building was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, who was very familiar with Italian architecture. It was erected on the site of the old Gothic Cathedral of St. Paul's which was destroyed by the disastrous fire of 1666. The great architect sleeps within his celebrated edifice, while his tomb bears the inscription: "If you seek his monument, look around you."

Van Dyck Room—Windsor Castle.

Van Dyck, it will be remembered, became court painter to Charles I., whose family he has immortalized on canvas. While in England, many nobles took advantage of an opportunity to be painted by the great master. Van Dyck loved to paint beautiful fabrics, resplendent jewels and aristocratic faces. He was particularly successful in painting laces. Into this room in Windsor has been gathered together as many of his pictures as possible.

Scott's Home at Abbotsford.

Here Scott lived and extended oldtime hospitality, after the fashion of Mediæval lords. Owing to the rash investments of friends, to whom he had given unlimited support, he presently became heavily involved. To his lasting credit, Scott set to work to pay off every obligation, and as a result we have the large number of Waverley novels so popular even today. Unquestionably this heavy strain lessened the years of his life, but his integrity remained untarnished.

Innocence—Millais.

Millais was happily successful, like Reynolds, in depicting child life. Of this sweet little maiden he himself said: "That little thing must be done swiftly, or not at all; it has to be blown upon the canvas, as it were." Everything about the picture bespeaks simplicity, yet its beauty cannot be surpassed.

Archbishop Warham—Holbein.

During the latter years of his life the German artist Holbein lived in England, court painter to Henry VIII. His portrait of this much married king is familiar. Holbein possessed the power of reproducing on canvas the human face just as he saw it. While Van Dyck at a later time often idealized his faces, Holbein painted them as they were without any modifications whatsoever. Thus, as we look at the Archbishop Warham, we see him as he appeared to his contemporaries. Holbein's portrait of Erasmus is also well known.

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